THE CROWELL-COLLIER PUBLISHING COMPANY—PUBLISHERS OF COLLIER'S—THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE—WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION

Collier's

OCTOBER 11, 1941 FIVE CENTS SEVEN CENTS IN CANADA

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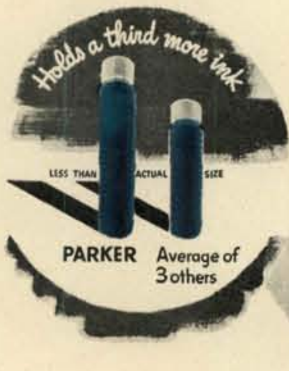
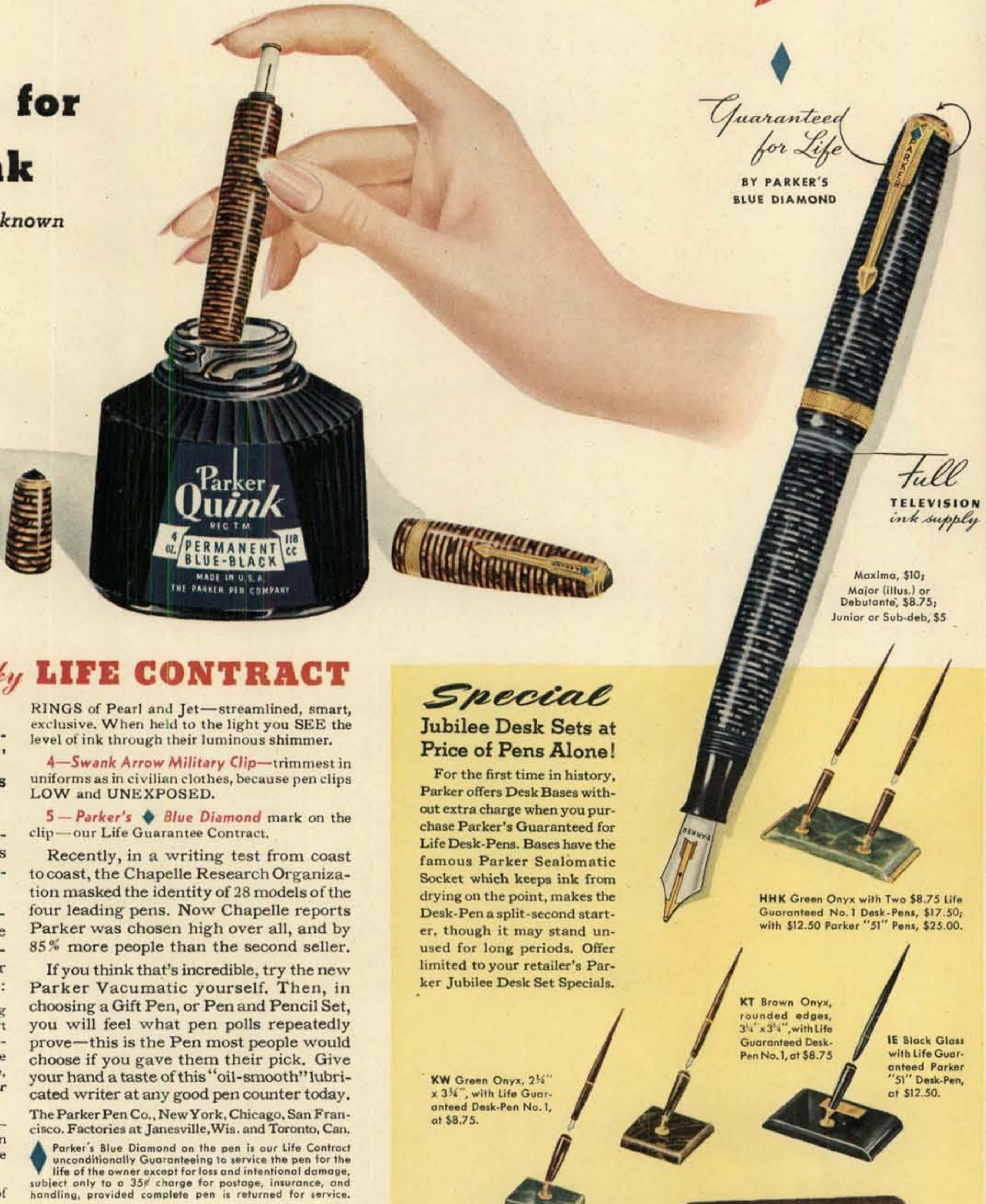
Oct. 11, 1941

Parker's Super-Charger

Makes Room for 1/3 More Ink

than the average of 3 well-known sac-type pens





Maxima, $10;
Major (illus.) or Debutante, $8.75;
Junior or Sub-deb, $5

◆ GUARANTEED *by* LIFE CONTRACT

The Pen with the One-Hand Sacless Filler—the Super-charging Filler—and the "oil-smooth" Point that won't wear scratchy as long as you live!

Due to heavy demand for these outstanding Pens, you may *NOT* see them unless you ask for the PARKER *by name* (instead of merely for "a fountain pen").

Parker scientists have explored and developed utterly new methods to produce the Vacumatic—research and engineering not attempted by any other pen maker we know. See what this means to you:

1—*History-making discoveries* in processing Gold and Osmiridium, developed by Dr. Robert Pickus, chief Parker metallurgist, former instructor of metallurgy on the faculty of Yale University. Hence Parker Points are non-brittle, finer-textured 14 K Gold and *won't wear scratchy in a lifetime!*

2—*The One-Hand Parker Filler*—sacless—supercharges with about a third more ink than average of 3 well-known sac-type pens. And the EASIEST to operate.

3—*The Jewel of Pendom*—a barrel built of RINGS of Pearl and Jet—streamlined, smart, exclusive. When held to the light you SEE the level of ink through their luminous shimmer.

4—*Swank Arrow Military Clip*—trimmest in uniforms as in civilian clothes, because pen clips LOW and UNEXPOSED.

5—*Parker's ◆ Blue Diamond* mark on the clip—our Life Guarantee Contract.

Recently, in a writing test from coast to coast, the Chapelle Research Organization masked the identity of 28 models of the four leading pens. Now Chapelle reports Parker was chosen high over all, and by 85% more people than the second seller.

If you think that's incredible, try the new Parker Vacumatic yourself. Then, in choosing a Gift Pen, or Pen and Pencil Set, you will feel what pen polls repeatedly prove—this is the Pen most people would choose if you gave them their pick. Give your hand a taste of this "oil-smooth" lubricated writer at any good pen counter today.

The Parker Pen Co., New York, Chicago, San Francisco. Factories at Janesville, Wis. and Toronto, Can.

◆ Parker's Blue Diamond on the pen is our Life Contract unconditionally Guaranteeing to service the pen for the life of the owner except for loss and intentional damage, subject only to a 35¢ charge for postage, insurance, and handling, provided complete pen is returned for service.

Special
Jubilee Desk Sets at Price of Pens Alone!

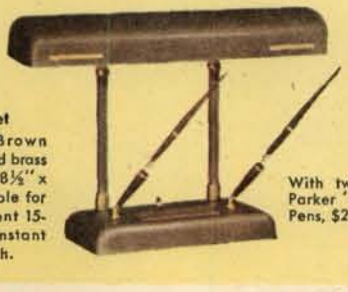
For the first time in history, Parker offers Desk Bases without extra charge when you purchase Parker's Guaranteed for Life Desk-Pens. Bases have the famous Parker Sealomatic Socket which keeps ink from drying on the point, makes the Desk-Pen a split-second starter, though it may stand unused for long periods. Offer limited to your retailer's Parker Jubilee Desk Set Specials.

HHK Green Onyx with Two $8.75 Life Guaranteed No. 1 Desk-Pens, $17.50; with $12.50 Parker "51" Pens, $25.00.

KW Green Onyx, 2¼" x 3¼", with Life Guaranteed Desk-Pen No. 1, at $8.75.

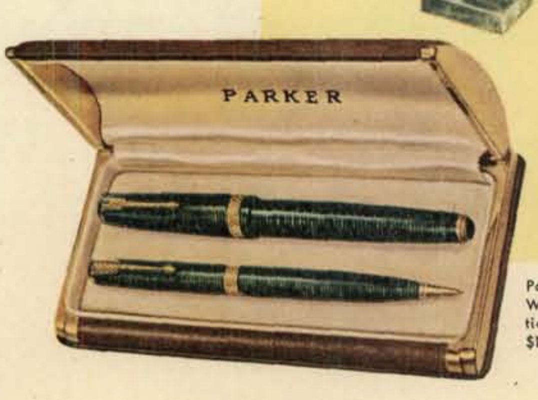
KT Brown Onyx, rounded edges, 3¼" x 3¼", with Life Guaranteed Desk-Pen No. 1, at $8.75

IE Black Glass with Life Guaranteed Parker "51" Desk-Pen, at $12.50.



Lamp Set
Right—**LLF** Brown metal, polished brass trim, 5½" x 18½" x 13¼". Suitable for 18" Fluorescent 15-watt tube, instant lighting switch.

With two $12.50 Parker "51" Desk-Pens, $25.00.



Parker Vacumatic Pen matched by Writefine Pencil in rich Presentation Case, $8.75, $12.75, $15, $17.75, $19.75 up to $150. Duofold Sets, $3.95 and $5.

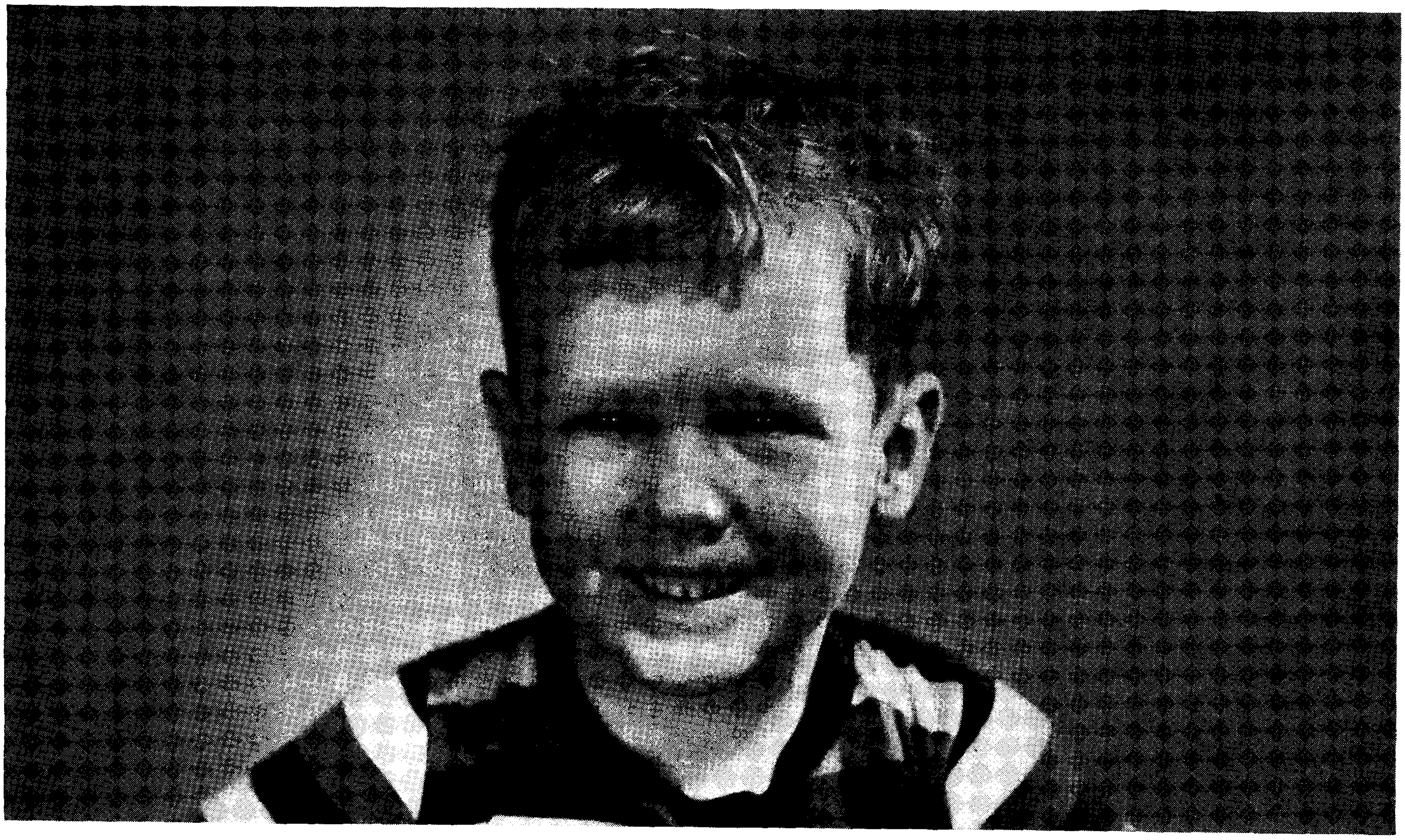
Parker
VACUMATIC REG. TM

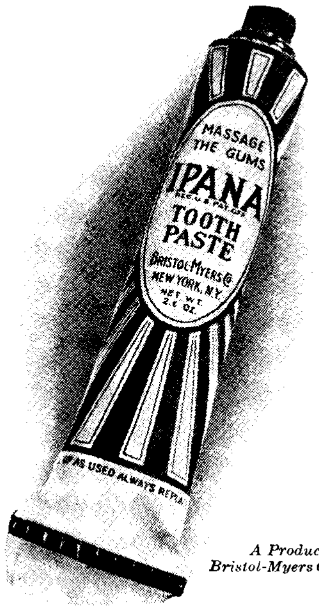
COPR. 1941, THE PARKER PEN CO.

Do You See Happy-Go-Lucky Bill?
No! I See a Future Leader of Men.

Why is he Such a Success?
Because he wins People so Easily.

His Smile is so Confident and Bright... thanks largely to his Long, Faithful use of Ipana and Massage.





A Product of Bristol-Myers Company

Keep your gums firmer... your teeth brighter... guard against "Pink Tooth Brush"... with the help of Ipana and Massage!

Q. *What, exactly, is "Pink Tooth Brush"?*

A. "Pink Tooth Brush"—a recurring tinge of "pink" on your brush is a signal of distress from your gums—a sign that they are weak and sensitive.

Q. *What have weak gums to do with bright, sparkling teeth?*

A. A great deal! In fact, the brightness and sparkle of your teeth...yes, and the charm of your smile...depend largely on the health of your gums. That is why you should give your *gums* as well as your teeth constant, every day care.

Q. *How can gums be given this proper care?*

A. Dentists everywhere recommend *daily gum massage.* For today's soft foods deny gums the natural work they need for healthy firmness. They must have more exercise—more stimulation—and massage provides that extra work.

Q. *What should be done about "Pink Tooth Brush"?*

A. See your dentist. It may not mean serious trouble, but only your dentist can decide that. He may recommend more work for your lazy gums. And like thousands of dentists, his advice may be "the daily stimulation of Ipana and massage."

Q. *Why Ipana?*

A. Because Ipana Tooth Paste is specially designed to do more than clean teeth thoroughly, brilliantly. With massage, Ipana aids the gums to better health. That's why Ipana and massage is so effective in helping to keep gums healthier...in guarding against "pink tooth brush"!

Ipana Tooth Paste

Collier's

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OCTOBER 11, 1941

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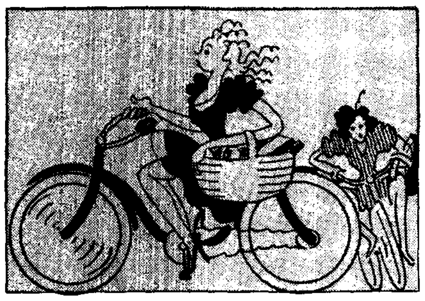
COVER C. C. BEALL

ANY WEEK

A NUMBER of ladies have written us of their intentions to make spiritual and physical profit of gasoline shortage and rationing. Their plans need a bit of co-ordinating and none has managed thus far to hook up with a national machine which would make the movement general instead of local. Most of them prefer anonymity at this stage, so we shall mention no names. But the general idea seems to be that the women of America should revive the old personal market-basket days and, instead of telephoning their grocers, butchers and other tradesmen to deliver the family's food, do their own shopping. We haven't the space to set it all out here but if all goes well our Main streets will soon be jammed with housewives on bicycles, on busses, on streetcars, lugging provisions for the family larders.



CERTAIN cynics—Mr. Brian Boru Dunne of Santa Fe, New Mexico, for example—will scoff. Mr. Dunne, an old friend of ours, writes that the art of walking is a lost one. He doubts whether the legs of the middle-aged housewife of these soft days would stand the relatively strenuous work of pedaling a bicycle to market and of supporting her from stall to stall after she'd got there. Mr. Dunne says that he can walk ten miles a day, and does so. For relaxation he flits around on a two-horsepower scooter that can do fifty miles an hour.

MOST of the ladies we've heard from admit that the ability of the American housewife to ride a bicycle or even a bus with a market basket on her arm may be quite a problem. Most of them, they admit, are overweight from too much telephoning. They don't know whether the housewife should reduce by doing her own marketing or take up reducing exercises before starting to do her own marketing. As we said at the outset, it's all pretty vague. In New Mexico, however, they have their eyes on Mr. Dunne. He has become so expert on his scooter that he can tie up a whole highway full of trailers, roadscrapers, storage vans, trucks and tractors and has hopes of seeing what he can do with a tank corps. We'll report any further developments.

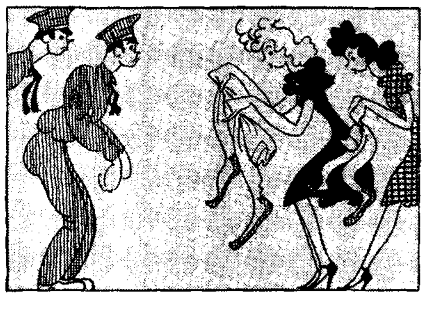
HOWEVER, there is real reason to fear that our country is not wholly awake to the necessity for redoubled effort and greatly increased speed. Naturally, some error is bound to creep in—speed in an uncharted direction for example and increased energies expended in unexpected ways. We have a friend in the Civil Service Commission in Washington who tells us that the tempo in that hitherto leisurely bureau threatens to get out of hand. Hitherto when a memorandum was supposed to be expedited through the C.S.C. offices such paper bore the customary URGENT in large red letters. As things began to warm up it became VERY URGENT. Extra dash being desired, the words were changed to TODAY-URGENT. And still things failed to develop the desired zip. So now, hoping for the best, important memoranda fly from desk to desk bearing bigger and redder words—FRANTIC-URGENT.

AND two members of Congress, eager for some reason to avoid voting on the draft-extension bill, absented themselves from the House of Representatives that day. They engaged a motorcar and a colored chauffeur and treated themselves to a nice, invigorating ride into Virginia. They paused now and then for refreshment, after which they would get back into the car and discuss the draft law with renewed enthusiasm and increased vocabularies. Presently they stopped for supper, leaving the car and its driver waiting. The driver got into conversation with his mates and when asked about his employers he replied: "I dunno, boy, but fum what I hear them say they is big-shot draft dodgers." The other fellow suggested turning in the big-shot draft dodgers to the nearest authorities for a possible reward. "Boy," was the reply, "I would do it in a minute if it wasn't I aim to do some draft dodgin' myself when the man comes for me, provided I kin do it outside jail. My conscience won't let me squeal on brothers."

JIM MARSHALL and George De-Zayas of this magazine's staff have been prowling our Western states in search of interesting nonmilitary items. They report a comforting sign on a café in Santa Maria, California: "Breakfast Twenty-four Hours a Day." Near by, another place had this notice posted on the wall: "You give us your car keys and we'll give you the fourth drink."

A FRIEND of ours who works in the Navy Department in Washington has just won ten dollars. As you know, all employees must wear numbered badges decorated with their photographs. Without these badges they cannot get into the department's offices and thus play hob with national defense. But our friend, who is no beauty, bet a fellow worker that he could insert any man's photograph in his badge and get away with it for at least two weeks. Being, as we say, no beauty, he substituted for his own likeness a photograph of the truly beautiful Robert Taylor of Hollywood. He got away with it for three weeks. And he'd have been getting away with it yet had not the betting spread through other offices—even money that the guards would never get wise. Presently it got as far down as the guards who, after much scanning, caught our friend. "Listen," said the guard who finally caught up with our friend "that ain't a photograph of you. It's Clark Gable."

AND yet, in our opinion, this does not set forth the true spirit of the times. We'd offer anyone actually interested in that true spirit Mr. Tony La Correzza of Des Moines, Iowa. When Mr. La Correzza's draft board summoned him before it for possible induction into the Army, its members asked Mr. La Correzza a number of questions concerning his family, his social status, his willingness to lay down his life and so on down the pleasant list. When the board had asked its last searching question it tried to wave Mr. La Correzza away for his physical. But Mr. La Correzza was not to be put off like that. "So," said he, "you know all about me. Now it's my turn to ask a few questions. What's your names?" When they informed Mr. La Correzza that cross-questioning by the enrollee was highly irregular he became impatient. "So it's irregular," scoffed he. "Listen, ain't a guy got the right to know something about the bums he's working for?"



AND we see it again in a letter received recently by the War Department from a young lady in Jacksonville, Florida. Writes she: "Along with a few girl friends I have just received word that our boys need all the silk stockings we can spare. Please write and tell us what our boys want with our silk stockings. We have six pairs ready to send if you will kindly tell us where they are to be sent. We are sorry that they have runs in them and some are mended, but they can do for rough work. We are very anxious to know what our boys are going to do with them although we shall not hesitate to send more no matter what it is. Our motto is everything for our brave boys. . . ."

W. D.

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"Look, Sarge! He's scuttled himself!."

SERGEANT: *Now ain't that just* too *bad! Think we ought to give him a hand?*

CORPORAL: *Naw! That's too strenuous. Let's just give him some good advice.*

SERGEANT: *Like "Switch to B. F. Goodrich"?*

CORPORAL: *Yeah . . . like that. But come on. First thing you know he'll be getting* annoyed!

* * *

SOME PEOPLE go right out looking for trouble. Others like to avoid it—and *do* avoid it with Silvertowns. When you put these top-quality tires on your car, you do two big things. You give your family the fullest protection any tire can offer. And you help save rubber, too—the rubber our country needs.

A poor tire takes almost as much rubber as a Silvertown. But a Silvertown wears longer, makes the rubber go further. Every Silvertown is made with Duramin—the B. F. Goodrich discovery that gives tires thousands of extra miles.

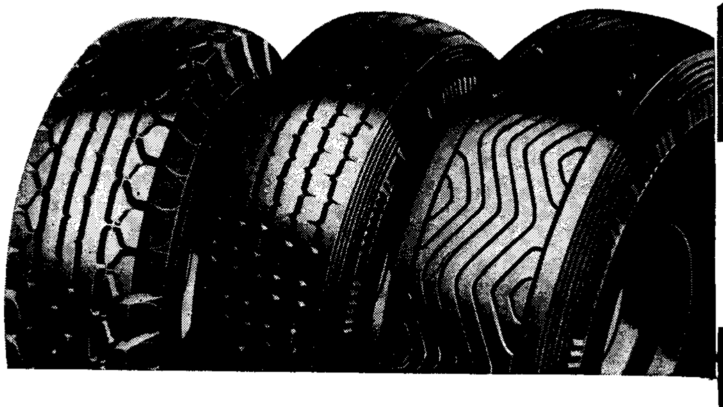
Riding around on tires that are worn to the danger-point is foolish. Unnecessary, too. For Silvertown prices are still very low. Trade-in allowances are high. And, if you prefer credit, all B. F. Goodrich Silvertown Stores, and many Goodrich dealers, offer the Budget Plan.

See the new
SILVERTOWNS

(Left)
SAFETY SILVERTOWN. Duramin gives it longer wear, and top quality. Hi-Flex cords make it stronger than ever.

(Center)
DELUXE SILVERTOWN. Duramin-made. Gives the best combination of mileage, safety, comfort, and quiet running.

(Right)
LIFE-SAVER SILVERTOWN. No tire can stop you quicker, or keep you safer from skids. 20% more miles than the *original* Life-Saver tire. Duramin-made.



Switch to
B.F. Goodrich
FIRST IN RUBBER

SOME B. F. GOODRICH FIRSTS THAT ARE HELPING TO CONSERVE AMERICA'S VITAL RUBBER SUPPLY

AMERIPOL, *the first synthetic rubber used in automobile tires sold to the American public.*

CARBON BLACK TREAD, *a B. F. Goodrich development that more than doubled tire mileage.*

DURAMIN, *the amazing discovery that keeps rubber young, makes tires wear longer, stay safer.*

BFG

ROBERT O. REID

"Look, Henry, smoke! That means oil waste. If you don't want Mr. Ickes to get mad, you'd better correct it at once! . . . Install Sealed Power Rings now!"

SMOOTH

...so are cars equipped with Sealed Power Piston Rings

YOU can save money and at the same time help National Defense by installing Sealed Power Piston Rings in your car. These great rings restore oil and gasoline economy to pepless, run-down engines. And they bring back pep, power, performance, too. That's why ace mechanics specify them always. Sealed Power Rings are used as original equipment in 12 of the 18 American makes of cars—proof of their high quality. They are now available in sets engineered for your particular make of car. Ask for them by name. They cost no more than ordinary rings. Sealed Power Corporation, Muskegon, Michigan and Windsor, Ontario. *Piston Rings for all types of Automotive, Diesel, Stationary and Marine Engines!*

SEALED POWER PISTON RINGS

Best in new cars!
Best in old cars!

©1941 Sealed Power Corp.

ACME

One-eyed Wiley Post proved fliers may have physical handicaps

Wing Talk

A RAY of hope for the physically handicapped who want to own their own planes and pilot them is held out by the C.A.A. For years, people minus as much as an eye, hand, arm, foot or leg have pounded the back of the C.A.A. and its predecessor agencies demanding the right to fly.

What has made it hard for the government to say that only a superman or maid can safely fly a plane is the all but impossible performance by Wiley Post, who circled the globe alone in 7 days, 18 hours, 49 minutes, in 1933. Wiley Post had one eye. This handicap was not even indirectly brought into consideration by the government investigators into the accident in which he and Will Rogers lost their lives.

And the board of Army officers who watched Major Alexander P. de Seversky, who has an artificial leg, demonstrate a pursuit plane of his own design, now known as the P-35, still go hot and cold when they think of the aerobatic exhibition he put on close to the ground.

So the C.A.A. is willing to give a flight test provided the physical defect is not a progressive organic disease or is not so severe as to allow the applicant to run the risk of his own safety and that of others. C.A.A. has the final voice and will handle each case individually. No yardstick applies here.

HARDLY seems necessary to warn pilots to use safety belts and keep them fastened properly, yet the C.A.A. has had to because of two recent accidents in which the pilots were thrown clear of the planes as they struck. Chances are they would have escaped with relatively minor injuries had their belts been on.

By and large, pilots do observe this safety precaution, but there is a particular type of airline passenger who does not. Seems to think it is sissified. But there is one gentleman going about now who *will* fasten his belt next time. He scoffed at the hostess when she urged him to lock the belt, and sneered at the light flashed up in front by the pilots. They turned it on only because they knew they were going to run into rough air. And then they hit it.

Bang up against the parcel rack went the lone unsecured passenger and when he came down he found he had opened an inch-long cut in his forehead. The hostess mopped him up, fastened his belt and at last reports he has not filed suit against the airline.

The Back Seat

Many an American boy would like to own and lead a band; many would like to own and pilot a high-performance airplane. Short, shy and slender 33-year-old Roger Wolfe Kahn—son of the late noted financier and patron of the arts, Otto Kahn—has done both, thoroughly. However, being unable to continue with both, he has made his choice in favor of aviation and his activities now embrace everything from work for the Royal Air Force Benevolent Fund of the United States to test-flying new airplanes and instruments and carrying the torch for the private flier. With 14 years of flying from tiny trainers to multimotored transports behind him, he stands ready to accept the call from the government as a pilot, be it test, transport or military.

Midway in a highly successful career as owner and director of a sweet dance orchestra, playing in his own night club, recording for the big phonograph companies and composing for musical shows, Roger learned to fly in 1927. He now has 4,700 hours logged. But the flying wasn't just for fun. Almost always it was on the experimental, research and development side. As he delved deeper into this he soon began to be considered a consultant, doing test work for groups interested in financing new developments. Among his tests were an air-mail pickup device which he demonstrated with 99 successful pickups out of 100 attempts. He has owned 13 different types of planes, from 110-horsepower jobs up to a twin-engine airliner type which he recently yielded in response to the government's call for multimotored aircraft.

Always he has been his own pilot, and for 13 years Del Whitten, his mechanic, has presided over Roger's stable of planes at Hangar 55, Roosevelt Field, Long Island. So high is Del held in Roger's esteem that he was the sole witness of his marrirage to Edith May Nelson in Hangar 55 on April 7, 1933. A large X on the hangar floor marks the spot where they were married. They have a son and a daughter. F. R. N.

HOW TO END THIS IMPORTANT CAUSE OF TOOTH INJURY

Millions Are Risking This Injury— Be Safe! Brush Your Teeth The Liquid Way

New Liquid Dentifrice Cannot Injure Teeth —Contains Absolutely No Abrasives

YES, literally millions of people are unknowingly causing serious damage to their teeth which Nature can never repair.

This injury is caused—not by the toothbrush itself—but by regular brushing with dentifrices containing abrasives.

Gradually, as the months go by, these abrasives cut cavities into the soft part of teeth along the gum line exposed by shrinking gums, where there is no hard, protective enamel.

In fact, among people who brush their teeth regularly, a very large percentage of all cavities along the gum line that require filling are probably the result of this injury. This was shown by a clinical study in a leading dental journal.

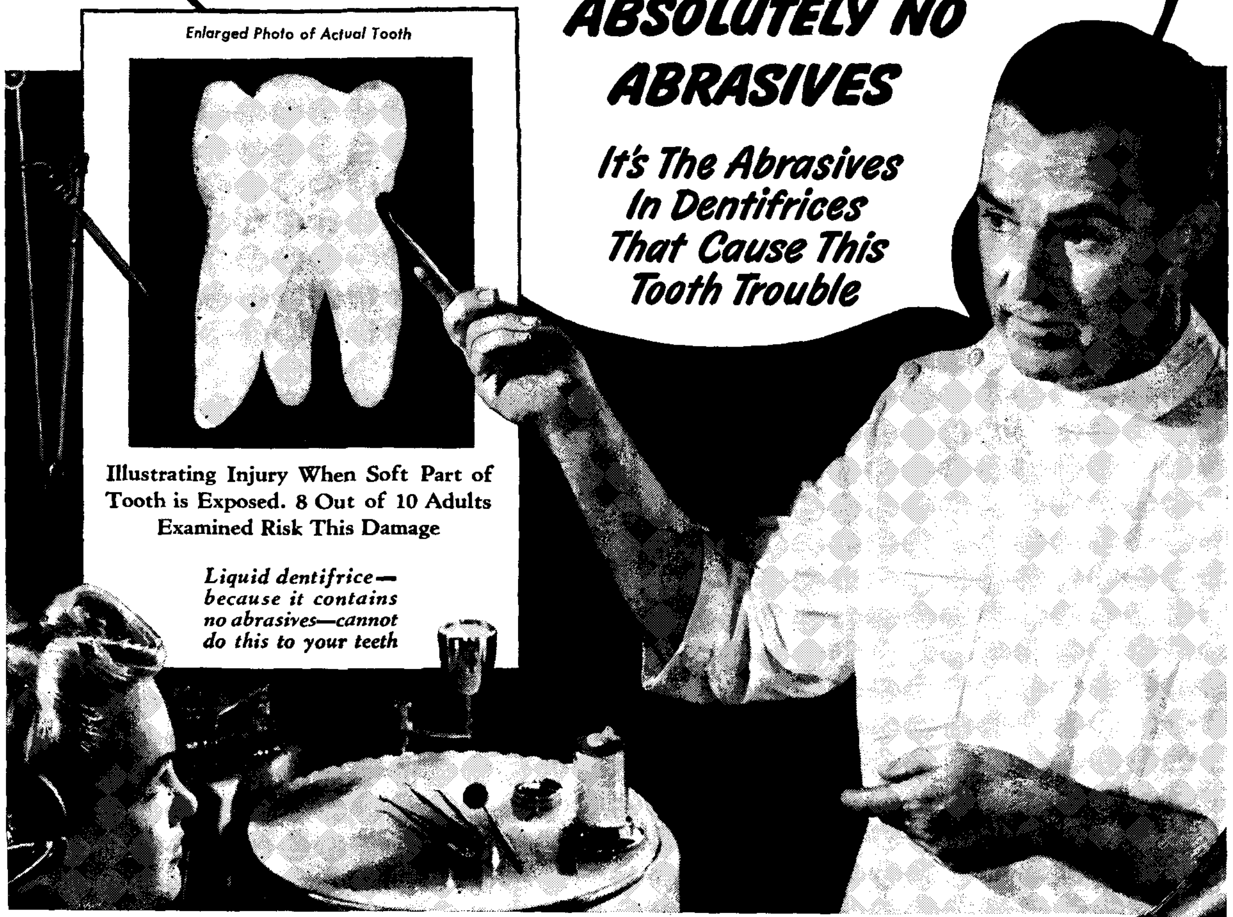
Disclosed By Scientific Research

These startling facts—long known to many dentists—were recently confirmed by scientific research. Eminent independent scientists made laboratory toothbrushing tests with a number of dentifrices containing abrasives. Every one cut cavities into the soft part of the teeth.

In the same manner, these scientists tested the new liquid dentifrice—Teel. In no case did Teel injure the teeth in any way, because Teel contains no abrasives of any kind.

STOP CUTTING CAVITIES LIKE THIS IN THE EXPOSED, SOFT PART OF YOUR TEETH BY CHANGING TO LIQUID DENTIFRICE —BECAUSE IT CONTAINS ABSOLUTELY NO ABRASIVES

It's The Abrasives In Dentifrices That Cause This Tooth Trouble



Enlarged Photo of Actual Tooth

Illustrating Injury When Soft Part of Tooth is Exposed. 8 Out of 10 Adults Examined Risk This Damage

Liquid dentifrice—because it contains no abrasives—cannot do this to your teeth

MAKE THIS TEST

to tell if your dentifrice contains an abrasive

Tonight, put some of your favorite dentifrice in a glass of water and stir. Let it stand overnight. When you see a white sediment in the bottom of the glass, you know your dentifrice contains an abrasive. Teel, however, leaves no sediment, proving it contains no abrasives whatever which could injure exposed soft part of your teeth.

How Teel Reveals Beauty Of Your Smile

Teel doesn't depend on abrasives for cleansing. Instead, it uses a newly-discovered patented cleansing agent that's almost magic-like in the way it helps reveal natural whiteness and beauty of your teeth. It isn't soap, yet multiplies into thousands of tiny, cleansing bubbles in the mouth.

These active bubbles amazingly help to remove the daily accumulation of decaying food particles and the dulling surface film that hides natural brilliance of teeth. Thus your teeth look so much whiter, more thrillingly beautiful.

With your first Teel brushing, you'll know something good and different has happened by the satin-smooth "feel" of your teeth—by the glorious freshness of your mouth. Teel helps sweeten bad breath. It's easy to use and economical. Only a few drops are required for each brushing.

Start This Safe Liquid Way Today

Naturally, you want to save your precious teeth from the injury pictured above. If, however, you feel that your teeth need an abrasive scouring, at least occasionally, we suggest that you follow the special directions given on the Teel package.

So today adopt this safe liquid way of cleansing your teeth. Use Teel twice a day and enjoy its amazing benefits. Get Teel at any drug, department or 10¢ store. And be sure to see your dentist regularly for his professional care. Procter & Gamble.

TO DENTISTS, DOCTORS, NURSES, AND TEACHERS: A booklet for professional people which contains an authoritative report of the scientific research summarized above will be sent to you on request, free of charge. Send your name and address to Teel, Box 687, Dept. OC, Cincinnati, Ohio.

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Use Instead of Tooth Pastes and Powders

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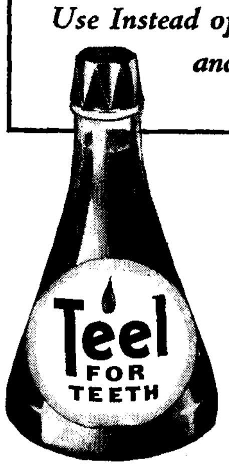
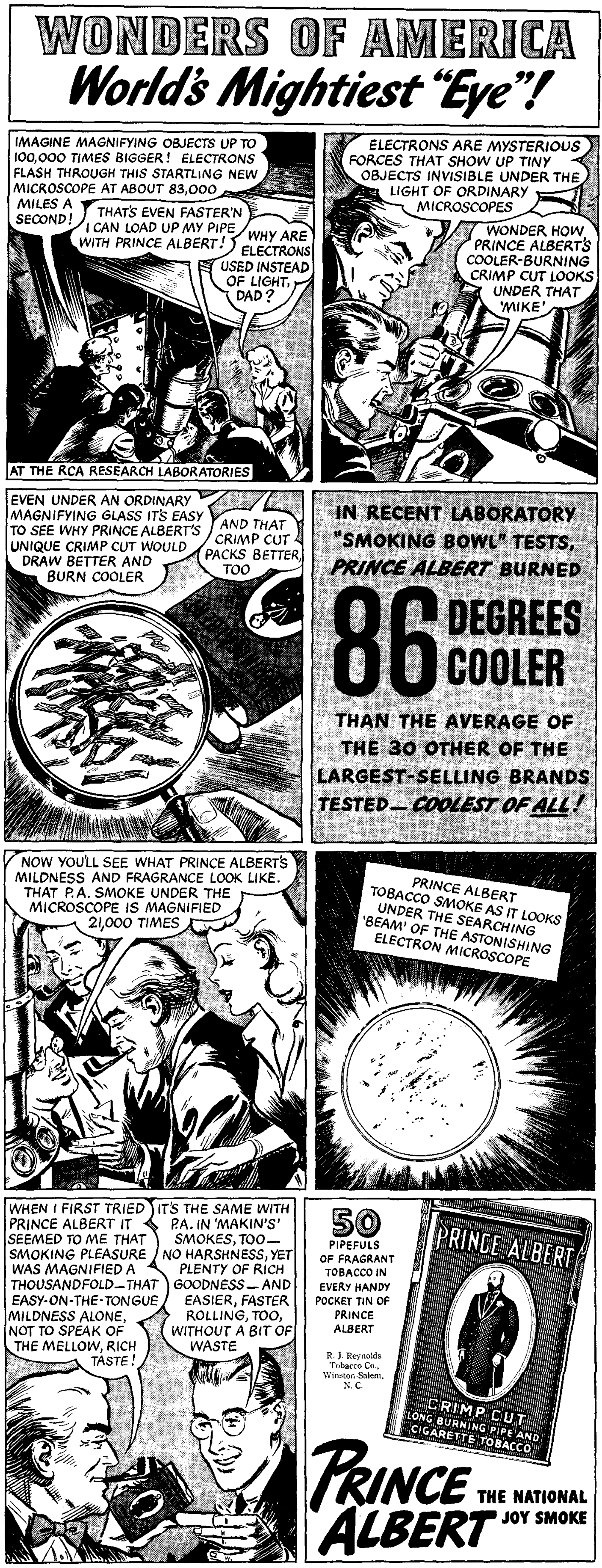


CHANGE TO Teel LIQUID DENTIFRICE

WONDERS OF AMERICA
World's Mightiest "Eye"!


IMAGINE MAGNIFYING OBJECTS UP TO 100,000 TIMES BIGGER! ELECTRONS FLASH THROUGH THIS STARTLING NEW MICROSCOPE AT ABOUT 83,000 MILES A SECOND!
THAT'S EVEN FASTER'N I CAN LOAD UP MY PIPE WITH PRINCE ALBERT!
WHY ARE ELECTRONS USED INSTEAD OF LIGHT, DAD?
AT THE RCA RESEARCH LABORATORIES
ELECTRONS ARE MYSTERIOUS FORCES THAT SHOW UP TINY OBJECTS INVISIBLE UNDER THE LIGHT OF ORDINARY MICROSCOPES
WONDER HOW PRINCE ALBERT'S COOLER-BURNING CRIMP CUT LOOKS UNDER THAT 'MIKE'
EVEN UNDER AN ORDINARY MAGNIFYING GLASS IT'S EASY TO SEE WHY PRINCE ALBERT'S UNIQUE CRIMP CUT WOULD DRAW BETTER AND BURN COOLER
AND THAT CRIMP CUT PACKS BETTER, TOO
NOW YOU'LL SEE WHAT PRINCE ALBERT'S MILDNESS AND FRAGRANCE LOOK LIKE. THAT P.A. SMOKE UNDER THE MICROSCOPE IS MAGNIFIED 21,000 TIMES
WHEN I FIRST TRIED PRINCE ALBERT IT SEEMED TO ME THAT SMOKING PLEASURE WAS MAGNIFIED A THOUSANDFOLD—THAT EASY-ON-THE-TONGUE MILDNESS ALONE, NOT TO SPEAK OF THE MELLOW, RICH TASTE!
IT'S THE SAME WITH P.A. IN 'MAKIN'S' SMOKES, TOO—NO HARSHNESS, YET PLENTY OF RICH GOODNESS—AND EASIER, FASTER ROLLING, TOO, WITHOUT A BIT OF WASTE
PRINCE ALBERT
CRIMP CUT
LONG BURNING PIPE AND CIGARETTE TOBACCO

IN RECENT LABORATORY "SMOKING BOWL" TESTS, *PRINCE ALBERT* BURNED

86 DEGREES COOLER

THAN THE AVERAGE OF THE 30 OTHER OF THE LARGEST-SELLING BRANDS TESTED—*COOLEST OF ALL!*

PRINCE ALBERT TOBACCO SMOKE AS IT LOOKS UNDER THE SEARCHING 'BEAM' OF THE ASTONISHING ELECTRON MICROSCOPE

50 PIPEFULS OF FRAGRANT TOBACCO IN EVERY HANDY POCKET TIN OF PRINCE ALBERT

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.

PRINCE ALBERT THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE

KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

By Freling Foster

Women are usually cooler than men not only because of their lighter-weight clothing but also because of their lower metabolic rate and skin temperature. A recent series of scientific experiments reveals that, on the average, women's limbs are three degrees cooler, their arms four degrees cooler and their hands and feet five degrees cooler than those of men.

A New York company specializes in delivering checks by messenger in Manhattan at a charge of one and a half cents for local firms and two cents for out-of-town organizations. When checks number thousands at a time, the customers save sizable sums on postage and envelopes.—*By Billy Adler, Weston, West Virginia.*

If scientists, engineers and inventors had not made such progress in the past three hundred years in eliminating starvation, epidemics, floods, infant mortality and the other factors that constantly limited population through the ages, about three quarters of the people in the world today would be either unborn or dead.

In the days when sheriffs received most of their income from fees for official acts, such as serving summonses, graft was frequently derived from prisoners' food allowances. A few sheriffs, serving in populous counties, made as much as $100,000 a year. In one famous case, a sheriff who was given forty-five cents a day to feed each inmate in his county jail was found to be spending only eight cents of it for this purpose.

A genus of fresh-water crustaceans known as *Cypris* is believed to produce fewer males than any other animal whose young are brought forth by natural parthenogenesis, or the development of eggs without fertilization. One colony never produced a single male while under observation in a laboratory aquarium for over 30 years.

Venice, with its 118 small islands connected by 378 bridges, is only one of several large cities, a great number of whose "streets" are waterways. Among the others are Ghent, built on 26 islands connected by 207 bridges, and Amsterdam, built on 96 islands connected by 290 bridges.

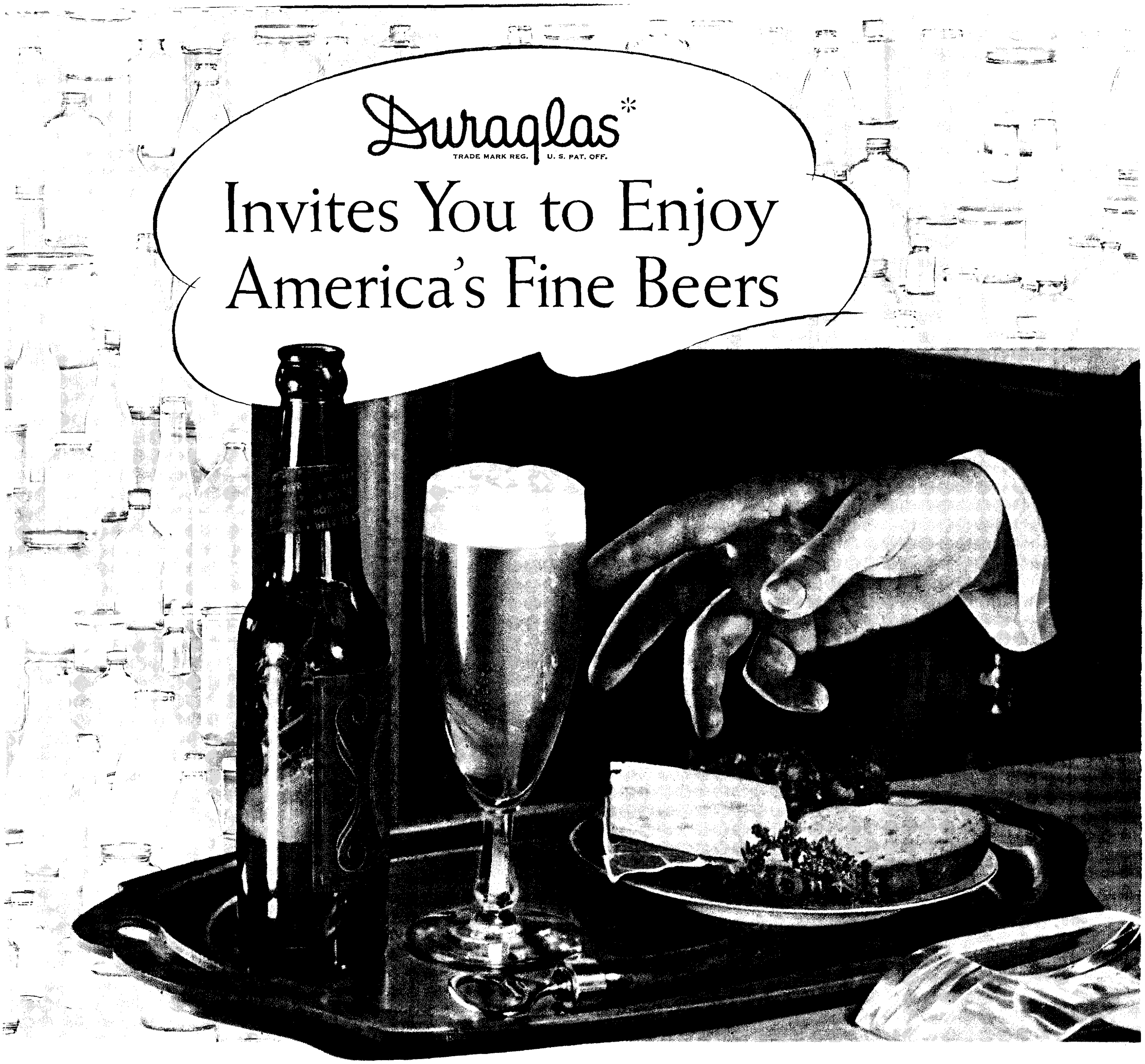
The Perseids, one of the ten principal meteoric showers occurring annually, is usually seen about August 11th and presents the greatest celestial display of its kind in the Northern Hemisphere. It is one of the oldest meteoric showers on record, its first recorded appearance having been 1,111 years ago.

During a recent total lunar eclipse, an astronomer in the Mount Wilson Observatory, through the use of a thermocouple, found that the temperature of the moon was 144° below zero Fahrenheit, or 353° lower than its temperature in full sunlight.—*By James H. Dwan, Jr., Richmond Hill, New York.*

The New York Steam Corporation not only sells steam for heat and power to 2,500 large buildings, but also for miscellaneous purposes to laundries, Turkish baths, hatmakers and contractors who wash stone structures. An advertiser uses it to depict the vapor arising from a cup of coffee on a Broadway sign and Metropolitan operagoers see it belch from the mouth of the dragon in Siegfried.—*By Charles A. Siegferth, New York, New York.*

Despite the fact that criminologists concur in the belief that the flogging of a prisoner only retards his rehabilitation, such punishment is still permitted in the penitentiaries of several states, among them being Alabama and Virginia.

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City. This column is copyrighted by Collier's, The National Weekly. None of the items may be reproduced without express permission of the publisher



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All over America, men home from mill, mine and factory find that an ice-cold bottle of beer or ale helps fatigue slip from shoulders...brings pleasant relaxation after high-tension work on national defense.

Millions daily enjoy the beaded chill of beer and ale from ice-cold bottles. Each sip of wholesome goodness helps you relax from the day's "all-out" effort . . . helps you snap back with brightened outlook.

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Duraglas containers, lightweight and economical, give other products, too, the advantage of a package that, letting you *see* before you buy — helps make your dollars go further.

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Trade-mark of the Company whose pioneering research transforms glass into products useful to everyone . . . Glass Containers, Insulux Glass Block, and Libbey Safedge Glasses.

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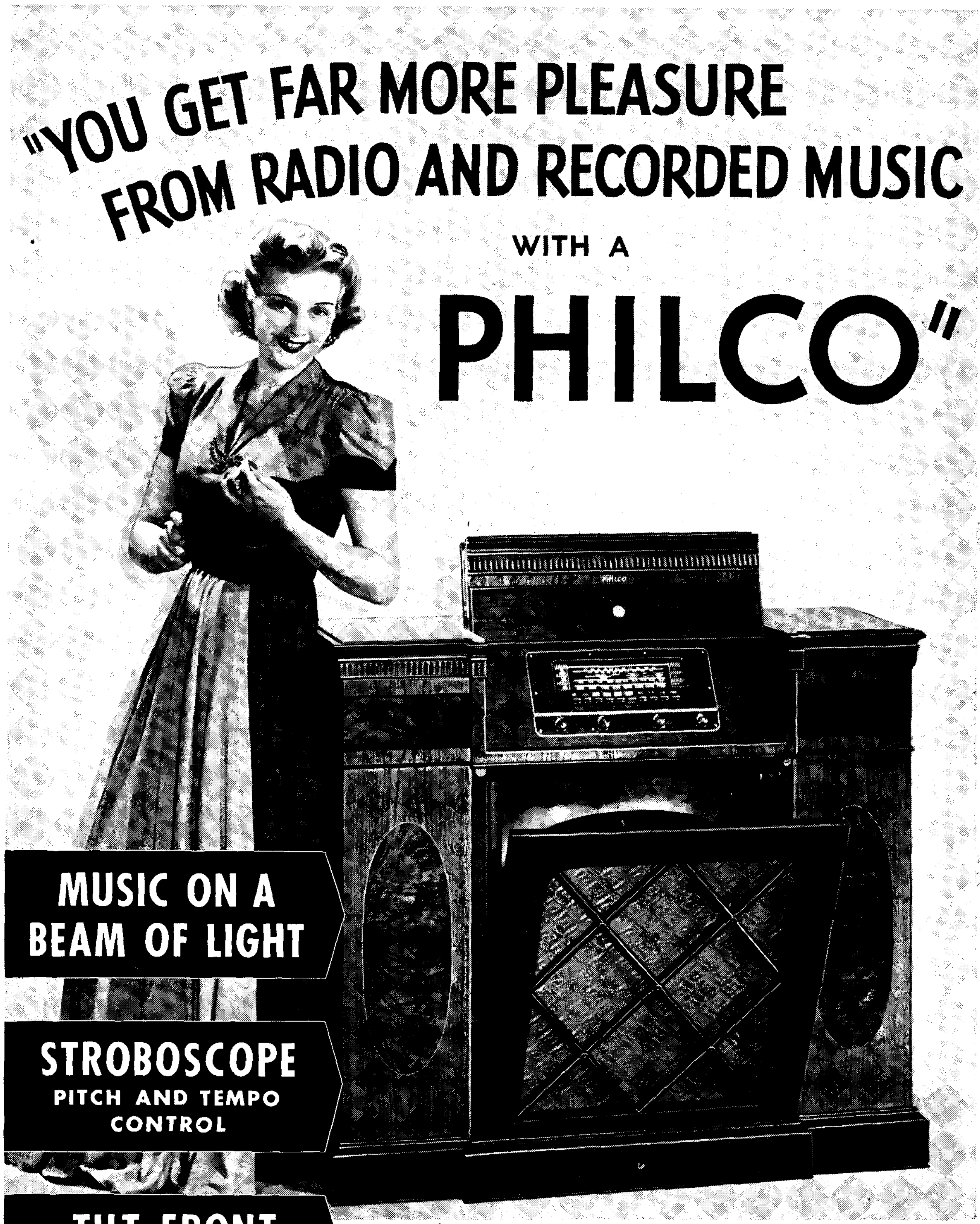
"YOU GET FAR MORE PLEASURE FROM RADIO AND RECORDED MUSIC WITH A PHILCO"



MUSIC ON A BEAM OF LIGHT

STROBOSCOPE
PITCH AND TEMPO CONTROL

TILT-FRONT CABINET

.... Only Philco has them!

THERE'S a brand new thrill in store for you when you first hear the 1942 Philco Photo-Electric Radio-Phonograph in your own living room. As never before, you find new enjoyment in your favorite radio programs, new beauties in your phonograph records.

For the first time, you hear *all* the music that's in the recording—clearly, brilliantly, unmarred by needle scratch. Philco's amazing "*Music on a Beam of Light*" does away with the nuisance of changing needles. Philco's *Stroboscope Pitch and Tempo Control* gives you absolute fidelity of pitch. Philco's convenient *Tilt-Front Cabinet* makes it unnecessary to lift lids or move decorations when you want to play records. Only Philco brings you these modern, up-to-date features!

In radio, you get the glorious tone and outstanding performance for which Philco is famous . . . *plus* Frequency Modulation *at new, low cost*—thanks to the Exclusive Philco FM System. Within a wide radius, depending upon the strength of the station, you enjoy FM with the regular built-in aerial of the radio. And even where signals grow weak, you may still tune in FM stations by the installation of a Philco FM Aerial at slight extra cost.

See the exquisite new cabinet designs at your Philco dealer's today. Ask about his liberal trade-in offer and easy payment terms.

PHILCO 1013 (ILLUSTRATED ABOVE). An exquisite Photo-Electric Radio-Phonograph in a beautiful cabinet of authentic Hepplewhite design. Permanent, floating jewel plays any record on a Beam of Light. Philco Automatic Record Changer with Stroboscope Pitch and Tempo Control. Gets all Standard and Short-Wave broadcasts plus Frequency Modulation through the exclusive Philco FM System. Philco Home Recording Unit optional. *Yours on easy monthly terms.*

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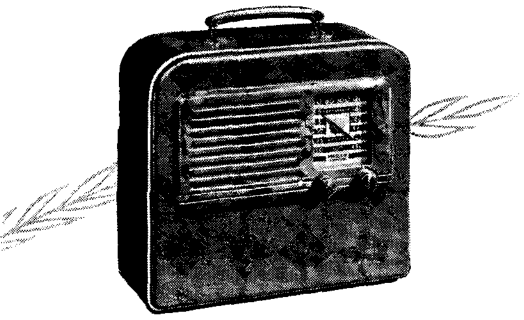
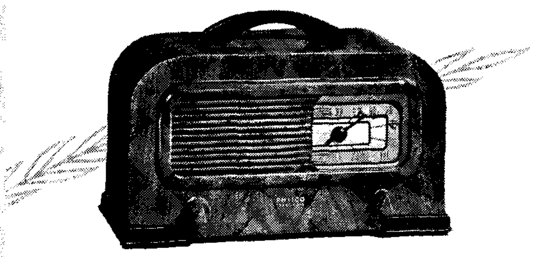
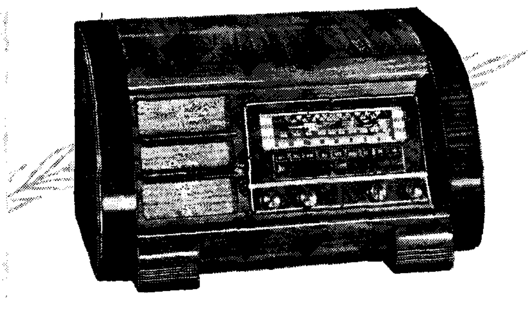


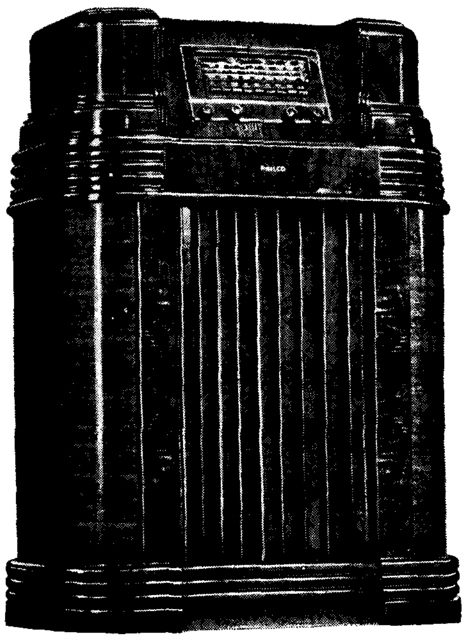
PHILCO PORTABLE PT-87. Smart, lightweight—yours to use the year around, indoors or outdoors. AC, DC or Battery. Extra volume and sensitivity. Rich, clear tone. Cowhide graining case with attractive ivory piping. *$22.50 complete with battery.*



PHILCO TRANSITONE PT-94. Beautiful Walnut cabinet in modern design. 5-tube AC-DC circuit gives amazing performance and superb tone. Beam Power Output, Built-in Loop Aerial. Gets Standard broadcasts. *Yours for only $18.50!*



PHILCO 355T. The aristocrat of table models. 8 Philco tubes, exclusive Philco FM System with special Built-in FM Aerial. Complete Electric Push-Button operation. Standard, Short-Wave and FM. Handsome Walnut cabinet. *Easy payment terms.*



PHILCO 380X. One of the most popular console radios ever built! New Philco Double I. F. Circuit materially reduces noise, increases sensitivity. Built-in Super Aerial system. 9 Electric Push-Buttons. Gets all Standard and Short-Wave broadcasts. Handsome, massive cabinet. *Easy payment terms.*

PHILCO TUBES FIT ANY MAKE OF RADIO AND POSITIVELY IMPROVE PERFORMANCE!

Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY
FOR OCTOBER 11, 1941

MARTINET

By Ernest Haycox

ILLUSTRATED BY C. C. BEALL

Cameron chose a profession instead of a woman, a choice that doesn't make a hard man grow any softer

THE news came through from department headquarters to the regiment in the proper channel of Army paper work, and simply said: "John Joseph Cameron, Captain Seventh Cavalry, will report for duty to his regiment as of June 16th."

In the course of the routine day the adjutant brought the order to the colonel and was considerably surprised to see the old man grin, for the old man was one of those testy frontier veterans impregnated with alkali and saddle soap, magnificent, profane and humorless.

"Lessee," he said, "you don't know him. He's been on detached duty four years and you've only been with us two."

"I have heard of him, naturally," said the adjutant with discreet inflections.

The colonel said, "Ah," and nothing more, but the amusement remained as a dry pucker of mahogany wrinkles around his eyes.

Later the regimental sergeant major dropped the information to Shannon, who was F Troop's top kick, and Shannon carried it to the company clerk. "You'd better get your paper work organized, my boy, and you better have it right."

"A tough old bird?"

"He was a buck in the Civil War and rose through the ranks. A young man for two bars, bein' about thirty-seven. But you'll see—"

At this moment the first lieutenant of the troop came into the orderly room. "We'll check the mess-fund record carefully. Shannon, be sure everything's in good order in barracks. Tell the stable sergeant I want him at once. The captain will pull an inspection as soon as he arrives."

That same afternoon Captain Morton brought the news to his wife Margaret on officers' row. "Cameron's coming back, old girl." Then he gave her a glance which, though affectionate, contained its edge of wonder. "Brings up memories, I suppose."

"Have four years gone by already? I wonder how he'll look."

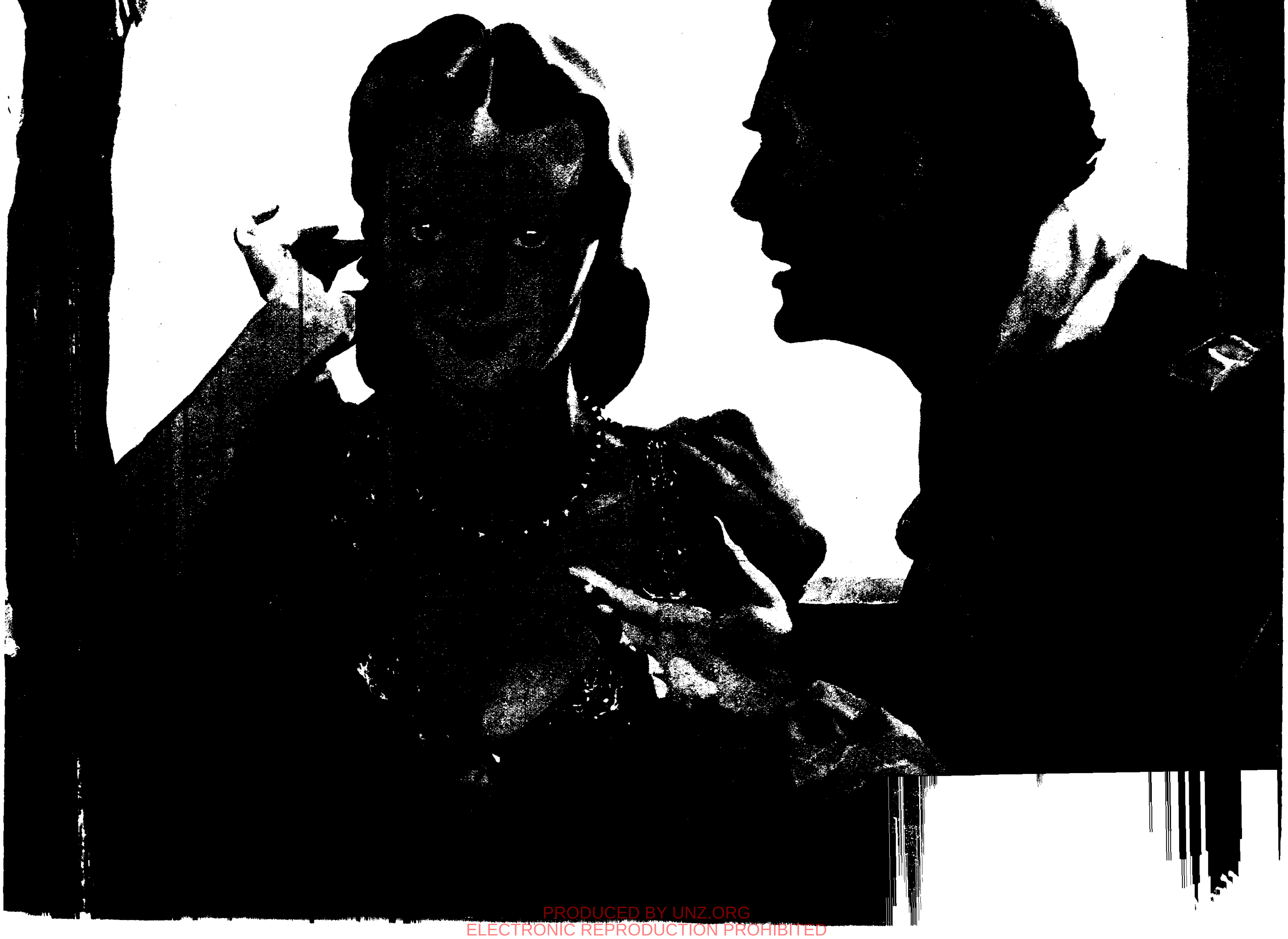
"Hard to imagine much change in him. Rock doesn't wear away."

"Detached duty must have eaten his heart. Nothing ever meant anything to him except field service."

"Field service and you."

She saw that behind her husband's humorous manner was an old doubt and she touched his arm and smiled. "It was a long time ago. He will revive no painful memories."

"Everything that used to be between us still torments you?" she asked. "You have the same memories, don't you?" he said



First call for retreat was then sounding across the bare, dusty length of the parade. Morton changed into his dress coat and plumed hat and moved out to take his company. From the porch Margaret Morton watched the ceremony of retreat but her mind was on Cameron and she was thinking, "How will he look and how will he act, and how will I feel when I see him?" She was a married woman with a three-year-old son, a seasoned Army matron turned dark by the wind and entitled to a serene mind; the turbulence and heartbreak of her courtship was behind her. Yet the thought of Captain Cameron was as a hard wind blowing through her. "He has seen many pretty women in the East," she reflected. "I *will* look very common to him," and she felt the sharpest regret.

CAPTAIN CAMERON got off the train at Bismarck and scouted the raw frontier village until he found a man willing to drive him to the fort. The wagon was then hitched in front of a saloon and as the captain tossed up his portmanteau he saw a trooper emerge from the saloon. This man's shirt was greasy and his forage cap canted far to one corner of his unkempt red hair. He was an Irishman with a pitted, beet-red face and he looked upon the captain in a way that was respectful and yet was not, and since anything unsoldierly offended the captain he paused at once. According to the insignia on his cap the trooper was of the Seventh, F Troop.

"Straighten up, there," said the captain. "What is your name?"

"Cooney," said the Irishman, and added "sir" with a sly delay.

"You have permission to be here?"

Cooney's eyes were a bloodshot green which, under the captain's inspection, seemed to turn faintly yellow with rebellion. "No, sir."

"Get back to the fort immediately," said the captain. The rig took him to the ferry and to the row of saloons sprung up just outside the military reservation. Here he crossed the Missouri, entered Fort Abraham Lincoln by the old Fort McKean gate and presented himself to the adjutant at headquarters. "Cameron reporting back," he said.

The adjutant said, "I am very glad to meet you, Captain," and extended a hand which was received by Cameron, given a curt shake and dropped. The colonel at that moment came out of his room. "Hello, Cameron. Nice to have you with us again."

"Relief to be here, sir," Cameron answered, and washed away all need of conversation by the single phrase. The adjutant, who prided himself on his military carriage, had his secret stab of envy; for Cameron had the tough and easy and plank-straight carriage of a long-seasoned soldier. He was slightly under six feet, with wide, sharp-pointed shoulders and a cavalryman's slim waist. His forage cap sat at a slight rake on black, close-cut hair and the scar of a saber cut drew its short white track across the left side of his face. He was the spare-fleshed type and his blouse fitted flat across a flat belly; he had very long legs and very long arms and his clothes clung neatly to him. His eyes were dull-steel gray laced with iron flakes and expressive of a somewhat violent spirit held in restraint.

The adjutant said, "You rank Captain Seavers and therefore are entitled to the house he and his family occupy. He will, of course, push everybody else down one house on the row. I shall give them all notice to move."

"Since I'm single," said Cameron, "I'll live in bachelor's hall, and not disturb officers' row."

"Very generous of you to forego your right," commented the adjutant, greatly relieved. Notifying eight ladies to move would have been a disagreeable chore.

"As long as a man functions as a soldier," dryly commented Cameron, "what does it matter where he lives? A potato cellar would suit me as well."

The colonel said, "Take over your company, Cameron."

"VERY well, sir," said Cameron, and left headquarters. The scene had slightly confused the adjutant and he scarcely knew how to square the captain with the previous tales he had heard of that officer's sense of discipline; and now he saw the faint semblance of a grin on the colonel's steel-trap mouth. Leaving the office, the adjutant reflected that these two men had a certain common bitter-alum quality, a kind of realism that left the niceties of life out of account. Captain Cameron was then halfway across the parade, a straight shape in the summer of dust and the yellow blast of sunlight. "The devil not quite asleep," thought the adjutant. "The colonel, though, seems to respect him."

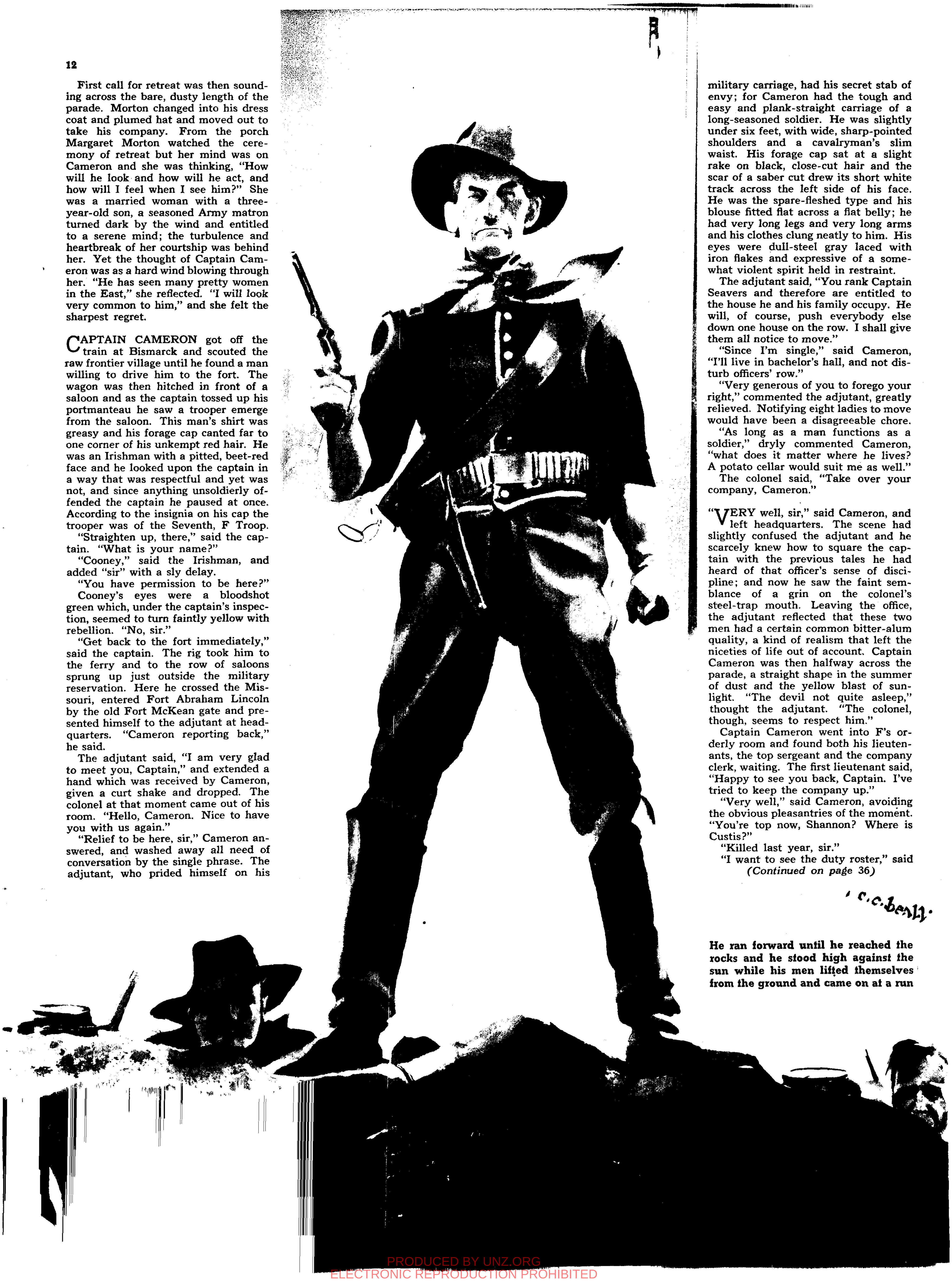
Captain Cameron went into F's orderly room and found both his lieutenants, the top sergeant and the company clerk, waiting. The first lieutenant said, "Happy to see you back, Captain. I've tried to keep the company up."

"Very well," said Cameron, avoiding the obvious pleasantries of the moment. "You're top now, Shannon? Where is Custis?"

"Killed last year, sir."

"I want to see the duty roster," said

(Continued on page 36)

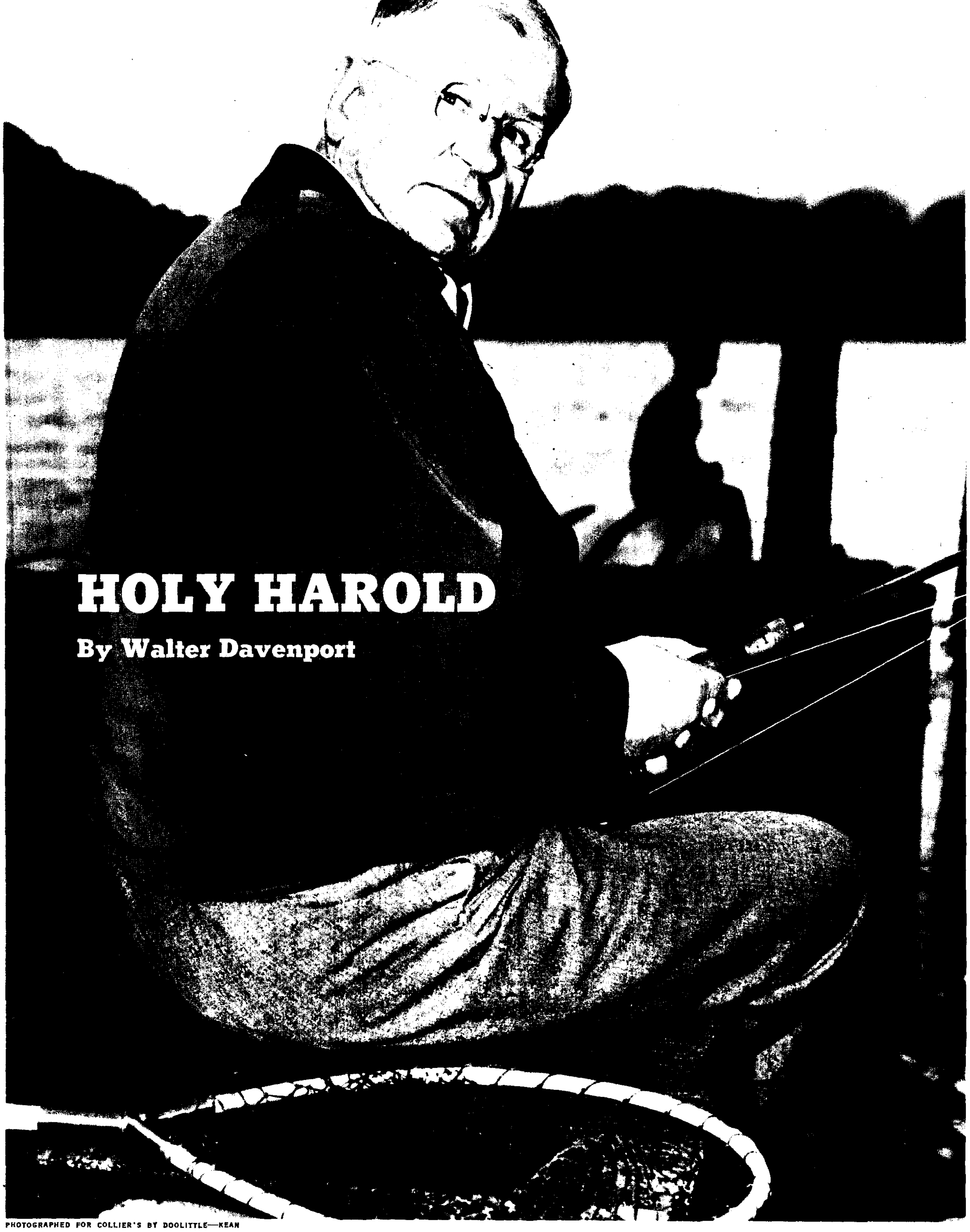


He ran forward until he reached the rocks and he stood high against the sun while his men lifted themselves from the ground and came on at a run

HOLY HAROLD

By Walter Davenport

A barrel-chested badger of a man, barb-tongued, aggressively honest, bitterly faithful, with a passion for displeasing his fellow man and an ingrown hatred of Big Biz. Meet Mr. Ickes



PHOTOGRAPHED FOR COLLIER'S BY DOOLITTLE—KEAN

The Secretary of the Interior, the Hon. Harold L. Ickes—sometimes referred to as Donald Duck—checks up on the fishing during his vacation trip to one of his National Parks

AS FAR as diligent research reveals, the only man in American public life whom Harold LeClair Ickes hasn't scalded is Franklin Delano Roosevelt. Naturally, this survey has not reached into those infrequent moments when Mr. Ickes was saying nothing bitter about anybody but was nevertheless doing some solidly sour thinking. Even so, the statement may be a bit broad. There may be men and women of prominence in our public affairs who have not been denounced at least once by Mr. Ickes, but they are easily classified. Either Mr. Ickes hasn't heard of them, which is somewhat unlikely, or he hasn't got around to them yet. He is a very busy man. And by his own admission he is only sixty-seven years old.

Nevertheless, Mr. Ickes has done a pretty comprehensive job of smacking down the mighty. Understandably fearful that the day may be near at hand when the rolls of public characters may be exhausted, Mr. Ickes has turned his attention to the common herd, many of whom, to his dismay, have been going their simple ways equipped with no particular reason for disliking him. To remedy this personally distasteful situation, Mr. Ickes is now out to punish those who start their motorcars too quickly. Jack-rabbit drivers, he calls them; but if they think that's the best Mr. Ickes can do, they're badly deluded. He just flipped that off without rancor—a sort of yoo-hoo to see what they'd say. He would fine and imprison motorists whose cars belch smoke. Mr. Ickes would do this to conserve the nation's gasoline and he wants it clearly understood that he desires no applause from the drivers who follow in the wake of these foul burpings.

Bigger and Better Unpopularity

In addition to many other bitterly won honors and jobs, Mr. Ickes is America's petroleum co-ordinator. He has requested the Atlantic seaboard's filling stations to hang up the hose at 7 P. M. and sell no more gas until 7 A. M. If this doesn't conserve enough gas, Mr. Ickes proposes to issue gasoline-ration cards, thereby leaving all other entrants in the official unpopularity sweepstakes asleep at the post. Mr. Ickes would then be the first ration-card issuer in the Roosevelt war Cabinet, an energetically sought-after honor in Washington. At the moment of this writing it had begun to appear that the railroads might defeat Mr. Ickes in this laudable aim, by the astonishingly simple expedient of hauling to the East enough gas to make further talk of shortages futile. Mr. Ickes has not had anything to say about that—as yet. But give him time. And when he does say it, the situation may or may not be clarified, but you can count on somebody's feelings getting hurt.

He is Secretary of the Interior with dominion over public lands and waters, plains and forests. In this capacity he's a one-man balloon barrage plus a couple of divisions of ack-acks. And nothing would depress Mr. Ickes so much as to have proof that no skulduggery was going on within his jurisdiction. He is also administrator of the country's soft-coal production and more than willing to be the nation's administrator of electric power.

We shall not squander nine tenths of our allotted space in lists of the more important persons who carry the Ickes scars, but offer a sample or two. Where it is clear that Mr. Ickes might have done better, one must remember that he is ever pressed for time and usually has to fire from the hip.

Of the late Huey Long, Mr. Ickes said he had halitosis of the intellect. General Hugh Johnson, himself no bum at vilifying, has mental saddle sores, if you believe Mr. Ickes. Being a columnist, an admittedly inferior breed of scavengers whom Mr. Ickes calls columnists, the general got the other barrel, this time being called a one-ring circus. Mr. Ickes' dislike for columnists does not necessarily extend to columns. It is merely that he intensely hates to see this form of individual expression, public criticism and character assassination in inept hands. That at least one newspaper column might be first-class. Mr. Ickes all but accepted a side job of columning offered by Mrs. Cissy Patterson, publisher of the Washington Times-Herald. But Mr. Roosevelt was in one of his less enjoyable brawls with Congress at the time and requested Mr. Ickes to decline the offer, somewhat fearful that an Ickes column might not make fewer enemies for the New Deal.

According to Mr. Ickes the Honorable Martin Dies of Texas is an outstanding zany. Mr. Dies' comeback to that was comparatively weak, calling Mr. Ickes a crackpot. Mr. Ickes, unable to hear merit in Mr. Dies' wolf cries, called upon Mr. Dies to quit his committeeing. Mr. Dies offered to swap quits, suggesting that Mr. Ickes set the example and thereby demonstrate a hitherto unsuspected will to serve the best public interest. Mr. Ickes' reply was to the effect that Mr. Dies' perception of public welfare was woefully limited. Amid this uproar, the Honorable Al Smith of New York called Mr. Ickes Old Father Hubbard and Mr. Ickes begged the public to be slow in its condemnation of Al because, said he, Mr. Smith's mind was that of an insanely jealous man. Whereat Mr. Smith begged the public to look who was calling somebody a jealous man.

(Continued on page 44)

GEORGE DE ZAYAS

West Coast Japanese

By Jim Marshall

Which way would the thousands of Japanese on our West Coast cast their loyalty if we were to have war with Japan? That's the problem the Coasters are trying to solve—though there isn't much to worry about

Typical Sansei and Nisei—third and second generations of American-born Japanese—are Yoko Hirowaka and her dancing teacher, Fujima Kansuma. They're preparing for the big Nisei festival

American-born Mrs. Yasushi Sakimoto, left, is the wife of the secretary of the Japanese fishermen's association and is a leader in Japanese-American affairs

Issei, or Japanese-born, Jiusho Hiraga is editor of the influential South Coast Herald, pro-American Japanese-language paper

WHEN the perennial quarrel between ourselves and Japan went into the growl-and-mutter stage a few weeks ago, nervous West Coasters from Seattle to San Diego started looking under beds for slant-eyed spies and all the Japanese busted their two-dollar cameras and rushed around to the post office to buy defense bonds. In spots there was an intensifying of the boycott against Japanese goods; some people fired their Japanese gardeners; others stopped buying at Japanese fruit and vegetable stands. The old "Jap menace" reappeared here and there. But no one got very much excited.

Least of all, perhaps, the United States Navy, which was, more than anyone else, vitally concerned with the attitude of the Japanese and Japanese-Americans in Oregon, Washington and California. But before we look into the Navy's reasons for comparative nonchalance let's glance at the situation on the Pacific Coast. For years, the Coast has had its Oriental problem, although for a decade not much has been heard about it. Its basis was, of course, economic and rested on the fact that Orientals worked harder for scantier rewards and lived on a more lowly scale than whites; and therefore upset, or threatened to, the West Coast way of life.

The Coast idea always has been that Orientals can't be assimilated into our life and can't become good citizens. This idea has resulted in the little-known fact that as a people we have barred more than half the world from coming to live with us. We barred out the Chinese in 1882; Hindus and Malayans in 1917; Filipinos, except for fifty a year, in 1934. These barriers are almost forgotten, but the Japanese exclusion act of 1924 still is a live subject West of the Rockies. The Japanese and their government still resent it, having a high opinion of themselves, sensitive natures and bewilderment over our nonacceptance of our theory that all men are created free and equal.

Japanese started coming into the West a few years after the Chinese were excluded. They settled in the rich valleys and in coastal spots; started producing fruit and vegetables; acquired boats and went fishing. Branches of big Japanese concerns—Mitsui, Mitsubishi, Nippon Yusen Kaisha, Yokohama Specie Bank—were set up. And soon there was hell a-poppin'. White farmers accused the invaders of ruining the land by overcropping, of overworking them-

Fishing is the sole industry of the largest Japanese-American colony at Terminal Island. Only American-born Japanese may own fishing boats bigger than 5 tons

Too young yet to suffer from discrimination against her race is 12-year-old Mary Sumi Matsumoto, who hopes to be an airline hostess. She's in the seventh grade

selves and their women, of upsetting the economic system. But the Japanese kept coming in in increasing thousands and in 1900, by a "gentleman's agreement," Japan agreed to stop the influx by issuing no more passports. Whether this agreement was kept is a subject for argument; the California Joint Committee on Immigration, which watches the situation, says it wasn't.

Anyway, agitation continued and in 1913 California passed a law forbidding "aliens ineligible to citizenship" to own or lease land. This merely resulted in land titles being transferred to the children of Japanese who, being born here, were citizens anyway. Other states took varied measures to prevent the Japanese building up productive estates.

Because Japanese penetration was not so great, there was not the bitterness in Oregon and Washington that there was in California. There is, for example, only one real Japanese colony in Oregon—at Lake Labish, near Salem, the capital—and it has the respect of the whites. In the Washington valleys there has been no trouble to speak of for years. In California the question always remained more or less pertinent.

If you inquire on the Coast how many Japanese there are here, the anti-Japanese forces will tell you about 150,000; the Japanese themselves say 65,000. This is because the anti-Oriental people class American-born Japanese as Japanese. The Japanese, technically right, say that the 85,000 born here are American.

The argument is further clouded by the fact that an unknown number of American-born Japanese have dual citizenship. The California Joint Committee says that about sixty per cent of them owe allegiance both to America and Japan. The Rafu Shimbun—Rafu is Japanese for Los Angeles, and Shimbun is newspaper—says that only five per cent retain any ties with the empire, and, with other Japanese newspapers, is campaigning to abolish dual loyalty altogether.

Naturally, West Coasters wonder, in case of trouble, which loyalty would be uppermost. The joint committee and a section of the public suspects both the *Issei*—the original settlers—and the *Nisei* and *Sansei*—the second and third generations. There is some evidence to support this belief.

A Declining System

The Japanese government has always worked more or less openly to acquire the loyalty of the *Nisei*. For years it subsidized, obliquely, the operation of Japanese schools in which, after American school hours, the children are taught Japanese and Japanese ideals. In 1939, there were 248 such schools, teaching about 18,000 *Nisei* and *Sansei* at a cost to the Japanese community of $398,000. But the tendency for them is to become fewer. The *Issei*, who support them, are growing older and fewer each year; there will be none left in the 1950s. And the kids who are sent to them rebel at double school work and want to be out playing with the white children.

But the school system is a black mark against the Japanese because it demonstrates an unwillingness to throw in wholeheartedly with the country of their adoption. The system isn't supported to any extent by the second generation and is on the decline.

The Japanese government for years offered young Japanese-Americans "cultural" trips to Japan at low rates. It encouraged the older Japanese to send their children to Japan to be educated; it offered *Nisei* loans at low rates and made easy for them entrance into Japanese universities. Just how many *Nisei* got part of their education in Japan is unknown; the joint committee says 50,000, which seems high.

Japanese statesmen never could quite agree just what the *Nisei* should do. Some of them exhorted the youngsters to regard Japan as their spiritual home; others told them to be loyal to America. In Nippon the press almost unanimously tried to convince them they still owed allegiance to the emperor. In 1939 more than half the *Nisei* were nominally subjects of Japan, although most of them thought nothing of it, having been registered by their parents at birth.

Then the Japanese-American Citizens' League started a campaign of renunciation of all allegiance to Japan; the result is that dual citizenship is becoming less and less. Those *Nisei* who are having children—the *Sansei*—are not registering their offspring.

Just an Old Tourist Game

Meanwhile, on the Coast, legends grew up about the Japanese. Anyone taking a picture of a sea gull was suspect as a spy and all Japanese-manned fish-boats were believed to spend most of their time taking soundings of harbors—although detailed charts were and are on sale for chicken feed in every port. In time, these legends became almost gags, and lost force.

It is a fact, though, that bales of information, most of it useless, *were* sent to Japan, most of it landing in the wastebaskets of the foreign office and army and navy ministries. Incidentally, a good many American tourists used to send in scads of "inside stuff" from all over the world to Washington. It's a sort of international game.

At one time there was a great to-do about Japanese fishing boats, especially around southern California ports. Some of these boats, indeed, did seem a trifle big and fast for their prosaic job; some of the big ones might possibly have been capable of conversion into small tenders for hostile warships—supposing our Navy to be sound asleep, which it never is.

For some time, all fishing boats have been under American registry and their crews under surveillance. These crews—some Japanese and some Japanese-American—doubtless know all about California waters, just as Scandinavian fishermen know all about Puget Sound and Finns are well acquainted with the Columbia River estuary. But the instant war was certain, the Navy would clamp down on boats and crews, and their potentiality for creating trouble would be practically nothing.

There are, too, Japanese-owned fishing vessels under foreign registry, operating off Lower California, but these, too, are well watched. There has been a great deal of suspicion, through the years, about the boats and crews on both sides of the border, but very little direct evidence that they were interested in anything except fishing.

Before we look at what the *Nisei* are doing to counteract adverse public opinion, let's digress for a moment: At one time, on the Coast, opinion was

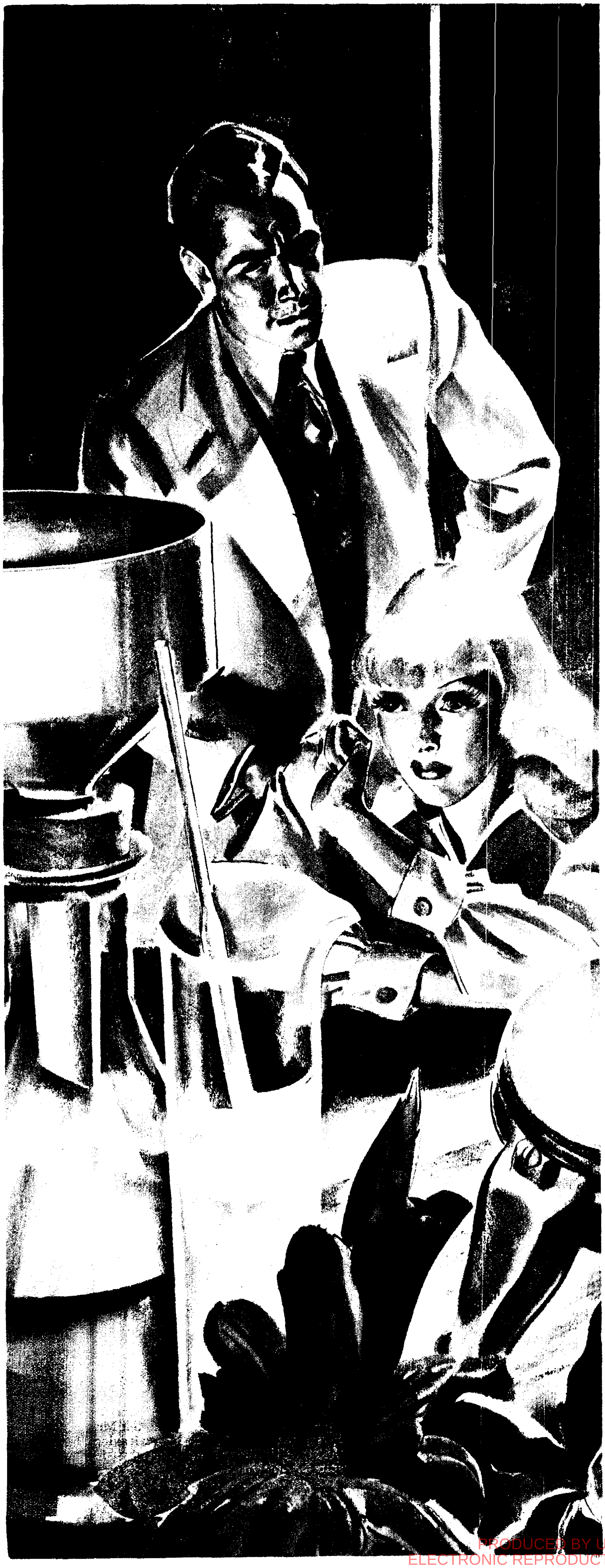
(Continued on page 71)

Candidates for the prized honor of being queen of the annual Nisei Festival, young American-Japanese Miss Nasa Fujoka and Miss Mae Noma of Los Angeles

Murder in Retrospect

By Agatha Christie

ILLUSTRATED BY MARIO COOPER



I felt that she didn't really know what she was talking about. She was pathetic, somehow. So young and so self-confident

The Story Thus Far:

CAROLINE CRALE is tried on a charge of murdering her husband, an English artist. She is convicted and sentenced to life imprisonment. When she dies, one year later, she leaves a letter; in the letter (to be read by her daughter, Caroline, when she reaches the age of twenty-one) she asserts that she is innocent.

Sixteen years after the trial, Caroline (whose name has been changed to Carla Lemarchant) reads the letter. She calls on Hercule Poirot, noted Belgian criminal investigator, in London. She implores him to investigate the case and, if possible, *learn the truth.*

Poirot likes the girl. He promises to do what he can. Then, in a series of interviews with various persons—including Sir Montague Depleach, who had been in charge of the defense; George Mayhew, son of the solicitor who had "briefed" Sir Montague; Ex-Superintendent of Police Hale; Philip Blake and his brother, Meredith, who had figured strongly in the case—he learns these facts:

On the afternoon of the day preceding the murder, the Crales; Angela Warren, Mrs. Crale's young sister; Philip Blake; and Elsa Greer (a beautiful girl who had been a house guest of the Crales) had had tea with Meredith Blake, an amateur chemist. Everyone had inspected Blake's laboratory; and someone had stolen a bottle of poison: coniine.

The following day, Crale—madly infatuated with Elsa Greer—had been painting the girl's portrait in his garden, when his wife had given him a glass of beer. Crale had drunk the beer. Then, alone, he had died in the garden. The beer had been analyzed; it had contained coniine! And traces of the same poison had been found in a bottle that was in Mrs. Crale's bedroom!

Everyone feels sure that the accused had been guilty. Certainly, the evidence—presented to Poirot, after the passage of sixteen years—appears to be damning. Some of those with whom the Belgian talks say that Mrs. Crale had been an attractive woman—that she had poisoned her husband simply because she loved him and was insanely jealous.

But Philip Blake—who had been one of Amyas' closest friends—gives Poirot a very different picture of the woman; he characterizes Caroline Crale as "a rotter, through and through—evil, cruel, malignant and a grabber." Discussing the case, Meredith Blake refers to Amyas' love for Elsa. "It was a difficult position for Elsa," he says. "And as for Caroline—" He pauses, and Poirot says softly: "For Caroline—yes?"

IV

MEREDITH BLAKE said, speaking with a little difficulty, "Caroline—I had always—well, I had always been very fond of Caroline. There was a time when—when I hoped to marry her. But that was soon nipped in the bud. Still, I remained, if I may say so, devoted to—to her service."

Poirot nodded thoughtfully. That slightly old-fashioned phrase expressed, he felt, the man before him very typically. Meredith Blake was the kind of man who would devote himself readily to a romantic and honorable devotion. He would serve his lady faithfully and without hope of reward. Yes, it was all very much in character.

He said, carefully weighing the words, "You must have resented this—attitude—on *her* behalf?"

"I did. Oh, I did. I—I actually remonstrated with Crale on the subject."

"When was this?"

"Actually the day before—before it all happened. They came over to tea here, you know. I got Crale aside and put it to him. I even said, I remember, that it wasn't fair to either of them."

"Ah, you said that?"

"Yes. I didn't think, you see, that he realized."

"Possibly not."

"I said to him that it was putting Caroline in a perfectly unendurable position. If he meant to marry this girl, he ought not to have her staying in the house and—well—more or less flaunt her in Caroline's face. It was, I said, an unendurable insult."

"What did he answer?" Poirot asked curiously.

Meredith Blake replied with distaste, "He said, 'Caroline must lump it.' "

Hercule Poirot's eyebrows rose. "Not," he said, "a very sympathetic reply."

"I thought it abominable. I lost my temper. I said that no doubt, not caring for his wife, he didn't mind how much he made her suffer, but what, I said, about the girl? Hadn't he realized it was a pretty rotten position for *her?* His reply to that was that Elsa must lump it too!

"Then he went on: 'You don't seem to understand, Meredith, that this thing I'm painting is the best thing I've done. It's *good,* I tell you. And a couple of jealous, quarreling women aren't going to upset it—no, by hell, they're not.'

"IT WAS hopeless talking to him. I said he seemed to have taken leave of all ordinary decency. Painting, I said, wasn't everything. He interrupted there. He said, 'Ah, but it is to *me.*'

"I was still very angry. I said it was perfectly disgraceful the way he had always treated Caroline. She had had a miserable life with him. He said he knew that and he was sorry about it. Sorry! He said, 'I know, Merry, you don't believe that—but it's the truth. I've given Caroline the hell of a life and she's been a saint about it. But she did know, I think, what she might be letting herself in for. I told her candidly the sort of damnable, egotistical, loose-living kind of chap I was.'

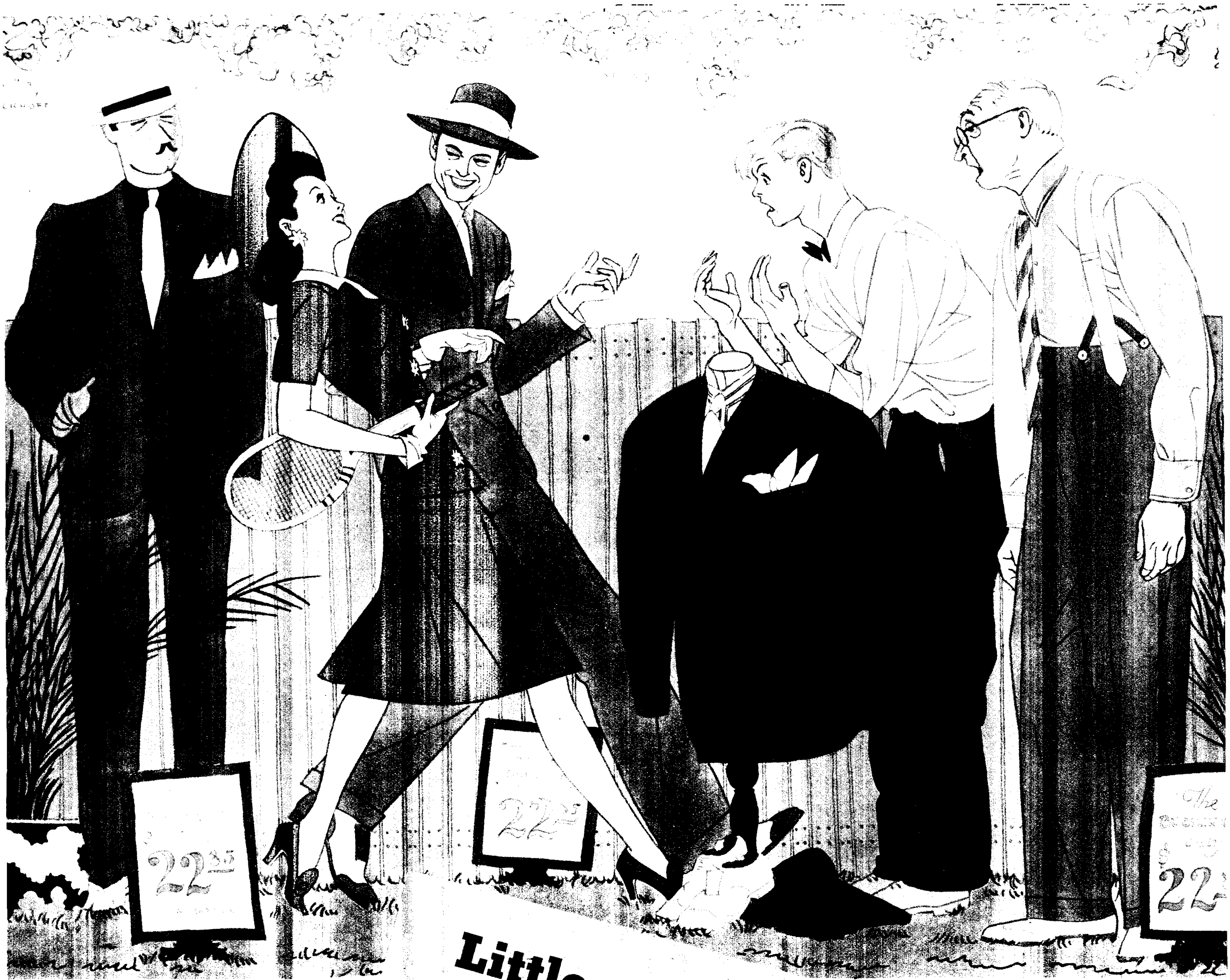
"I put it to him then very strongly that he ought not to break up his married life. There was the child to be considered, and everything. I said that I could understand that a girl like Elsa could bowl a man over, but that even for her sake he ought to break off the whole thing. She was very young. She was going into this bald-headed, but she might regret it bitterly afterward. I said couldn't he pull himself together, make a clean break and go back to his wife?"

"And what did he say?"

Blake said: "He just looked—embarrassed. He patted me on the shoulder and said, 'You're a good chap, Merry. But you're too sentimental. You wait till the picture's finished and you'll admit that I was right.'

"I said, 'Damn your picture.' And he grinned and said all the neurotic women in England couldn't do that. Then I said that it would have been more decent to have kept the whole thing from Caroline until after the picture was finished. He said that that wasn't *his* fault. It was Elsa who had insisted on spilling the beans. I said, 'Why?' And he said that she had had some idea that it wasn't straight otherwise. She wanted everything to be clear and aboveboard. Well, of course, in a way, one could understand that and respect the girl for it. However badly she was behaving, she did at least want to be honest."

(Continued on page 60)



Little Mastermind

By Philip Cyrus Gunion

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY BECKHOFF

Announcing the simultaneous engagement of Willie Klein, the ballplayer, and Barnaby Toddhammer, the big man in men's clothing, to a girl named Marilyn, who has become quite a sensation on Broadway

Marilyn spent most of the second day rehearsing with the male model. Never having played tennis, she felt that she needed to get in the mood

TO THE rest of the early-morning subway crush it was probably only Monday, but to Willie Klein it was the day he was to become Barnaby Toddhammer, the theatrical producer.

Barnaby Toddhammer had been born the day before, halfway down page 278 of the telephone directory. It had been a Sunday well spent.

Willie skidded into the back door of Hirsch's Fine Men's Clothing—Everything At One Price—at five minutes after nine. He noticed with relieved interest that Al had punched his card for him at five minutes of nine. Mr. Johnson, the head bookkeeper, looked at him rather suspiciously as he came away from the time clock and he hurried his ungainly stride toward the stock room.

Then remembering that he was now Barnaby Toddhammer, his walk became subdued, elegant. As he passed a triple mirror, he surveyed himself. Ignoring the slight stoop in the shoulders, the wrinkled knees, and the ungartered socks, not even Mr. Hirsch, himself, looked better.

"That's one I owe you," he said to Al, after he had reached the privacy of the stock room.

Al rolled his eyes and implored the ceiling: "One, he says! Listen, Bright Boy, the way I punch your card every morning I should be drawing your pay."

The inner-office communications box beside them snapped and crackled. Above the whine of static from the elevators, they heard the rasping voice of Mr. Hirsch: "Al, see that the main-floor racks are filled, on the schedule from last week. That is all! If Willie has reported for work as yet, send him to my office. That is all!"

"That is all!" mimicked Al. "Ever since the old boy got that system, he thinks he's a police call."

Willie felt like telling Al about his being Barnaby now and about his quitting the firm to look for a job in the theater, but remembering some choice remarks Al had made about Marilyn, he decided to remain Willie, for the time being.

He ran a piece of broken comb through his blond hair, which had the early-morning appearance of a field of wheat after a cloudburst.

"You'd better hurry," Al warned. "That is all!"

WILLIE left the stock room, knocking over a rack of blue serge, two-button single-breasted, and a rack of mixed tweeds, in the popular English Drape, and threaded his way through the customers to the stairs.

Mr. Hirsch's door slammed behind him as usual and Mr. Hirsch almost jumped out of his swivel chair.

He addressed the walls with passion. "For three years this boy has been coming into my office! Must he always bang the door? Must my nerves always be shattered?"

"I'm sorry, Mr. Hirsch," Willie whispered. Then he thought of it. "Mr. Hirsch"—he cleared his throat because his voice was unsteady—"Mr. Hirsch, from today I would like to be known as Barnaby Toddhammer. Also I should like to be dissolved from the firm."

"Barnaby Toddhammer?" Mr. Hirsch rolled each syllable over very slowly, tasting each vowel carefully, savoring the full flavor. Then he spit it out: "Barnaby Toddhammer!"

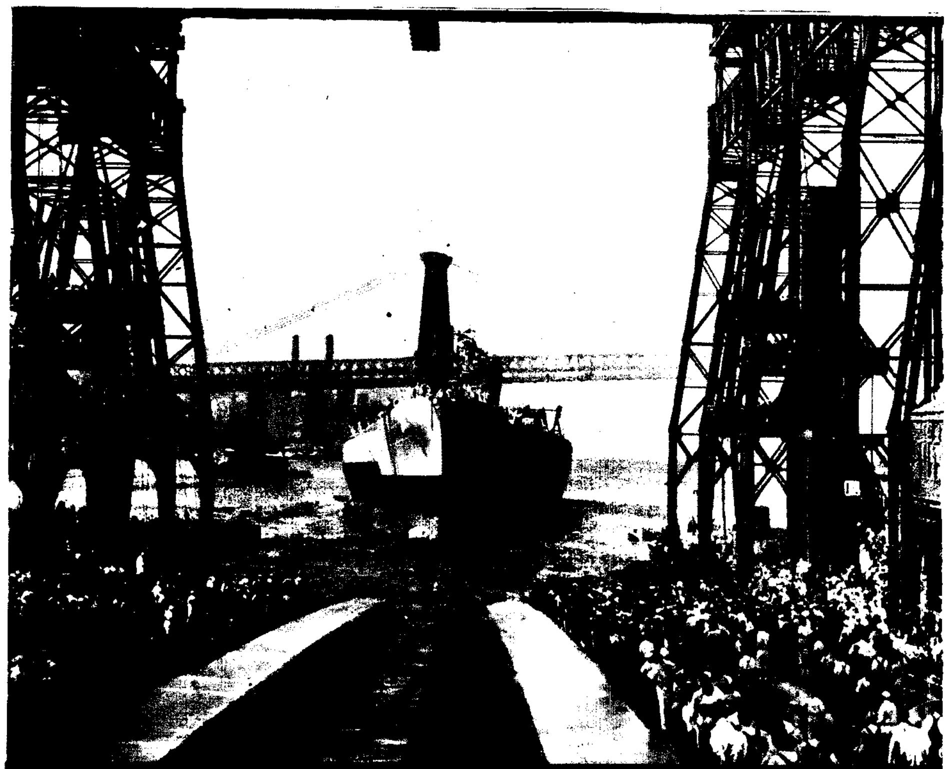
It didn't sound quite as nice now as it had when Marilyn had suggested it after their long search through the telephone book, including Westchester and the Bronx.

Marilyn herself had changed her name almost as often as she had changed her hair. She was seventeen and, being six months older than Willie, and several years more persuasive, Willie had agreed when she combined the names of two of Westchester's leading citizens. He had also agreed to tell Mr. Hirsch that he was, with regret, leaving the store. Willie was now Barnaby—in spite of Mr. Hirsch.

(Continued on page 81)

ACME

"So long as the friendly British navy is in existence we need not fear that freedom of the seas will be endangered." Above, Britain's new battleship, King George V



PRESS ASSOCIATION, INC

"Increased appropriations for our Navy had by 1940 brought it back to a hig efficiency." Above, the June, 1940, launching of the battleship North Carolin

EUROPEAN

A German military parade in Oslo, Norway, after the invasion that gave Americans "a clearer realization of the position of the United States in the world of today"

EUROPEAN

Signing of the Tripartite Treaty: "The agreement among Japan, Italy and the Nazis . . . emphasized the threat of the dictator powers to all the world

THE FIGHT GOES ON

By Franklin Delano Roosevelt

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WAR . . . AND AID TO DEMOCRACIES

Americans, in 1940, revised their opinions about neutrality as they came to realize what a Hitler victory would mean. Hardheaded self-concern led to our determination to give all-out aid to fighting democracies. In this article, the introduction to the 1940 volume of his Public Papers and Addresses, the President discusses the long-range objectives of our new foreign policy

THE year 1940 witnessed a great change in the attitude of the American people toward the course of the war that was raging in Europe and Asia.

During the summer of 1939, while the threat of war was swiftly coming to a head, and after September, 1939, when the war actually began, and through the following winter, the prevailing sentiment in the United States can be best described as one of sympathetic aloofness. While there was no doubt where their sympathies lay in the conflict, they seemed determined not only to remain out of the war, but also to maintain a strict neutrality in the fullest sense of the word. Their attitude was merely that of a very interested spectator.

In fact, during the winter following the invasion of Poland, when there seemed to be but little fighting between the armies and navies of the Allies and the Nazis, many cynical persons in the United States began to refer to the conflict as a "phony" war.

A swift succession of events, however, commencing in April, 1940, with the invasion of Denmark and Norway, very quickly served to bring home to all of us a clearer realization of the position of the United States in the world of today.

Norway and Denmark had both been strictly neutral nations. They had both been determined, at least in their own minds, upon maintaining their neutrality. Their status of neutrality, however, had been completely violated. Added to this grievous injury upon them was the insult to everybody's intelligence, offered by the Nazis, that the reason the Nazis had invaded these neutral countries by treachery, propaganda, and force of arms, was to "protect" them from Great Britain.

This outrage was followed very shortly by the invasion of the neutral countries of the Netherlands, Belgium and Luxembourg. The mighty force of a war machine which had been seven years in the building quickly overran France, and left Great Britain alone to face the terror.

Then came the almost unbelievable defense of the British Isles against the seemingly overwhelming striking power of the Nazi air force. The Nazi attack upon the British Isles during the summer of 1940, with its barbarous murder of civilians, including women and children, was met by a gallant defense which called forth the admiration of the entire civilized world. But it did more than that. It convinced the world that Hitler's war machine could be beaten. It showed also that Great Britain was able to hold off disaster until adequate help could come to it in the form of ships and planes and tanks and guns from the United States.

The quick tempo of the war on land, on sea and in the air soon brought the conflict very close to home. The presence of German war raiders in the

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The Long Chance

By William Martin

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY MORSE MEYERS

STAKES would be high, Ace Brandon knew, as he sat down at the open table of draw poker there in the back room of the Abilene Hotel.

Out of habit he ignored the set faces around him. Now was no time to try to appraise these men when they could guard themselves against appraisal. The time would come later.

Brandon seemed to center on the falling cards as the young rancher on his left dealt, yet Brandon's interest in the cards was slight. Brandon gambled on character. No man, Brandon had learned, could conceal his nature when the unexpected happened, and in that moment, he could seldom escape the pattern of himself in what he did.

Brandon watched the play. The young rancher opened and, after the draw, won six hundred dollars on his opening queens from the big, red-faced man opposite Brandon.

The big man pushed back his hat and dealt. The young rancher won on a small pair. Brandon watched him hurriedly roll a cigarette as the half-drunk man on Brandon's right fumbled through a deal. Again the young rancher won the pot.

When Brandon shuffled for his own deal, his sensitive fingers picked up the invisible fingernail cuts on the cards. Brandon's thin, white face showed nothing. He had come to expect marked cards. As he dealt, and a little later as he dealt for the draw, his incredibly swift fingers made another nail mark, in an X, across each mark on the cards.

Brandon leaned back, after the play, and watched the young rancher deal with awkward rope-calloused hands. The young rancher won the pot from Brandon.

Brandon lighted a cigar and looked beyond the burning match at the hands of the big man opposite as he shuffled the cards. When the hands paused for a long second, Brandon looked slowly, coldly up into the big man's eyes. The man's eyelids lowered slightly as he tried to hide his recognition of the new marks.

Brandon felt a sudden contempt for this man hiding in a cattleman's clothes who was neither a cattleman nor a gambler. A man who used marked cards had to be sure of everything or he wouldn't play; he wouldn't take the long chance.

The big man dealt, and when Brandon picked up his cards he held a queen-high straight. He knew the caliber of the man then, for Brandon was thinking in his own way that a man with any kind of courage wasn't willing to compromise with an enemy. The deal had been intentional. The big man was willing to cut him in.

The drunk on Brandon's right opened. Brandon studied his hand briefly, then tossed it into the center of the table and watched the surprise and puzzlement come into the big man's face. Brandon looked at the ash on his cigar.

The young rancher stayed. The big man discarded his hand. This was supposed to have been Brandon's hand and the big man had dealt himself nothing to draw to.

After the draw the drunk bet his last chips and lost the hand to the young rancher. The drunk pushed unsteadily up from the table and made his way to the bar up front.

Brandon dealt a square hand and won seven hundred dollars from the young rancher on three tens. The big man stayed out.

The young rancher dealt. No one could open.

Then the big man took the cards.

Before Brandon picked up his hand he knew that this would be a cold deal, the kill.

The big man passed the open. Brandon held nothing and discarded his hand. The young rancher opened for a thousand dollars. The big man showed indecision, then stayed.

Both men took one card.

Brandon watched the young rancher count his chips, then shove in all his blues. "Five thousand," he said, and sat back.

The big man showed surprise, then he pulled a wallet from his shirt and let it clank on the table. "I'll call you," he said, "and raise it twenty-five thousand."

The young rancher glanced down at his remaining chips. "I haven't got that much," he said slowly, "but I've got land. Wait."

He called the barkeep up front who finally found a quill pen and a piece of paper. He wrote a note and sent it upstairs and then sat back studying his hand and hiding his uneasiness behind indifference.

BRANDON relighted his cigar and idly watched the match burn out at his finger tips. In a few minutes he saw the girl come through the doorway and past the bar—a slender, small, calm-faced girl who came and stood beside the young rancher in a way that told Brandon she had ridden uptrail with her husband, and their cattle.

Brandon saw anxiety come into her face as her quick eyes took in everything: the chips, the wallet, the big man's questioning look, her husband's unnatural, masked face. Slowly she handed the young rancher a long paper. Then she smiled. "You coming up to the room soon, Ed?" she asked.

"Right after this hand, Mary," he said, and unfolded the paper before the big man.

Brandon knew that she would still smile like that, later, up in the room, when the young rancher explained how he had lost their land.

The young rancher said, "This is the deed to my land south of the Brazos. It's good land and we've got grass and water the year round. . . ."

Brandon, watching his face as he talked, knew that the young rancher had lost his land. It was a cold hand. The big man wouldn't bet unless he was sure.

The big man interrupted. "It's good land all right, but I got all the land I need now," he lied. "Get the cash."

It was a long chance, but Brandon was a gambler and he took it. His thin hands unhooked his money belt from around his waist. He folded the belt and shoved it over to the young rancher. "There's cash," he said, "fifty thousand. I'll take a chance with you, son."

The young rancher nodded, and, as Brandon knew he would, he pushed the belt into the pot. "I'll call the twenty-five thousand," he said evenly, "and raise you twenty-five."

Brandon looked slowly across at the big man. The big man's eyes were already on Brandon. He had been sure but now he wasn't sure. Brandon saw puzzlement in the big man's eyes and then the growing uncertainty. He knew what the big man was thinking: that he, Brandon, could have marked all the cards alike; Brandon wasn't giving fifty thousand dollars away.

The big man glanced down at his hand again, then at his wallet. He wet his lips. Then he folded his hand and stuck it into the center of the deck. He got up and quit the game without a word.

The young rancher grinned in quick relief, then pointed to the pot. "Want some of this, stranger?"

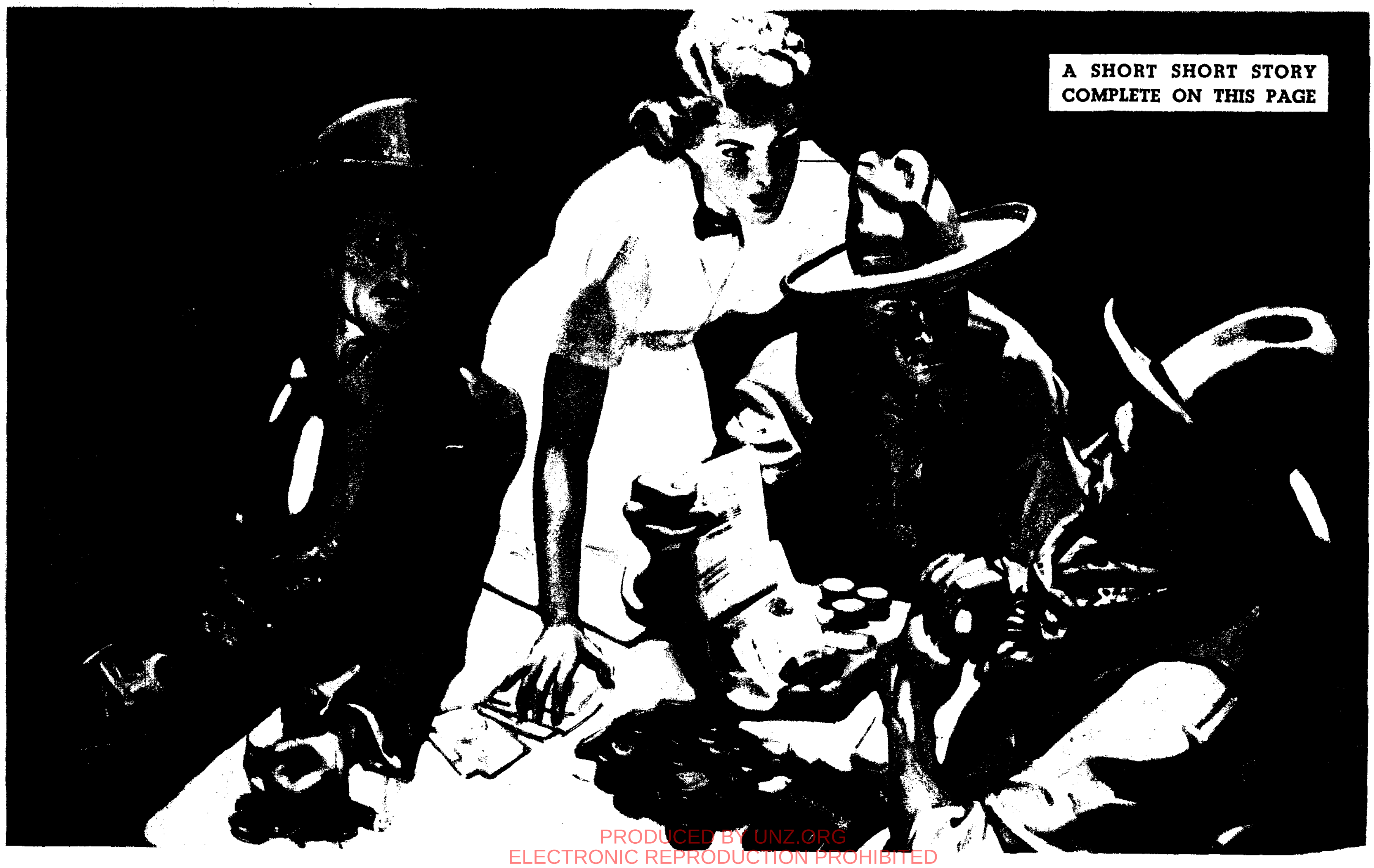
"My fifty thousand's all," Brandon said, and reached for the belt.

The young rancher's grin broadened, "*You* knew I had him beat, and *he* knew it." He spread his hand of four jacks face up.

Brandon looked tired. He said coldly, "You took too long a chance with good land, son. He knew he had *you* but he wasn't sure about me. He couldn't get up the nerve to call."

Brandon's expert fingers cut the deck to the big man's hand, and he spread it face up and watched the surprise in the young rancher's open mouth as the young rancher looked down at the four queens.

"It's good land, all right, but I got all the land I need now," the big man lied. "Get the cash"



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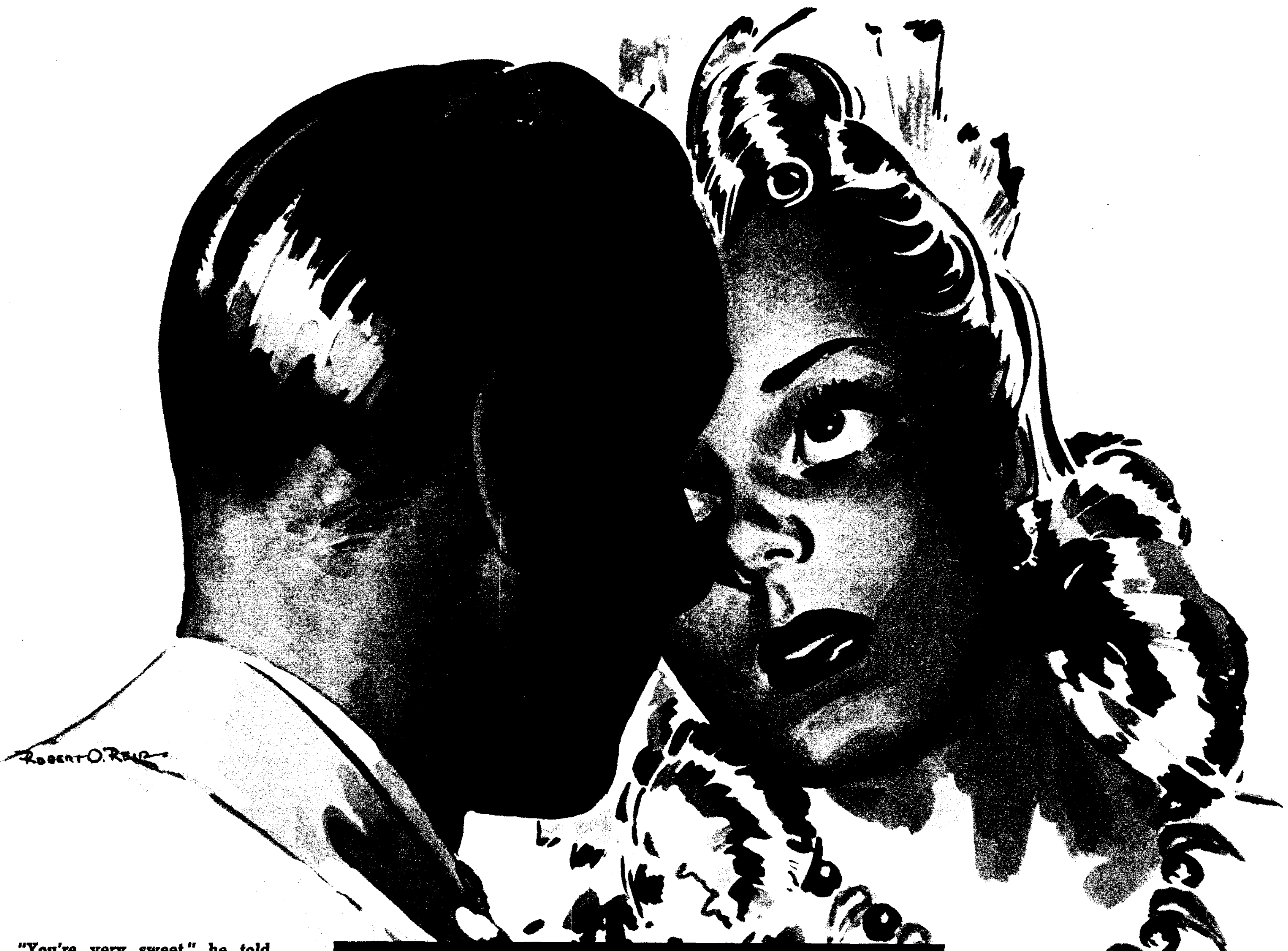


"You're very sweet," he told her. "You'll make somebody a wonderful wife." He was going to kiss her. . . . But, "Ah-uh, mustn't touch," he said

SPELLS WONDERFUL

By Libbie Block

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT O. REID

The legend of male superiority explodes in the beautiful face of Miss Minuette Mintern—a girl who just didn't know her own strength

SHE walked across the tiled acres of the railroad station in Washington, D. C. She kept thinking of footprints on the sands of time, though tiling, of course, was more solid. Presidents, Cabinet members, ambassadors, they had all walked in this station, just like Miss Minuette Mintern, though on feet larger and more confident.

Ahead of Miss Mintern lay her first glimpse of Washington, which, as she had taught her pupils, was the most important city in the most important country in the most important world of the universe. Ahead of her, too, she now realized, lay a cold, la grippe or a touch of the flu, depending on how serious became the burning skin and aching bones which plagued her. Miss Mintern thought, "I feel awful."

Well, but she had to keep "up," she told herself, regardless of her health. She was in Washington upon important business. An eleven-year-old boy marched at her left: Marshall Bunty, whose head was full of prodigious knowledge and whose new long-pants suit was full of Marshall Bunty.

He could spell any word, whether or not he knew its meaning, and so the Otwanda, Nebraska, Express was paying his expenses and those of Miss Mintern, his teacher, to Washington and the great national spelling bee. It was hoped, by all who read the Otwanda Express, that Marshall Bunty would spell down the other contestants, thus covering himself, his school and his state with glory; winning several hundred dollars to further his education . . . if that were necessary . . . and perhaps having his picture taken shaking hands with the President of the United States.

Further, the Otwanda Express had sent with Miss Mintern and Marshall Bunty a real newspaperman, Lon Waterford, whose duty it would be to cover the great national spelling bee and particularly the activities of Marshall Bunty, therein. Lon Waterford walked at Miss Mintern's right hand—a lean young man of twenty-eight who knew what it was all about.

When the three came out into the mild May afternoon, Miss Mintern stood rock-still and said, "Washington, D. C.! I can't believe I'm here."

"Great town," Lon Waterford said without awe.

Marshall said, "I want to ride in a taxi."

Miss Mintern got into the taxi first, showing an excellent leg in a thin, tight stocking. She was the newest thing in teachers, having studied enough psychology to know that pupils work harder for a pretty woman than for a plain one. Fortunately, even before her psychology course she had had a deep dimple, brown eyes with lights in them, and a torso which was attractive above a desk.

Through the taxi window swelled a glinting, familiar shape. "Look! I see the gold dome!" She pointed, rising slightly as though she had heard the Star-Spangled Banner.

Marshall looked up casually from his candy bar. He was as good an eater as he was a speller. Lon Waterford laughed, rather disdainfully. "You'd be surprised what goes on under that Capitol dome."

"I know," she said, shining. "The Senate and the House . . ."

"Plenty politics go on there," Lon Waterford said.

"Caucuses and filibusters." Marshall liked long words.

Miss Mintern sneezed.

THE Corona Hotel was the official residence of the national spelling bee. Miss Mintern looked at the lobby, feeling sure it stewed with important people. Senators and congressmen, maybe even a foreign spy or two. There were several children walking about, spellers, no doubt.

"Marshall, put your candy away," Miss Mintern whispered. "I don't see any of the other girls and boys eating candy."

Marshall put it away. On their way up in the elevator he looked respectable, if well decorated with chocolate.

Miss Mintern and Marshall had adjoining rooms. Lon Waterford came with them to see them settled, although his own room was on the floor above. There was also, he told her, a press room in the hotel which had been set aside for the reporters who came to the bee. To this he would go, to do something he called "filing" a story.

She looked at the bed and wished she could fold her aching bones into it. But Lon Waterford was there and in the next room there was a red book in which "duty" was spelled, along with many other words which Marshall must rehearse. Minuette Mintern had no time to be sick.

"There's a banquet for the kids tonight," Lon Waterford was telling her. "The big show is tomorrow morning."

"Will I . . . that is, won't we see you before?"

"You bet. I have to turn up at that banquet, Miss Mintern. Say, what's your first name?"

"Minuette," she said in fear and trembling, for she knew what would happen now.

It did. "Okay, Minnie," he said. "If you need any help with the prodigy yell for me. I hope you won't though. I'm going to be pretty busy." He paused self-consciously at the door, came back to her.

From the faces of the sixth graders she knew a bursting secret when she saw one. He had blue eyes, very pleased now, and bright. "Don't let on, Minnie, but I'm going to take care of some of my own business while I'm here."

"I won't 'let on.'"

"Know what I was telling you about last night? What I'm going to do with my life?"

"That you're going to be a foreign correspondent and write books about it?"

"This is my first step. Going to get me a job as Washington correspondent. That's why I was glad to get the trip. Otherwise they'd have had to push me around plenty before I'd be shipped off with a bunch of kids and schoolteachers."

"That's all right," she said, seeing the dismay which preceded his apology. "I don't mind being called a schoolteacher. I am one." She took off her red straw hat.

"For a schoolteacher you're sure a novelty," he said candidly. "Well, anyhow, this afternoon I'm going to talk to a fellow I know here. Told me to come to him if I ever wanted to get on a Washington sheet. And it's just a jump from Washington to a foreign job."

It was unreasonable of her to be disappointed because he would no longer be living in Otwanda, Nebraska. Why should anybody who could be a foreign correspondent live there where there was nothing foreign? "I am very happy for you," she said.

"Thanks," he accepted the congratulations. "Be seeing you, Minnie."

When he had gone she snuffed some nose drops and went into Marshall's room.

THE coaching was almost over, and it was time to dress for dinner. Minuette and Marshall had been over "*recommend*" and "*souvenir*," they had done the hundred hardest words, "*euthanasia*," and "*dialogue*" with its two accepted endings. Not once had he missed. He was a bright boy, a dynamo which stoked its engine with chocolate candy. He had an impressive I.Q. and it embarrassed Minuette that she should have to act as though she were smarter than he. She gave him the last word, closing the red speller.

"Dilemma," he spelled, casually and correctly. "How much money will I win, Miss Mintern?"

"It all depends on how far you get."

"I mean first prize."

"*If* you win first prize," she said gently. "I wouldn't like you to be disappointed, Marshall, but, after all, the other girls and boys were all champion spellers where they came from too."

He was a large mill of a boy who ground exceeding fine. "How much money do I win?"

Miss Mintern subsided. "Five hundred dollars."

"That's okay," Marshall consented. "And you know who I want my picture with? J. Edgar Hoover."

FROM all over the country, thirty local champion spellers had come to eat, tonight, this banquet of fruit cup, spring chicken, mashed potatoes, new peas, salad, parfait and milk. Also served the same chaste dishes were forty adults, scattered among the children: teachers, reporters and parents.

All the spellers had scrubbed hands. The boy spellers had voices high, low and undecided. Some of the girls wore curls, some of them wore glasses, and most of them were beginning to be what is politely called developed.

Marshall was the hungriest. Mercifully, Minuette had given him her dessert in addition to his own, and without coaxing he had disposed of the plate of petits fours which had been set out for their section of the table. Lon Waterford, who had come in late, guarded Marshall's other side, but he had eaten his own dessert. Men had wonderful appetites.

Across the white cloth a young and nervous lady from Alabama was not eating much. She had a haircut like Deanna Durbin, a soft voice, and her name was Ruth Eleanor Graham. She had told Marshall that, but he had been busy with his chicken and Minuette had had to announce him as Marshall Bunty of Nebraska. Now that dessert was over, Ruth Eleanor was trying again in a persistent, pliant way to talk to him:

"Oh, I'm just scared to death about tomorrow, aren't you?"

Marshall, prodded by Minuette, lifted his head: "What about?"

"The spelling bee, silly. I'm awfully nervous. I'm so scared I'll miss the easy ones. Aren't you?"

"No," said Marshall.

It was not polite of him not to be scared of the easy ones, so Ruth Eleanor, who could only talk politely, had nothing more to say. Anyway, the speeches started then and she listened. Marshall didn't.

The speeches were all about the contest tomorrow: not to be afraid to ask that the word be pronounced again and again until you were sure you understood, how only one contestant could win first prize and for the others not to be disappointed, and about the interesting trips which had been arranged for the days after the bee, to the White House, the Congressional Library, Mount Vernon, the Mint. . . .

Across Marshall, Lon Waterford looked at Minuette, despair on his face. "Now that this is over I think we ought to put our champion speller to bed, don't you?"

Marshall was up from the table almost as Lon spoke, on his way to the door where he had seen a large plate of after-dinner mints. From the rear he had that look of efficiency which only small fat boys can manage. After him, Ruth Eleanor called: "Nighty-night, Nebraska. Certainly do wish you good luck tomorrow!"

"Wish her good luck, too," Minuette whispered.

He swiveled obediently at the dining-room door and called back, "Good luck"; then, under his breath, "for second place."

They put Marshall to bed, that is, they closed him into his room with a stack of salted nuts to prevent night famine. Minuette wanted to kiss him, but he moved quickly for a heavy boy and she contented herself with saying, "I'll wake you early, Marshall, and I'll have my fingers crossed that you win first prize."

"That's all right," he said, "I guess I'll win it all right."

As she closed the door she heard the rustle of cellophane. The nuts were already in retreat.

Lon was waiting in the hall.

"Come on out and let me show you my town."

"Oh! You got the job!"

He propelled her by the elbow to the elevators. It was a lovely sensation, like being rolled along. She oughtn't to go out with this cold coming on but still . . . she couldn't let him down in his celebration, could she? And besides . . . Washington, on the arm of a Washington correspondent! It would never happen again.

He hadn't quite got the job yet, he told her in the taxi. "The fellow wasn't in. Won't be, till tomorrow morning. I'll run over there before the bee. Try and get it settled early."

Meanwhile, with the air of a hotel proprietor showing his best rooms, he displayed Washington: "The White House . . . the Mint . . . that's the Lincoln Memorial, isn't it, cabby? . . . the new Congressional Library." Minuette recognized them, she had seen plenty of pictures, but she could not get over how well Lon Waterford knew them. In a quiet ecstasy, she rode with him to the Potomac, which he identified as the Potomac, and then back to the building of the Washington Press Club. The moon was shining on the street as he helped her from the cab; he seemed as uplifted as she. "Some stuff, huh?" he asked her, his voice deep and unsteady.

"Oh, it is." She looked up at him, he down at her and even the cab driver could afford to wait a minute to see what was going to happen.

"I'm going to take this town over," Lon Waterford said, and he looked away from Minuette. The cab driver drove off and they went into the Press Club to take that over.

THE café of the Press Club looked singularly like any other restaurant. That is, it had tables and chairs. But the people, oh, the people, Minuette thought, how interesting they looked, how they moved about from group to group dispensing world information. She sat hypnotized while Lon Waterford told her, "That skinny red-haired guy is Hugh Jerome, just back from China. And there's Ed Herbert—he's been in England. You must have heard him on the radio."

"I think it's just wonderful."

"You bet. And tomorrow, I'll be right up there with them."

"You'll be the youngest of all," she said, matching the experienced faces around them with Lon's. Something about the clean under line of his jaw filled Minuette with more emotion than she had ever felt in her life. "It's fine that you're so ambitious."

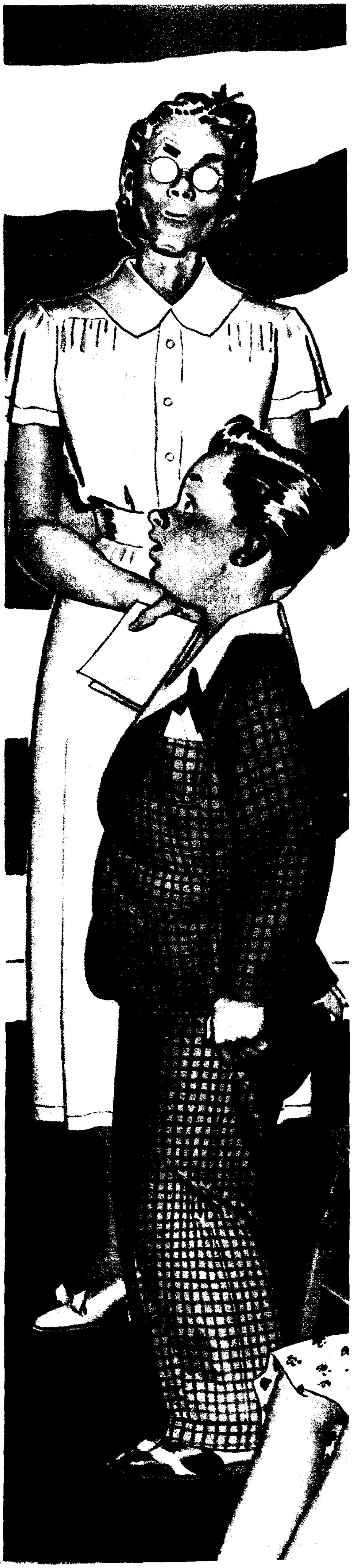
He was pleased. "Sure," he said. "Aren't you?"

She was, of course, ambitious to have a man and a home of her own. But it seemed very meager compared to his ambitions so she said, "Nothing special."

Funny, he read her thought. "You ought to be ambitious to get you a husband. Shouldn't be hard. You've got speaking eyes and legs that . . . well, why shouldn't I look at your legs?"

She didn't know why he should, why he shouldn't, or why it made her so happy that he had.

(Continued on page 54)

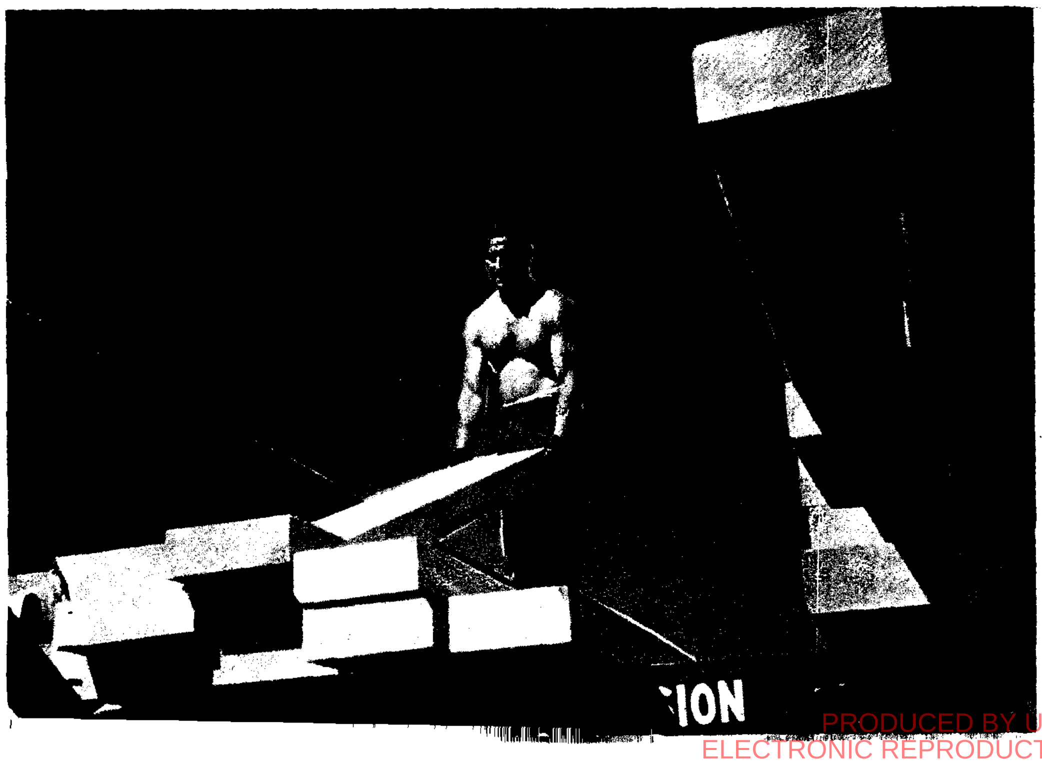


Marshall evacuated his chair, calmly spelled envelope, without hesitating a second, and sat down again, confidently

Canada's soldier-lumberjacks go to work on a 20-inch fir in Scotland. Left, Pvt. Walter Laughren of Port Arthur, Ontario; right, Pvt. J. F. Muloin of Dorien, Ontario

Pvt. J. L. Doucette does his soldiering with a woodsman's ax

With stacked rifles near by, men cut tree into logs. Below, finished lumber. The 4,500 Forestry Corps men turn out the equivalent of a shipload of lumber daily



The Sawdust Fusiliers

By Quentin Reynolds

You can't win a war without wood, and England needed a shipload a day from Canada. The hazards of the North Atlantic called for a simpler solution. Here's the answer

THE Duke of Kent announced that he was coming to visit the Sawdust Fusiliers. The Sawdust Fusiliers, 5,000 Canadian lumberjacks (or woodpeckers) were very proud. They were the best woodsmen in the world and they knew it. They were also a fighting unit and in shooting contests they had beaten the Scottish Home Guard—no mean feat, for the latter is composed almost entirely of guides, gillies (deer stalkers) and sportsmen whose very life is spent in the Highlands shooting grouse and pheasant. The woodpeckers had rifles and machine guns but no heavy artillery, and they knew that the custom was to give royalty a 21-gun salute with a fieldpiece. The woodpeckers were equal to the emergency.

As the duke stepped out of his car he saw a puff of white smoke burst from the hills and then he heard a resounding boom. In perfectly spaced cadence twenty more puffs of smoke arose and twenty loud roars echoed in the hills.

"*I didn't know that you had artillery* here," the duke said, quite pleased about the whole thing, as royal dukes are when they get a royal salute which they know to be technically reserved for their brother the king.

The officers conducting the duke smiled deprecatingly but said nothing. To this day the Duke of Kent does not know that the 21 fieldpieces which so graciously welcomed him to the Highlands were actually 21 tomato cans filled with dynamite and set off by means of four-inch fuses. Once more the woodsmen of Canada had proved themselves equal to an emergency.

Technically, the Sawdust Fusiliers are the Canadian Forestry Corps, Brigadier General J. B. White, D.S.O., commanding. Actually, the Sawdust Fusiliers are the most interesting military unit in England and at the moment the most useful.

To conduct a war you need tin, aluminum, steel and concrete. But none of these would suffice if you had no wood. Munitions factories, barracks, bridges, airplane parts are made of wood. Wood is used to shore up the vital mine pits of Wales and wood can endow a hastily constructed trench with some degree of permanency. The shipyards of England are constantly screaming for wood. Nothing in wartime is more vital than wood. The need was realized early. Newspapers were cut down to four pages to save the precious wood from going into newsprint. There was not nearly enough lumber in England to satisfy the demand for wood. There was timber but no lumber. A tree is timber until it emerges from the saw mill.

Lumberjacks Instead of Lumber

Canada, however, is the greatest lumber country in the world. Canada would supply the mother country with wood. How much did she need? At least a shipload a day, the authorities said grimly. That would be about 230,000 feet of lumber to be transported across the precarious wastes of the North Atlantic each day. Convoys do not leave each day. Convoys are slow. Someone conceived the idea of shipping lumbermen to England instead of lumber. Scotland was virtually virgin-timber territory. Let those Canadian woodpeckers work on that precious storehouse and the sawdust would fly. The idea caught on and the result was the Canadian Forestry Corps.

Only experienced woodsmen were accepted. They came from Montreal, Quebec, Port Arthur, the Kootenay District, Fort William, Ottawa Valley—they came from Halifax and Vancouver. Every part of Canada gave its quota of husky men who handled an ax as another handled a pencil. They were going to Scotland to lumber but they were going to fight too if need be. And so they had to go through the prescribed military training. This was a bore, because woodsmen don't care much about discipline or regimentation. But they found that their officers were understanding. From General White down to the newest lieutenant with one bright pip on his shoulder, every one of them had lumber experience. The training wasn't too arduous. They didn't have to learn to shoot. Most of them had spent many winters living by their guns. And one bright day they said goodby to Canada and packed up their axes, their saws, their mills, their caterpillars—all the impedimenta of their trade—and headed for Scotland. They arrived fully equipped. They asked nothing of Scotland but timber.

Now after several months of lumbering their hearts are definitely in the Highlands. For nine hours a day the sharp bark of the ax, the whine of the saw, the ancient cry of "Timbaaah" and then the roar and crash as another tree falls is echoed in the hills of Scotland. Now and then they look hopefully toward the sky, hoping against hope to see

(Continued on page 72)

Now I'm eating Farm-Fresh Asparagus all Winter long!

1. I'm home from work, peeling off my topcoat, and what do I spy on the table! ASPARAGUS! Golly, I think, it just can't *be!* But here it is . . . in *October!* Tender, shapely, *garden-fresh* spears . . . as pert and green and sumptuous as if they'd been cut that very morning! I'm confused, and I *say* so . . .

2. "Silly," says Jean, "they're Birds Eye Asparagus Spears . . . just brimming with a haunting flavor you almost *never* taste even in the kind you eat in summer! After all, they're the tastiest, green tips of a pretty special lot . . . grown by Birds Eye with experts keeping check . . . and *Quick-Frozen* on the spot!"

3. "Hold on," I begin... But Jean continues: "Quick-Freezing *seals in* this marvelous asparagus-goodness . . . brings it to us in fall and winter! Both Birds Eye Asparagus Spears and Asparagus Cuts are always *clean!* Trimmed, too, ready to cook! My, the *work* they save me!"

BIRDS EYE
ASPARAGUS

4. "For Asparagus this grand, you must pay plenty." I say. "You *ought* to, but you *don't,*" Jean replied. "Why, one box of Birds Eye Asparagus (Spears or Cuts) equals 2 medium-sized market bunches! There's *no waste,* and besides, they're both good values this week!"

BIRDS EYE
CUT CORN
BIRDS EYE
PEACHES
BIRDS EYE
ASPARAGUS

5. "Furthermore," she goes on, "when you figure we *eat* every ounce of Birds Eye Foods we pay for, they save us money in the long run! To say nothing of the drudgery they spare me . . . because they're *all* washed, ready to cook or serve when I buy them!" (P. S. I'm eating myself silly on all the Birds Eye Foods now! They're swell! You ought to try 'em!)

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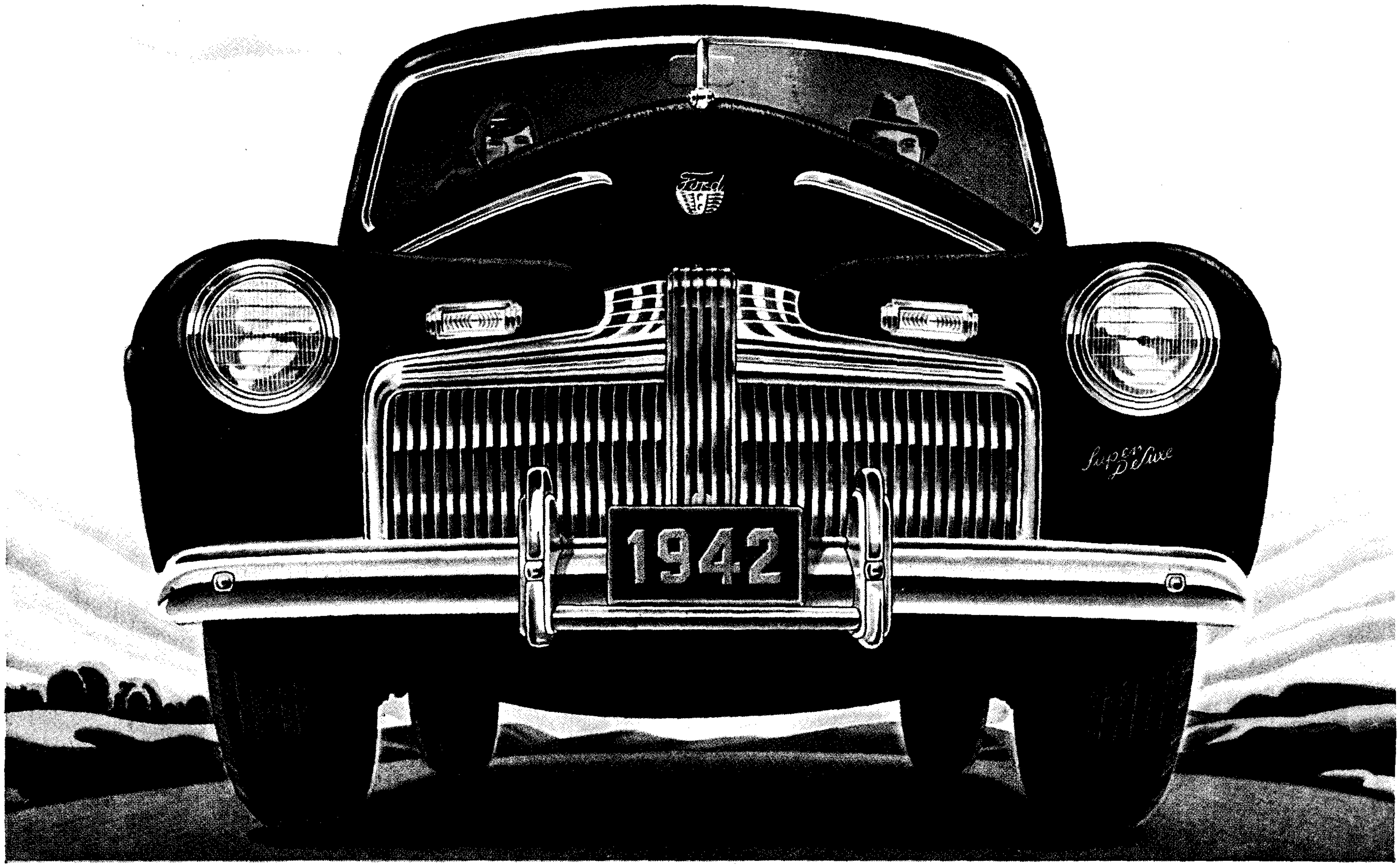


IN THESE UNUSUAL TIMES we invite you to inspect an unusual new car—new in its beauty, its comfort, its choice of two fine 90 horsepower engines, 6 cylinders or 8.

See it and you sense at once that here is new style that will *stay* good for years. On a lower, wider chassis, we have designed new long, low, wide and modern lines.

Interior treatment is entirely fresh, distinctive, pleasing. The modern beauty of this Ford, seen from inside or out, will more than hold its own in any company.

Inside, the car is *big* in every way—wide across the seats, generous in knee-room, leg-room, elbow-room.

On the road this year you find the "new Ford ride" still further advanced in its softness, quietness, steadiness.

At the wheel, you will find driving easier than ever. Steering, gear-shifting, action of the big and sure hydraulic brakes have all been made smoother and easier.

In quality, the car is sound to the last detail. Defense requirements have all been met without a single reduction in the basic and lasting goodness of the Ford mechanically. Some new materials have replaced old ones, usually at greater cost to us, *but in every case the new is equal to or better than the old.*

If your family needs a new car, go see and drive this Ford. *For what it is today and for what it will be through the years ahead, we believe that you will find in it more and better transportation for your money than you have ever found before.*

ILLUSTRATED BY
ELMORE BROWN

Mercator Island

By John P. Marquand

The Story Thus Far:

EMBITTERED when he is "passed over" for promotion, Bob Bolles, a young American naval officer, resigns his commission, buys a sixty-foot schooner — the Thistlewood — and with a one-man crew (Tom, a colored boy) starts on a long, aimless cruise.

In Kingston, Jamaica, the Kingmans—Malcolm Kingman and his wife, Helen, who *say* they are New Yorkers—engage him to take them to out-of-the-way Mercator Island. Before he sails, Captain Burke, in command of the Smedley, an American naval vessel, tells Bob a curious story: The Aquitane, a French merchant vessel, had foundered—*after* it had dropped a crated airplane at some small Caribbean port. Burke has orders to search for that airplane, attached to which, he says, is an extremely potent bit of war mechanism, of which there is no duplicate.

When—with a passenger list of three: the Kingmans and Oscar, Mr. Kingman's valet—the Thistlewood reaches Mercator, Bob has that story called vividly to mind: on the side of a hut (one of a small group) is the word: "*Aquitane!*"

A short time after they land, on a beach, a man—a Japanese whom Bob recognizes as a Mr. Moto, owner of a little shop in Kingston—suddenly appears. He and Mr. Kingman, both of whom are armed, have a heated discussion, in the course of which Bob learns that, like Captain Burke, the Kingmans (agents in the employ of the Vichy government) and Moto are looking for the airplane. . . .

In Kingston and, later, on the Thistlewood, Mrs. Kingman had told Bob again and again that she was unhappy. She had told him that she loved him. Now, on the island, she stands by idly while Kingman and Moto discuss an interesting question: Shall they kill Bob Bolles? He may possibly be an American spy—should they not shoot him at once?

The two men finally decide that, inasmuch as Bob—with his knowledge of the Caribbean area and his ability to navigate—may be of value to them later, they will spare his life, for the time being at least. The two men agree to co-operate—to work together in their quest for the plane. Then Mr. Kingman speaks to Bob. "Lead the way," he says.

VI

MR. MOTO scuttled over to the candlewood tree. "My own bag," he said. "Ha-ha, I so nearly forgot about it."

He disappeared behind the tree, but in a few seconds he was back, carrying a small, cheap fiber suitcase and a raincoat.

"By jove," said Mr. Kingman, "I forgot that it might rain." But there was not a cloud in the sky.

Bob Bolles lifted the hamper to his shoulder and began walking slowly along the overgrown road that wound through the trees and vine-choked thickets. In a few steps the breeze from the sea was gone and it was stifling hot. In a few more his shirt was soaked with perspiration.

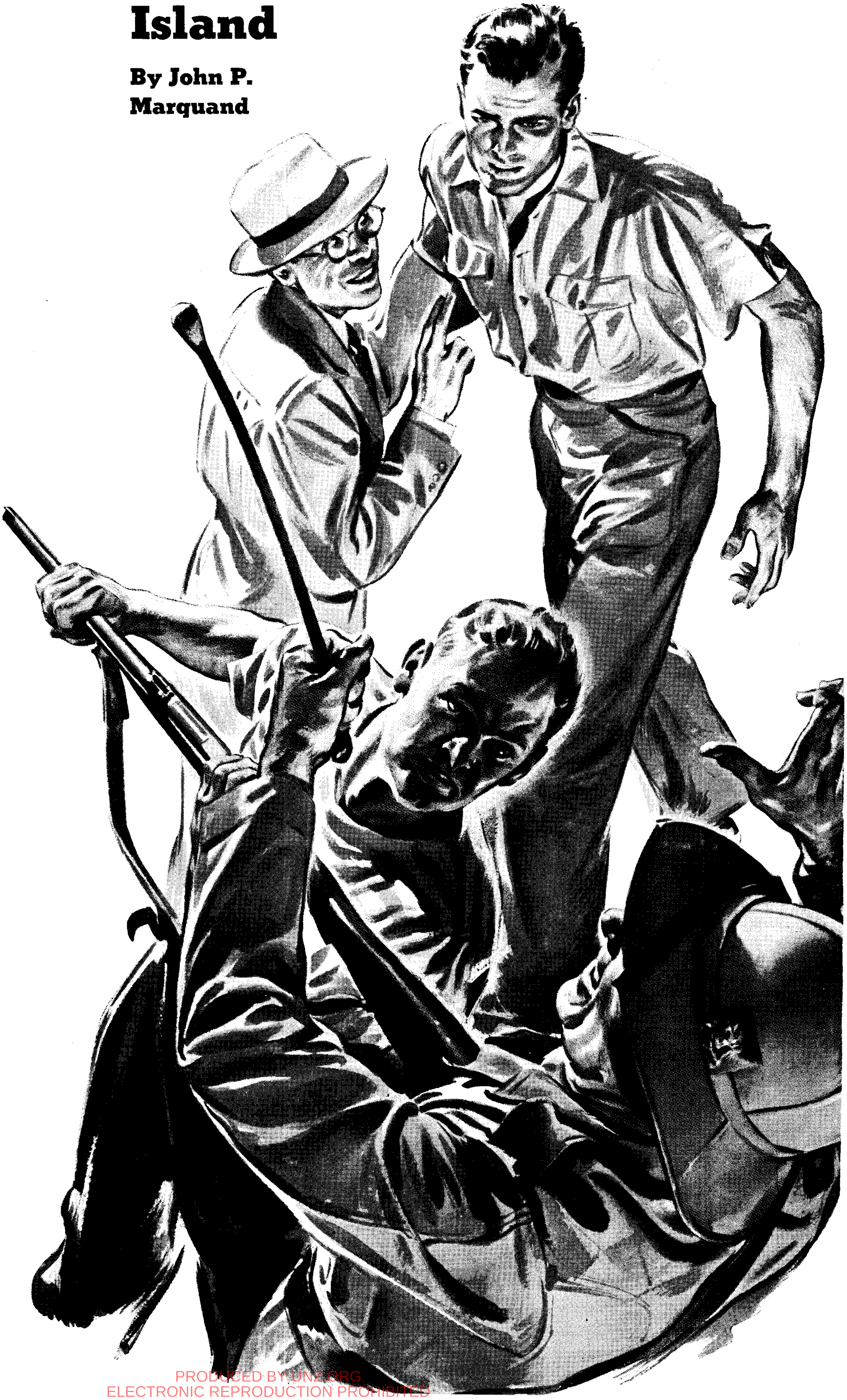
"Heigh-ho," he heard Mr. Kingman humming just behind him, "heigh-ho!"

"Such lovely trees," he heard Mr. Moto saying. "Have you served before in the tropics, Mrs. Kingman?" Then the tone of his voice changed: "Ah, what's that?"

"Where?" Mr. Kingman asked sharply.

"No matter, please," said Mr. Moto. "Nothing."

But Bob Bolles had seen and it was not Mr. Kingman's fault that he had not, for no one could look everywhere at once. The road was still a grassy opening, stretching before them through the woods, and just as they had rounded a corner Bob Bolles had seen a copper-colored face staring at him from the thicket not twenty yards ahead. It was Tom, with his long nose and his ugly face. For just an instant Tom looked at him, frightened and inquiring, but even before Mr. Moto had spoken Bob had time to shake his head and to jerk his thumb in the direction of the sea, and then Tom's face was gone. Bob Bolles



At the same moment Bob Bolles felt a hand placed on his arm. "Not now, please," Mr. Moto said. "Careful, Mr. Bolles." It was over in a second

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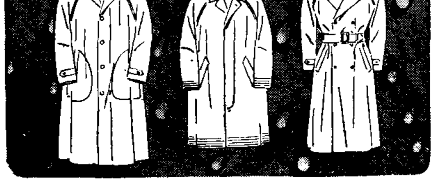

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felt his heart beat sickeningly in his throat.

"You look hot, Bob," he heard Mr. Kingman say.

"Yes," Bob answered. "I'm out of condition, I guess." His heart was beating very fast and the sweat was streaming down his face so that he had to blink his eyes. Tom was a good boy and he would do what he was told. The beach was clear and Tom would be down there in a little while. He would be in the dinghy, rowing to the Thistlewood. He would be out in the bow, slipping the anchor. Bob Bolles could hear his heart pounding.

THE old road had turned to the left and was winding steeply up the hill. You could see that it had been carefully built once, well surfaced with coral and shell, so that the heavy growth of trees and vines on either side had not yet grown across it. The road was open, and yet you could tell that it had not been used for years. Now and then a trail crossed it, made perhaps by wild pigs, but there was no sign of a footpath. Clearly the Negroes on the island did not use the road. He began to make out a border of trees along its edges and he saw that the giant candlewoods which rose above the undergrowth must have been planted to shade the avenue when it was a clean, white ribbon, winding up the hill.

"By jove, this is hot work," Mr. Kingman said. "Let's stop a moment for a—a breather, what?"

There it was again. He was speaking English when he thought he was speaking American. Bob Bolles halted and set the hamper down. The little party which was walking behind him single file looked very hot, all except Mr. Moto.

"You mean 'take the weight off our feet' for a minute?" Bob Bolles said.

Mr. Kingman mopped his face with a fresh white handkerchief and laughed. "Just what I meant to say, exactly!" he answered.

"Please, ah," Mr. Moto said, " 'take the weight off your feet,' does that mean to sit down, please?"

"Of course he means to sit down," Mrs. Kingman said, "and I think it's a very good idea."

"Please, ah," Mr. Moto said, "in the hot countries out of doors, so very careful where you sit down."

"Why not?" Mrs. Kingman asked him. "You mean there are nettles?"

Mr. Moto drew his breath in delicately. "Not vegetation always, please," he said. "In hot countries you sit and rest and many little bugs get in your, ah, garments."

IT WAS hard to take Mr. Moto seriously, or Mr. Kingman either, there on the side of the hill. Mr. Kingman mopped his face again and looked thoughtfully up the glade of the old avenue.

"Are those gateposts there?" he asked.

Mr. Kingman's eyes were very good. He had picked out two masonry pillars, perhaps fifty yards ahead of them, which were so thickly covered with ferns and vines that they were hard to notice. The pillars were the entrance to the main grounds.

"You see," Bob Bolles said, "this was one of the old English plantations. They were usually laid out in the English tradition, with gates at the entrance of the main avenue. The quarters would be somewhere near here and the stables and the tool houses. There must have been cane fields on either side of us."

"Well," Mr. Kingman said, "let us go." And Bob Bolles picked up the hamper again.

The fields had been choked and covered long ago, but the double row of candlewood still marked the old avenue and made the empty, grassy road silent and shady. You could see, once you passed the gate, heaps of rubble and the walls of outbuildings.

"It may take a bit of looking," Bob heard Mr. Kingman say. "They might have stored it anywhere here. Look at that yonder. It is like a factory."

Mr. Kingman pointed through the trees to the right. The bare walls of a large rectangular building were rising up above the brush; and where part of a wall was breached and falling you could distinguish a tangle of rusty metal.

"That would be the old mill," Bob Bolles said.

Mr. Kingman hesitated.

"Yes, it will take a bit of looking. That factory might be the place for it. I should not want to bring the thing any farther than I could help, would you, Moto? Shall we try in there?"

Mr. Moto stared at the ruins through the trees. There was something very lonely about the sight of those walls still rising above the choking vegetation, seemingly struggling silently against the vines and ferns and bushes that were trying to pull them down. There was an echo of old violence about them, a memory of destruction and burning and pillage. Bob Bolles heard Oscar clear his throat.

"Them niggers," Oscar said, "they burned it, what?"

It was more than Oscar had said for a long while. In some way the place must have impressed him and must have somehow shocked some innate sense of thrift and order. "Them dirty niggers!" Oscar said. "By damn, yes, it all was burnt!"

It must have all happened a century before, but there was still a strong impression of old destruction, the same sense of lost endeavor which Bob Bolles had once felt when he had visited the ruins of a great French estate in Haiti. On either side of the road were the crumbling remains of large and small buildings.

"I like it the way it is," Mr. Kingman said. "It is sad. It looks almost like a town."

Mr. Moto coughed and looked up at the sky and then at his wrist watch. "It was all so long ago," he said. "May I make a suggestion, please? If we go to the house first, there will be a view of the sea. I should like so very much to be sure there is nothing coming. Someone, I think, should watch."

Mr. Kingman looked troubled and he nodded. "You're right, Moto," he said. "We had better take a look. We'll go on to the house."

They began climbing slowly up the hill again and no one spoke for a while. Bob Bolles could feel the urgency of their thoughts and he was thinking, too. His whole life kept moving through his thoughts.

"Come on, Bob," he heard Mr. Kingman say behind him. "Step—step on it!"

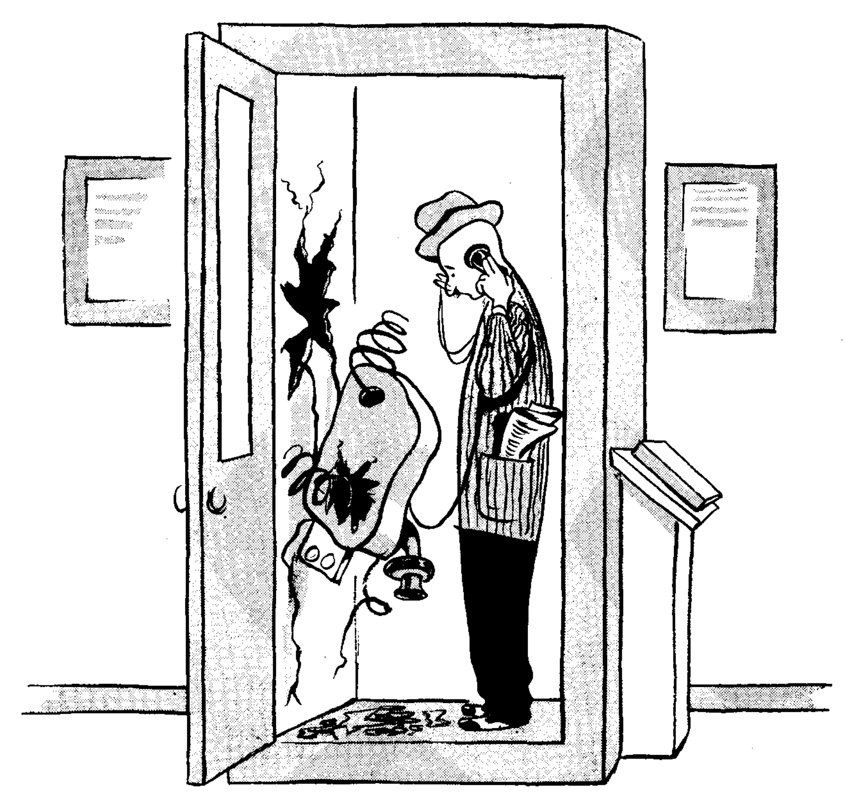
"All right, Mac," he answered.

His breath was coming fast from the climb, but his voice was perfectly steady. It was his great desire to be steady, although it could make no possible difference. His main hope was that he would behave well. They might not care, but he wanted Kingman and Moto to know that he could take it as well as they could and he wanted Mrs. Kingman to know it.

"Ah!" he heard Mr. Kingman say behind him. "Well, there it is."

THEY had rounded a curve in the avenue and the ruins of Westerly Hall lay in front of them. Bob never forgot his first view of the house. Somehow its grim solidity conveyed the impression of what it must have been once, and somehow its past was stronger than its present. It must have been a fine house once, a square three-story mansion, overlaid with stucco. Now its roof was down and the stucco was peeling in a sickly way, revealing huge patches of the gray coral stone beneath it. The kitchen quarters were a mass of weeds. The tall, arched windows and the great front door were black and gaping, but all the ground around the house was clear, perhaps because the knoll where it stood was exposed to the prevailing breeze. Thus there was an impression, even then, of lawns and terraces.

It was still possible to trace the curve of the avenue which ended at massive steps that led to a broad stone terrace on which the house stood—a terrace with battered stone railings that overlooked the sea. On a medallion above the door, you could still see the coat of arms of the family and, in spite of the watchful bleakness, there was a sense of vanished hospitality, of servants and



"Well, really, dear, you don't have to scream at me!" GEORGE SMITH

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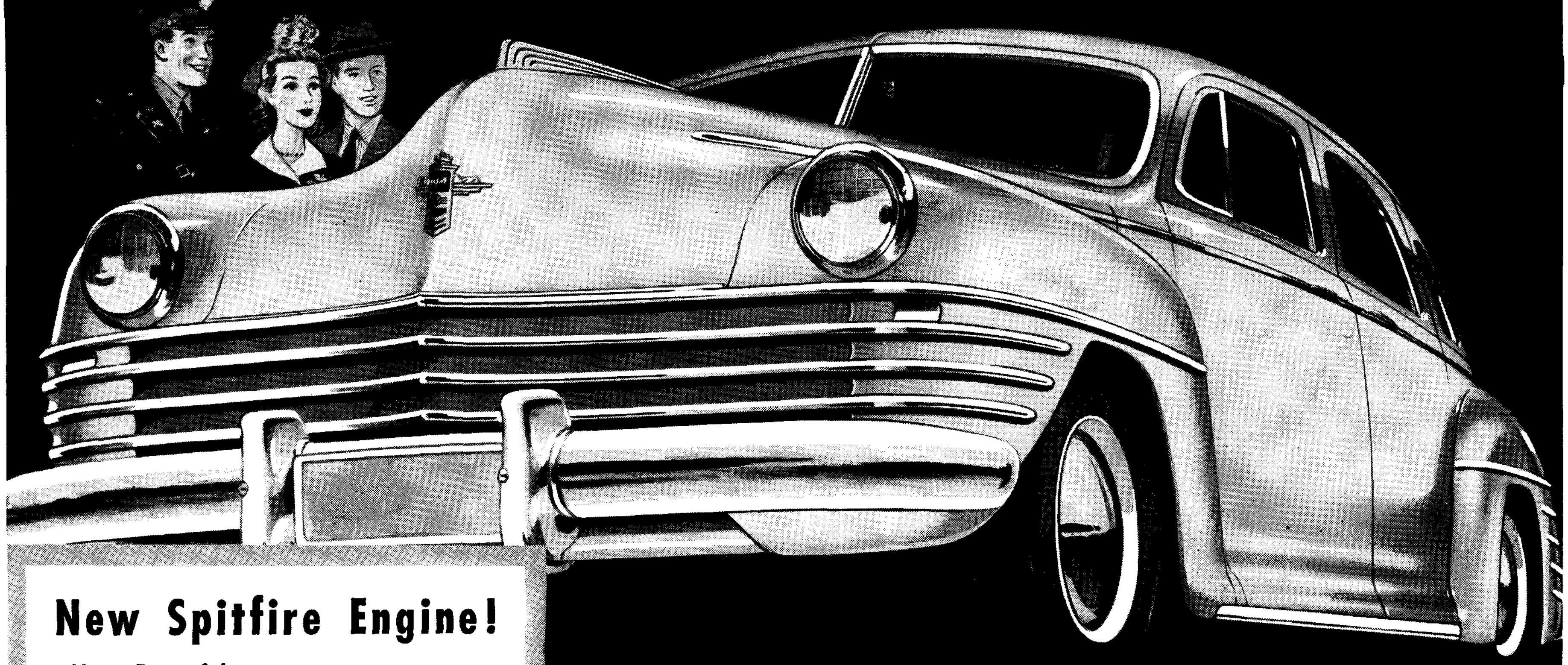

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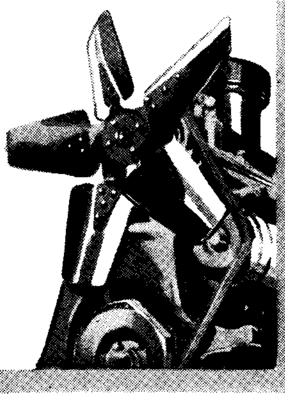

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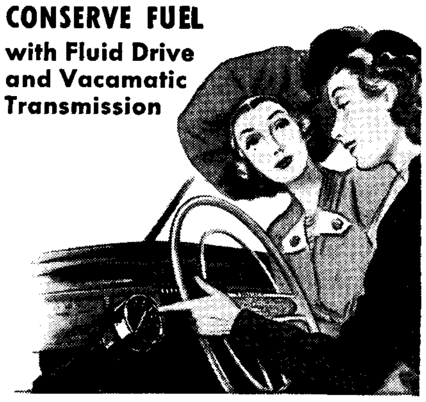

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1. Up and down...up and down ...all night long I nurse that animated bird-cage from main floor to attic. Pushing little buttons on the wall! Saying: "Watch your step, Madam!" Opening the gate and closing it! You guessed it, it gets tiresome...after two years.

2. Anyway, I got social life! Me and the vice-president are just like that. He stays late all the time, so we get talking. You know, baseball, politics, that kind of stuff. Finally, one night I ask him why he works so late.

3. He says coffee's to blame. The caffein in it keeps him awake. But he loves the stuff, so drinks it, anyway. Then he can't sleep. So he might as well work. Imagine! Can't give up drinking coffee, so he gives up sleeping!

4. So I tell him. We ride up and down while I explain how you can drink Sanka Coffee and still sleep, because it's 97% caffein-free. He looks doubtful. "Meet me at Joe's Diner at quitting time," I says, "and I'll prove it!"

5. Joe's my pal. He brings a can of Sanka Coffee, and we find where it reads: "The Council on Foods of the American Medical Association says: 'Sanka Coffee is free from caffein effect and can be used when other coffee has been forbidden.'"

6. This V.P. tries a cup...*two* cups, in fact. Next night he comes around beaming. Says something about sleeping like a lamb. Then he offers me a job in his office. So—it's good-by bird-cage! Hereafter, I *walk* downstairs...and it's a treat!

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Sanka Coffee is real coffee . . . all coffee . . . a blend of fine Central and South American coffees! Drip or regular grind.

TUNE IN . . . two great radio shows are now on the air for Sanka Coffee: *Tuesday night:* **"We, the People"** • *Sunday afternoon:* news by **William L. Shirer,** famous author of "Berlin Diary." See your local paper for times and stations.

mahogany. The house was there in an utterly forgotten world of its own. Bob would not have been surprised if he had seen the front door open, although no door was there. Instead, a flock of gray birds flew chattering from one of the lower windows and the breeze was on his face again, clear and fresh from the sea.

"Oh," he heard Mrs. Kingman say, "it must have been beautiful once."

"Yes," Mr. Kingman said, "but never mind it now."

He was opening the case that contained his field glasses. To the left, as they stood facing the great front door, down below them, was a wide, blue stretch of ocean. The waves near the horizon glinted in the sunlight and, nearer to the land, the breakers churned in a white ring around the coral reef.

"Well," Mr. Kingman said, "it all looks clear."

"Yes," Mr. Moto answered. "I am so glad to think so. Let us walk up the steps. Up there is a better view."

BOB climbed up quickly. He wanted to see the bay which was still concealed by the tops of trees, but up on the terrace the pier and the beach were all distinct beyond the treetops, not half a mile away. Mr. Kingman was looking through his glasses again.

"What," he said, "what the devil! The boat is moving!"

You did not need glasses to see it. Bob Bolles felt a strange sense of elation, and a grim and inexplicable desire to laugh. The Thistlewood in the distance, like a child's toy boat, was nosing her way through the reef to the open sea. He could see Tom, a small black dot, standing at the wheel. Bob Bolles set down the hamper and turned and faced them. Oscar had dropped his suitcase.

"Why," Mrs. Kingman said, "the anchor rope must have broken!"

Mr. Moto's face was impassive, but his voice was high and reedy. "No," he said, "it is under power. Someone is aboard, I think." And he glanced sideways at Bob Bolles.

"It looks that way, doesn't it?" Bob said.

Mr. Kingman snapped his glasses back into their case. In almost the same instant he had unslung his rifle from his shoulder and for just a second he looked at Bob Bolles thoughtfully.

"So that's it, is it?" he said.

"Yes," Bob Bolles said evenly, "I told him to take her off if he had a chance."

If it was the last speech that he had made on earth, he was glad that he had been able to make it. He had taken a good deal from them that day. He smiled at Mrs. Kingman. He had thought that they would be angry, but the strange thing was, no one was angry. Mr. Moto stood rubbing the back of his head and gazing at the harbor. Mr. Kingman was adjusting the sights on his rifle.

"Give me the telescope sight," he said, "and some extra clips, please, Oscar. It cannot be more than six hundred yards."

"It will do no good," said Mr. Moto. "You kill him and the boat goes on the rocks."

"We'll get her off," said Mr. Kingman briskly. "The telescope sight and the clips, please, Oscar. Damn it, hurry up! What's the matter?"

Oscar had not moved and his face was red. "I have left the sight," he said, "and I took only four clips of shells. I have thought we go back aboard."

"Hell," Mr. Kingman said, "hell's fire!" He knelt down and rested his rifle on the stone railing. Smack! the rifle went. Smack! Smack! Smack! And Mr. Kingman laughed pleasantly.

"Ah, he's running from the wheel!" Smack! the rifle went. Mr. Kingman, smiling faintly, reached in his pocket for another clip.

"Don't you think," Bob Bolles asked, "that you're wasting your time?"

"Why?" Mr. Kingman asked, looking up at him from the rifle sights.

"Because he's lashed the wheel and gone below," Bob said. "You can shoot her full of holes, but you won't stop her, Mac."

Mr. Moto still rubbed the back of his head. He was smiling, but his smile was mechanical. "So little use to tell Mr. Kingman that," he said. "It might have been better for you later if he had used more shots."

Mr. Kingman thrust home the fresh clip and got up from his knees. The lines of his face were deeper and he did not speak for a moment.

"I've got plenty left," he said. "Well, that was quite a play, Bob." He took off his sun helmet and rubbed the back of his hand across his forehead. "There's no use being angry. I don't like to get angry, but this is a—a hell of a mess."

Mrs. Kingman spoke sharply. "It's your own fault," she began. "Mac, why didn't you think?"

"Please be quiet," said Mr. Kingman. "I cannot think of everything." And he drummed his fingers thoughtfully on the stock of his rifle.

They must have all been staring at the harbor, lining the edge of the terrace, their backs to the house. Bob Bolles never dreamed, and he did not believe anyone else did either, that they were not entirely alone up there, looking at the sea—until he heard a voice behind him. There was no warning—only a full, throaty voice.

"'Ere, 'ere," the voice said. "What's all this how-do-you-do? The vessel has gone, hasn't it?"

When Bob Bolles thought of it afterward, he supposed that the instant which followed would have been amusing, if anyone had possessed the capacity to appreciate it. It always seemed to him so incongruous that in some ways it was magnificent. Almost in unison, they all stared over their shoulders, like children caught in some guilty act.

"Well!" said Mr. Kingman, and there was no doubt that his nerves were very good, for he was the first to recover. "Where did you drop from, my man?"

It seemed to Bob Bolles the only possible question to ask. Standing on the terrace just behind them was Inspector Jameson of the Kingston police.

THE inspector's clothing was somewhat dingy and soiled, but even so it had the uncompromising military neatness that Bob Bolles remembered in Kingston a few days back. The inspector's military mustache was carefully trimmed. His puffy red cheeks were clean-shaven. Like Mr. Kingman, he was wearing a sun helmet and in his right hand he held a short stick, a swagger stick. It made him look like what he undoubtedly had been once—an English noncommissioned officer.

"It will hardly help to bluster," Inspector Jameson said, "and I shall give everyone here the usual warning: Anything said by him or her," his stolid blue eyes moved in the direction of Mrs. Kingman, "will be used against him or her."

From the way Inspector Jameson spoke, he seemed to consider that his sudden appearance there was only a routine matter.

"And I might add," Inspector Jameson said, "it will do no good to flourish those weapons at me."

"Oh," said Mr. Kingman, "won't it?"

"You'll only be responsible for the death of an officer in line of duty," Inspector Jameson said, "besides what else is against you. It will 'ardly help you, sir."

Mr. Kingman had a dazed, blank look—and they must have all looked the same. From the corner of his eye Bob Bolles saw that Oscar was watching Mr. Kingman's face. Mr. Kingman moved his hand and Oscar moved a little to the left. Inspector Jameson must have seen the gesture.

"It's too late for monkey tricks for you or that Swede either," Inspector Jameson said.

But Mr. Kingman's voice only had surprise in it. "Never mind that now," he said. "Can't you tell us where the devil you came from?"

THE inspector's official manner relaxed slightly. "No harm in explaining," he answered more genially. "In the motor launch with this Japanese gentleman, of course," and he pointed a heavy finger at Mr. Moto.

"Excuse," Mr. Moto said. "There were two in the crew. I did not see you."

"No more you did," Inspector Jameson answered, "since I was stowed snug up forward. Why, you can thank me that you had the launch at all." The inspector was only human. He looked at Mr. Moto complacently.

"Oh," said Mr. Moto. "Please, why should you want—"

"It isn't always foreigners who know everything, if I may say so," Inspector Jameson answered. "How did you think it was so easy for a foreigner like you to hire a boat? Why, I'll tell you why: Because the police have been searching for a Swede under the name of Oscar Lindquist and for a gentleman with an American passport by the name of Kingman."

Mr. Kingman's face was as motionless as marble, but he did not speak.

"But I am not Mr. Kingman, please," Mr. Moto said.

"No more you're not and very lucky for you," Inspector Jameson answered. "You shall explain later why you were looking for Mr. Kingman. When it was known you were asking where he was and looking for a boat, it was a welcome opportunity, if I do say so. I arranged for the boat and I 'opped aboard and when she passed the schooner I knew that I was right and when she got here I 'opped off and now—"

"I do not understand," Mr. Kingman said.

Inspector Jameson squared his shoulders and gave his stick an expert twirl. "Now that the schooner is gone, the jig is up, Mr. Kingman, for you and for the Swede here named Oscar Lindquist. You are 'ere on an island, one of his majesty's possessions, and no way of getting off, and I'm 'ere representing the law, sir, and that's all there is to it."

A blank, incredulous look crossed Mr. Kingman's face. "But I don't exactly see," he said. "Where is your boat now, man?"

Inspector Jameson spoke respectfully. He obviously considered that Mr. Kingman was a step above all the others.

"Once the schooner was sighted last night," he said, "I knew you were aboard and coming to Mercator. The motorboat has orders to go on and send for a government cutter. I wanted no accident about it, in case you should get to the schooner again, and there are odd doings here which need investigation. But now the schooner's gone you can't get off and I've showed myself. That's all, sir."

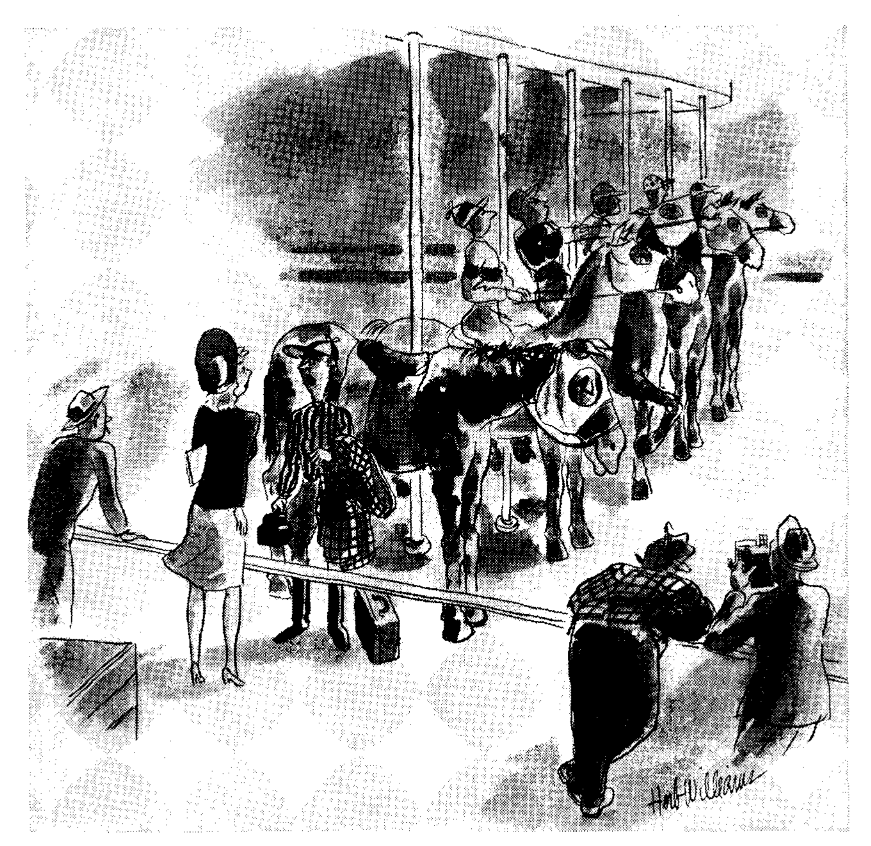
Mr. Kingman pursed his lips. He seemed to whistle noiselessly.

"And I take it," the inspector went on, "from what I overheard 'ere, the black boy employed by Mr. Bolles has run off with the schooner for what reason I cannot fancy. And what brings this lady and all the rest of you here is something for further investigation when the authorities appear on the cutter. In the meanwhile, since no one can leave here, I'm taking over. Is that plain to everyone?"

"Yes," said Mr. Moto. "Thank you. The cutter—when is it coming back, please?"

Inspector Jameson looked up at the sun and then glanced at his wrist watch. He was magnificent in his complete faith in himself. He seemed entirely oblivious of any possible danger.

"If she is at Nevis she should be here by noon tomorrow," he said. "It's as I say, the jig is up, Mr. Kingman. You can't get off and you won't be so foolish as to lay a hand on me. Your 'istory's been sent on the cable from Scotland Yard, a sort of international toff, I take it you are, and you won't make matters worse for you by laying an 'and on me,



"Don't wait up, dear, I'll probably be very late" HERB WILLIAMS

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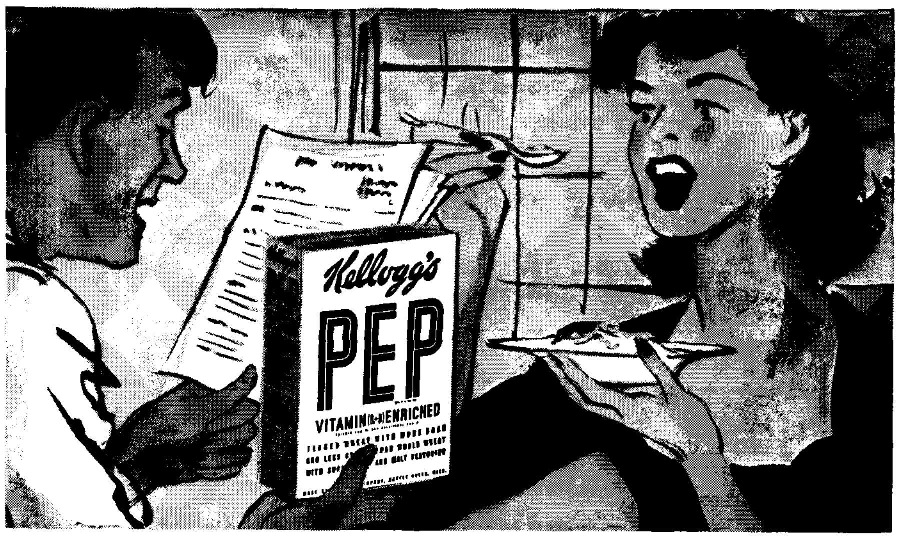
Radio Director: No! No! You're going on the air for PEP! Where's that old "oomph"—you know—that zip-zip, that "pep appeal"?

Radio Director: Now! Now! Don't feel so bad about it. I know you can rock 'em when you're feeling right. And—say!—that reminds me. Why don't we take time out to *try* a little KELLOGG'S PEP?



Radio Director: Here in the script it says that none of us can have pep without getting all his vitamins. And right in this crisp toasted cereal, KELLOGG'S PEP, are extra-rich sources of two of the most important vitamins, B_1 and D.

The Singer: Hey! Hold on a minute! This is the best doggone cereal I've tasted in a month of Sundays. If getting all my vitamins can be as much fun as eating PEP, just watch me! Before long I'll become the pep girl of the air.

Vitamins for pep! Kellogg's Pep for vitamins!

Pep contains per serving: 4/5 to 1/5 the minimum daily need of vitamin B_1, according to age; 1/2 the daily need of vitamin D. For sources of other vitamins, see the Pep package.

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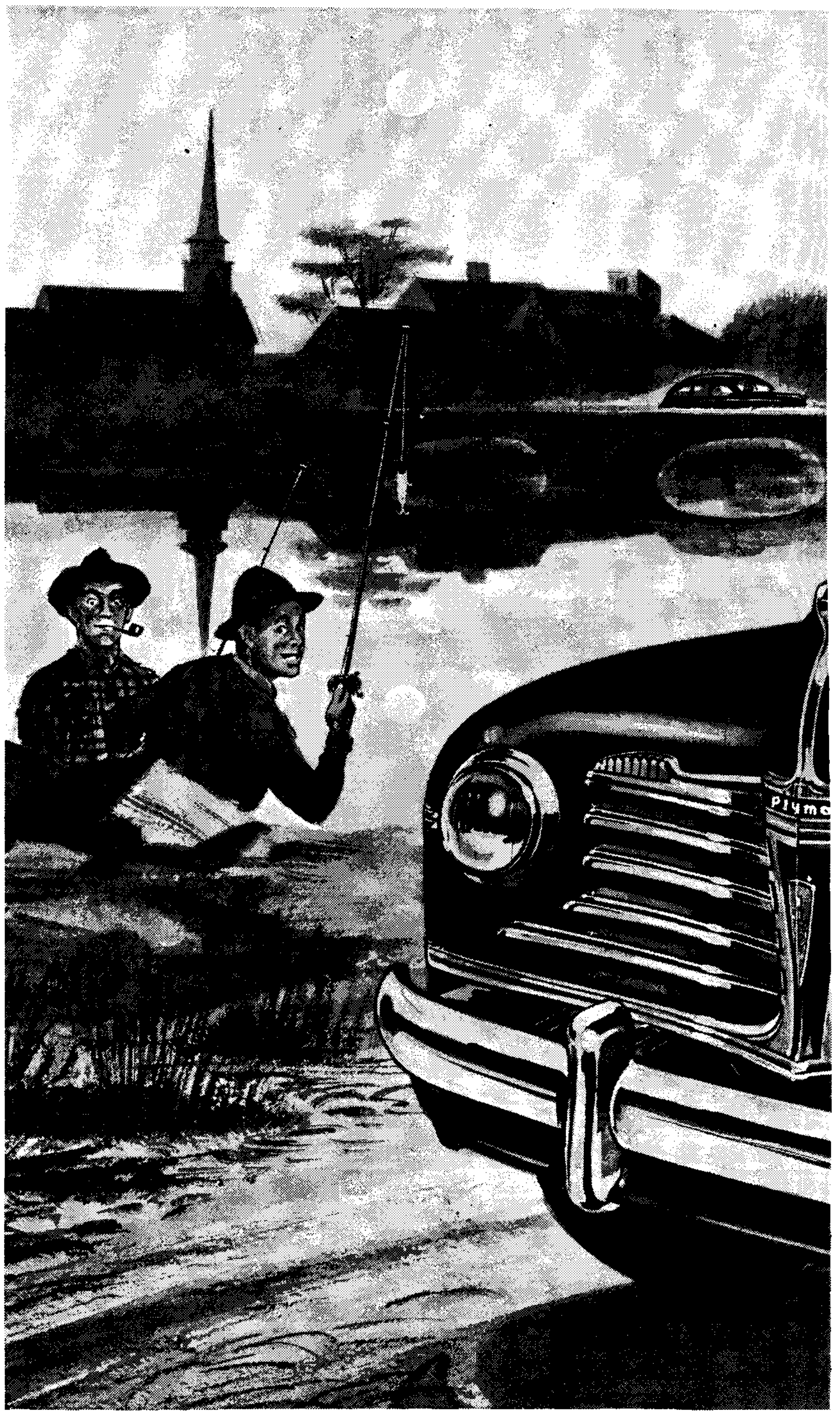
TUNE IN MAJOR BOWES, THURSDAY NIGHTS, C. B. S. NETWORK



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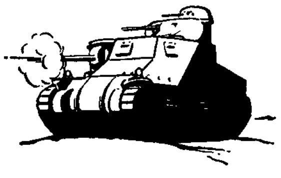

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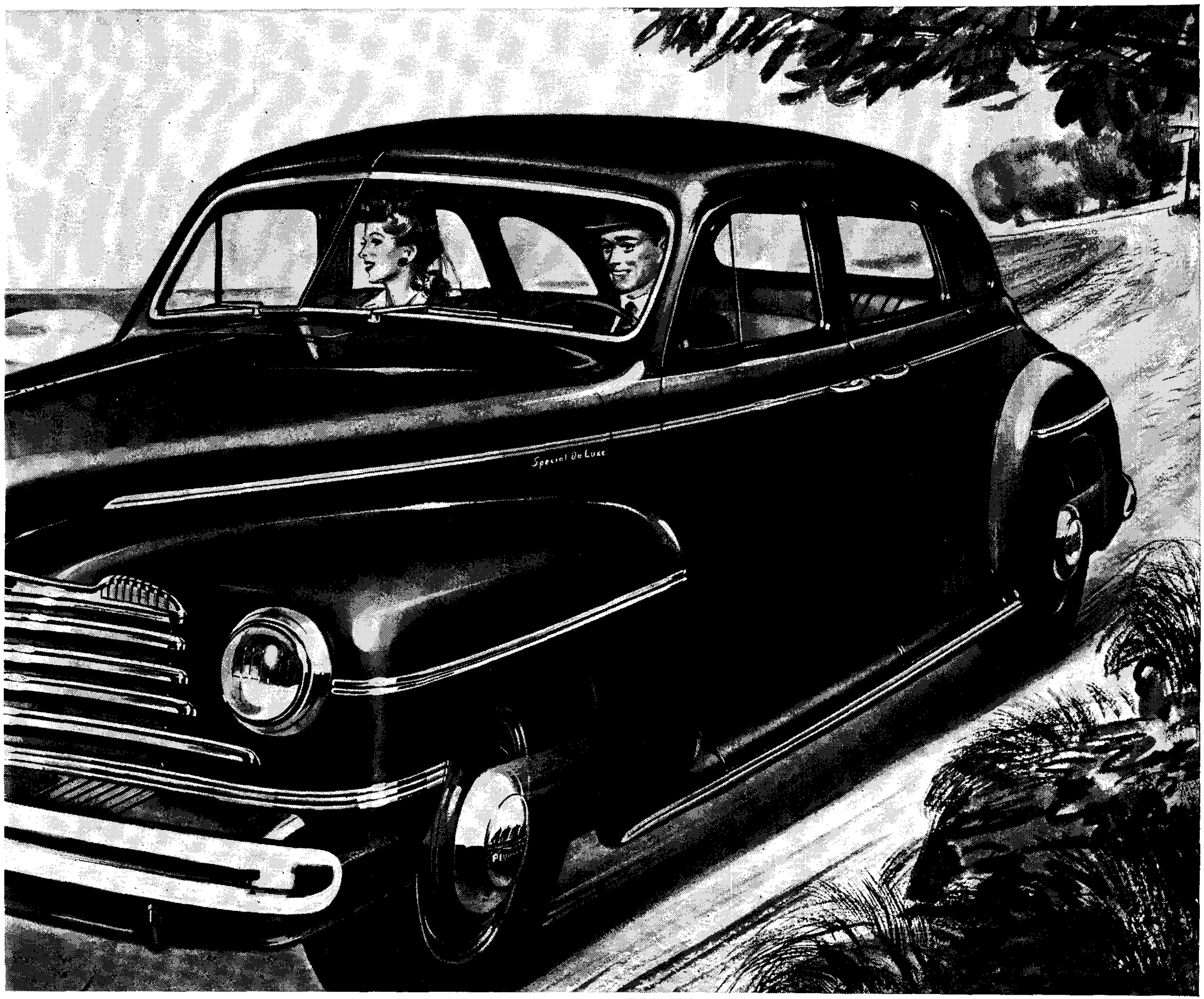
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if nothing can be gained by it. You nor anyone else."

His china-blue eyes moved serenely across the group and Mr. Kingman stood with his mouth half open.

"Do you mean to say that you're here by yourself, my good man?" Mr. Kingman asked. "You mean you haven't got anyone lurking in the bushes?"

"Here by myself is right, sir," the inspector answered. "One man is enough when he has the old empire behind him."

Mr. Kingman looked at Mr. Moto in a stupefied sort of way. "Did you ever hear of anything like this?" he asked.

"Yes," Mr. Moto said, "please, it is like the British."

"By—by jove," Mr. Kingman said, "I never can understand them," and then Bob Bolles spoke up. He could not endure standing there and doing nothing.

"Jameson," he began, "you damned fool—"

"'Ere," said Inspector Jameson. "That's no way to talk, Mr. Bolles. I do not believe you are in any ways implicated, but there must be an explanation."

"Wait, please," Mr. Moto said. "Why do you want Mr. Kingman and the other man, please?"

INSPECTOR JAMESON straightened his shoulders again. "Quite right for you to ask," he said, "I'm sure," and his voice became official and sonorous: "On a very serious charge. On the confession of a keeper of a public house—one Henry Pasquez."

"Oh," said Mr. Kingman, "that's it, is it?"

"There, you have it, sir," said Inspector Jameson, nodding. "On the night of November 12th Henry Pasquez was apprehended endeavoring to conceal a body."

There was a sharp cry from Mrs. Kingman, but the inspector's voice went on: "The body of a tourist, French, described as Charles Durant. The confession describes one Oscar Lindquist as strangling this Charles Durant with a rope in a very 'orrible way, if I may say so."

"Oh," Mrs. Kingman cried, "you—"

Mr. Kingman turned on her. His face was white, but his eyes were burning bright. "You be quiet if you know what's good for you," he said. "What other piece of nonsense is there, Mr. Policeman?"

"And you are accused as accessory," Inspector Jameson said. "I 'ereby place you under arrest and anything you say will be used—"

Mr. Kingman's voice rose in a sharp snarl: "Against me? What? All right, Oscar!"

And Mr. Kingman drove the butt of his rifle with all his force into the pit of Inspector Jameson's stomach. At the same moment Bob Bolles felt a hand on his arm.

"Not now, please," Mr. Moto said. "Careful, Mr. Bolles!"

It was over in a second. Inspector Jameson and Oscar were struggling on the stone terrace. Mr. Kingman was leaning over them, but almost instantly he looked up.

"Be careful, my dear," he said to Mrs. Kingman. "Keep back!" His voice was sharp and harsh above the other sounds. Oscar had raised his fist and had struck with all his force at the base of the inspector's skull, and now the inspector lay still.

"All right," said Mr. Kingman briskly. "No need to finish him, Oscar. Drag that fool into the shade and put a gag in his mouth and tie him up."

Oscar was very strong. He lifted the whole limp weight of the inspector on his shoulders and carried him around a corner of the house and out of sight. Mr. Kingman looked at Mr. Moto as though he expected his sympathy and understanding.

"He'll be all right for the time being, I think," Mr. Kingman said. "By—by jove, I never saw a thing like that. He was going to arrest all of us. He really meant it."

But Mr. Moto did not appear to sympathize and he shook his head slowly. "So very bad, please," he said. "This brings more trouble, always more trouble. Why liquidate a man in Kingston, Mr. Kingman?"

Mr. Kingman moved his head impatiently. He seemed to be troubled too. He seemed to be using all his will to keep his nerves under proper control.

"Damn it," he said, and he spoke jerkily. "That man—that Henry—was recommended to me. I told the fool to make it look like suicide. I even fixed the farewell note. How did I know he'd lose his nerve? At any rate, it was necessary."

Mr. Moto moved his left hand softly over the creases of his white coat. "I should never do such a thing in Kingston," he said softly. "There are other ways."

"Damn it," Mr. Kingman said, again. "It's none of your business, and there was a difference of opinion and the man fought. And that's that. It was an accident, and you can't help accidents."

Then Mrs. Kingman spoke—so unexpectedly that even Mr. Moto looked startled.

"You coward!" she said. Her eyes were icy cold and contemptuous and her lips were curved with the same contempt. "You double-dealing coward! You meant to go back on us all the time, didn't you?" Mr. Kingman took a quick step backward. His eyes were on Mr. Moto, but Mr. Moto did not move. Suddenly Mr. Kingman's face looked as ugly as a snake's.

"Perhaps I'd better explain myself," Mr. Kingman said, "right now."

"Yes," said Mr. Moto, "it would be so nice."

"Then, listen," Mr. Kingman said. "It's better to have it in the open. I'm out for myself entirely. To hell with the Vichy government and any sniveling Frenchmen! Helen, my dear, you people don't pay enough. It was an accident in Kingston and I'm sorry for it. Mr. Moto and I are working together now, and perhaps we'll continue if Mr. Moto pays enough. That part on the plane should be worth a million dollars if it's delivered to the right party. But as for you, Helen, you're out of it. You've always been out of it. You and your people can't stop me now." Mr. Kingman paused and moistened his lips. No one spoke until he went on again:

"All this happily married business! I'm just as sick of it as you are. If you know what's good for you—and I think you do—you'll play this game with me right to the end. And no further personal remarks from you, my dear. There's nothing you can do—absolutely nothing. You're in a damned tough spot and you know it. Do I make myself clear?"

THERE was something sickeningly certain about Mr. Kingman's speech. It was full of all sorts of unspoken implications, and Mrs. Kingman must have understood it. She was standing stiffly, digging her nails into her palms. Her lower lip was trembling and for a moment Bob Bolles thought she was going to weep.

"Yes," she said, "it's clear."

"And you'll do what I tell you, won't you?" Mr. Kingman said.

"Yes," she answered, "yes, Mac," and she seemed utterly beaten, utterly resigned.

"You've got a great way with women, haven't you?" Bob Bolles asked. "I'd like to take that up with you some

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day." He had to say something. He could not have stopped if he had tried, for he suddenly felt himself seething with white-hot anger. It was not what Mr. Kingman said, but what he had not said. And then Oscar came around the corner of the house, holding his rifle ready.

"It is all right, Oscar," Mr. Kingman said, and his eyes met Bob Bolles' squarely. "Romantic, aren't you, Bob? She's pretty. I'll admit it. And if I wanted she'd get down on her face right now and lick the dust off my shoes, because she'd have to, Bob, if she knows what's good for her. Don't interrupt. I'm taking up your case. That was pretty smart of you, sending that boat away, wasn't it? There's just one thing about it—"

"What?" Bob asked.

"It makes you about as useless as a broken-down horse, my friend, unless you can think of some way of getting that boat back."

"To hell with you," Bob Bolles said. "There isn't any way. She's gone. They'll pick you up in the morning, Kingman."

"That's just a little hasty," Mr. Kingman said, "don't you think? I'm going to give you time to think that one over. When the breath is being shut out of you, you may change your mind—a 'orrible death with a rope. You heard that, didn't you? Oscar can handle that."

BOB BOLLES still felt that white flame of anger, but his mind was working fast. "Maybe Mr. Moto wouldn't like it," he said.

Mr. Kingman's forehead wrinkled.

"I do not see," Mr. Moto said, "why should I not like it?"

Bob Bolles answered quickly. He still had a card to play.

"It just occurred to me," he said. "You wanted a plane mechanic. I know a lot about airplane engines, Moto. I can put them together and take them down. I was an aviator, in case it interests you."

"By—by jove," Mr. Kingman said, "I didn't know that."

"I just thought Mr. Moto would like to know," Bob Bolles answered.

"Why, yes," said Mr. Moto. "Thank you so much. That is very interesting."

Mr. Kingman's fingers drummed gently on his rifle stock. "You think damned fast, don't you?" he asked. "Well, Moto and I might be able to use you, Bob. And now, Mr. Moto—"

"Yes," Mr. Moto said, "yes, please?"

"You're pretty much in the way too, but we need each other, don't we, in case the American Navy or that British cutter comes? We're two against you, Moto, and we're agreed to do nothing until we find that plane. That's right, isn't it?"

"Yes," said Mr. Moto, "that is right."

"And maybe we can talk business afterward."

"Yes," said Mr. Moto, "yes, perhaps."

"Then take your hand out of your pocket," Mr. Kingman said. "It's all right, Moto."

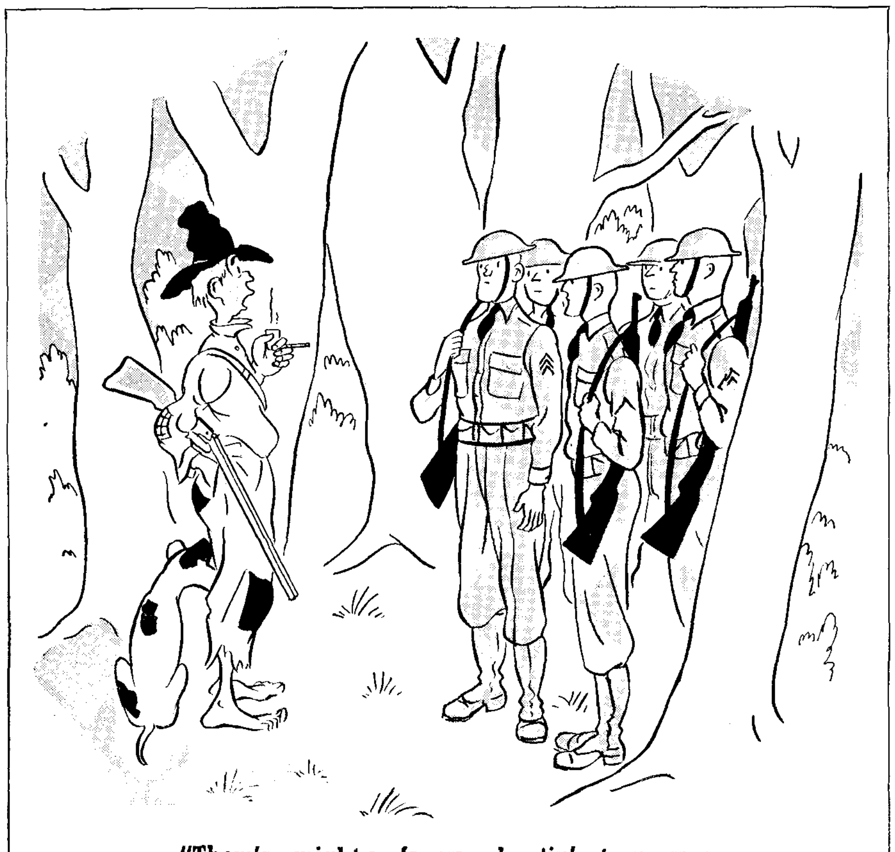
Mr. Moto did not remove his hand from his coat pocket. "Excuse me, please," he said, "if under the circumstances I still do not trust you altogether."

Mr. Kingman shrugged his shoulders. That genial manner of his was back with him again. "Oh," he said, "all right, all right. Let's have a bite of lunch and then we'll start looking," and he glanced toward the house. "Bring in the basket, Oscar. There should be some place to sit inside."

"Why, yes," said Mrs. Kingman. "I'm very hungry now."

It was all surprising to Bob Bolles. That anger of hers and her fear seemed to have gone entirely, just as though that scene with Mr. Kingman had never happened. It was most amazing—that complete control of hers. She seemed completely happy again. Perhaps she was always meant to be happy.

They had all turned by then toward the stone walls of the house with their peeling yellow stucco. The tall windows of the room in front of them opened like doors upon the terrace and showed a large, bare room inside with a flagstone floor. Fire and weather had destroyed the beams and ceilings long ago, so that the room itself was half choked with rubble and you could look up through the three stories of the house to the open sky; but a corner of the room near the windows was clear and, standing in the corner, you were



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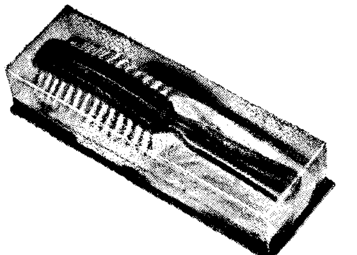

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in the shell of the greater house with all its ground plan bare and bleak in spite of the wreckage.

The room where they stood might have been the dining room or the parlor and it had the only floor that was left. Beyond it was the entrance hall with the remains of a stone staircase which led upward into emptiness. The floor of the hallway and the floors of the other rooms had dropped into the cellars and the floor of the room where they were standing would have been gone long ago had there been a cellar beneath it. As it was, there were the remains of plaster on the wall and a fireplace between two windows that was half filled with rubbish.

"Why," Mrs. Kingman said, "there isn't anything here," and Mr. Kingman and Mr. Moto also seemed surprised, for, with its walls still standing, the building from the outside still gave the appearance of a house.

"The devil," Mr. Kingman said, "there's no place here to store a plane. By jove, there's law and order! There's the British empire."

He was referring to Inspector Jameson, who was standing, trussed and gagged, against a heap of stones. There was nothing to do about Inspector Jameson then.

Oscar said nothing. He pulled four blocks of stone together to make a table and moved some other stones around it for seats. Then he found some tin cups that were in the picnic hamper and pulled out a bottle of wine.

"Isn't Oscar wonderful?" Mrs. Kingman said. "He can make any place look like home." Bob Bolles sighed. He could not make her out at all.

"Yes," said Mr. Kingman. Nothing seemed to disturb him, not even Inspector Jameson. Those people had amazing resilience. There was no doubt of that. "Now, we all feel better for the moment, don't we? The walls protect us from the sun, and here is canned chicken and bread, and Oscar will boil some coffee, I think. Pass the cups around, Helen, my dear. It is Ruedesheimer, if no one objects to a German wine. Sit down, Moto. Sit down, Bob. Your troubles haven't started yet, my boy."

MR. KINGMAN sat down, resting his rifle across his knees. He raised his cup, but Bob noticed that his other hand still held the rifle.

"Very pleasant wine," Mr. Moto said. "I have always admired all things German."

"Germany used to be a very restful place," Mr. Kingman said. "Here's looking at you, Mr. Policeman. I'm sorry you can't have a drink of it too," and Mr. Kingman laughed. "Odd, isn't it, all of us sitting here at cross purposes—Mr. Moto with his hand in his pocket, me watching him, and Bob there, wishing he could break my neck? By—by jove, it's rather jolly, isn't it? Here comes the coffee. Have some, Moto?"

"Yes," said Mr. Moto, and he made a gentle belching sound. "Thank you very much."

"Yes," said Mr. Kingman, "all together and all at cross purposes, all ready to fly apart at a moment's notice. It will be quite a while before I can come back here again, I think. Yes, this is the—the life, isn't it? Helen, my dear, I'm glad you're taking it so well."

She looked at him across the stones.

"It's the only way there is to take it, Mac," she said.

"After all, that man Durant was just another of us. He was nothing serious to you, was he, my dear?"

"Just another of us," Mrs. Kingman said. "That's all."

"By jove," Mr. Kingman went on, "here's our little snack of luncheon over and I doing all the talking—the—the life of the party, what? There's just one thing we've got to think about—some way of getting off this island—and, Bob, you're going to do the thinking for us." Mr. Kingman got to his feet. "Helen, my dear, if I may talk to you outside for a minute, we must think of some way for Bob to get that schooner of his back here. Will you excuse us, please?"

Mr. and Mrs. Kingman walked out on the terrace, and Mr. Moto and Bob Bolles were alone except for Oscar who sat some distance away watching them. Mr. Moto glanced toward Inspector Jameson and then took a noisy sip of his coffee. His face was devoid of any expression. The events of the morning did not appear to have disturbed him in the least.

"If you have some signal to call back your boat I think it would be so much nicer if you told," Mr. Moto said, "so much nicer—because Mr. Kingman will make you tell. There are so many ways."

"To hell with all that," Bob Bolles said. "I can take anything that you boys dish out."

Mr. Moto laughed politely. "You are very nice, Mr. Bolles," he said, "very, very nice. I only suggested, please—soon it will be difficult for all of us."

Bob Bolles looked at him curiously.

"That thing on the plane," Bob Bolles asked him suddenly, "what's your game? Are you going to get it for yourself or are you going to play in with Kingman? Not that it's any of my business, I suppose."

Mr. Moto set down his cup. "So very pleased you asked," he said. "I think in the end I shall have it for myself, yes, when the time comes."

"Suppose Kingman's a Nazi?" Bob asked. "You're playing in with those boys, aren't you?"

Mr. Moto looked interested. "Oh," he said, "do you think he is a Nazi? Why, please?"

"Well, you take Oscar," Bob Bolles said. "First he pretended he was a Swede and now he's developed a German accent. And take Mr. Kingman's accent."

Mr. Moto's gold teeth glittered in a friendly smile. "So clever of you, I think," he said. "Mr. Kingman has suggested the same himself. I am so sorry I do not trust him—a very bad man, I do not like Mr. Kingman."

"I don't blame you," Bob Bolles said fervently. "I hate his guts."

"So happy to hear your thoughts," Mr. Moto said. "But I beg you, please, Mr. Bolles, to take care of yourself. I am so glad you understand airplanes, Mr. Bolles. But take care of yourself." Mr. Moto's narrow, dark eyes darted a glance in the direction of the terrace. "So sorry there should be trouble between America and Japan—two such very nice nations. It is all a cultural misunderstanding."

BOB tried to make his voice sound careless. Mr. Moto was leading up to something, he was very sure. The slender bonds of expediency which were holding them together were shifting and wearing very thin.

"You and I," Bob said, "might reach a temporary cultural understanding."

Mr. Moto sucked in his breath noisily between his teeth. "Please," he said, "no understanding now."

Bob had nearly forgotten Oscar. Oscar had risen from the stone where he had been sitting close to Inspector Jameson. Now he stepped across the space to the stone table, scowling.

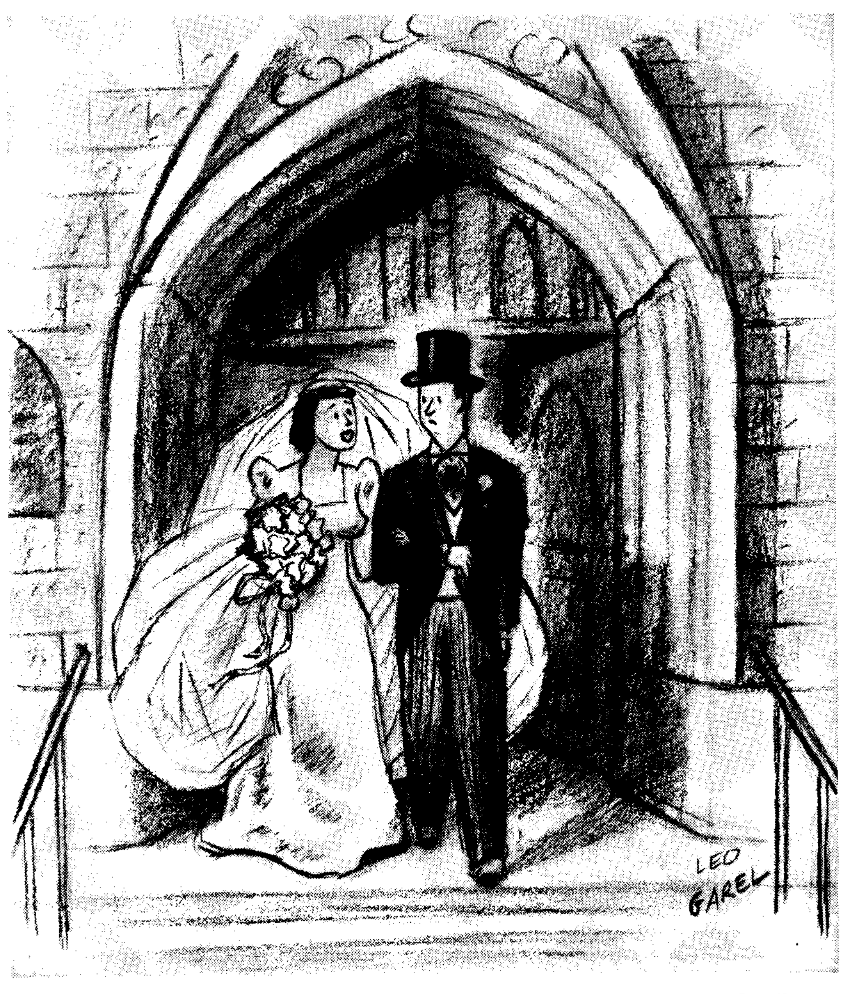
"By damn," Oscar said, "you shut your mouth or I shut it for you."

"Please," Mr. Moto began, "I think—"

He stopped. Mr. Kingman had walked in from the terrace with Mrs. Kingman just behind him.

"Here," Mr. Kingman asked. "What's the trouble here?"

(To be continued next week)



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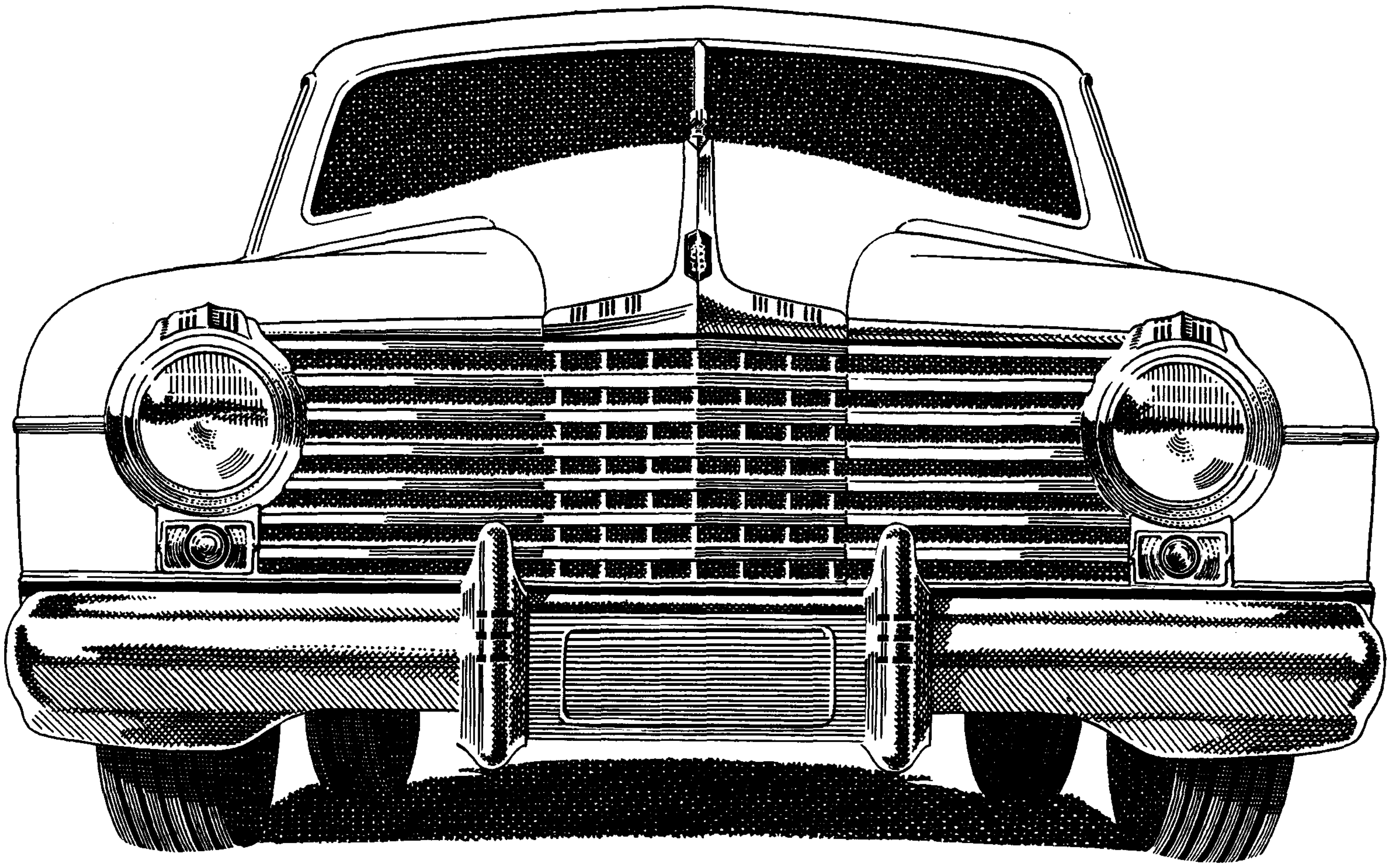

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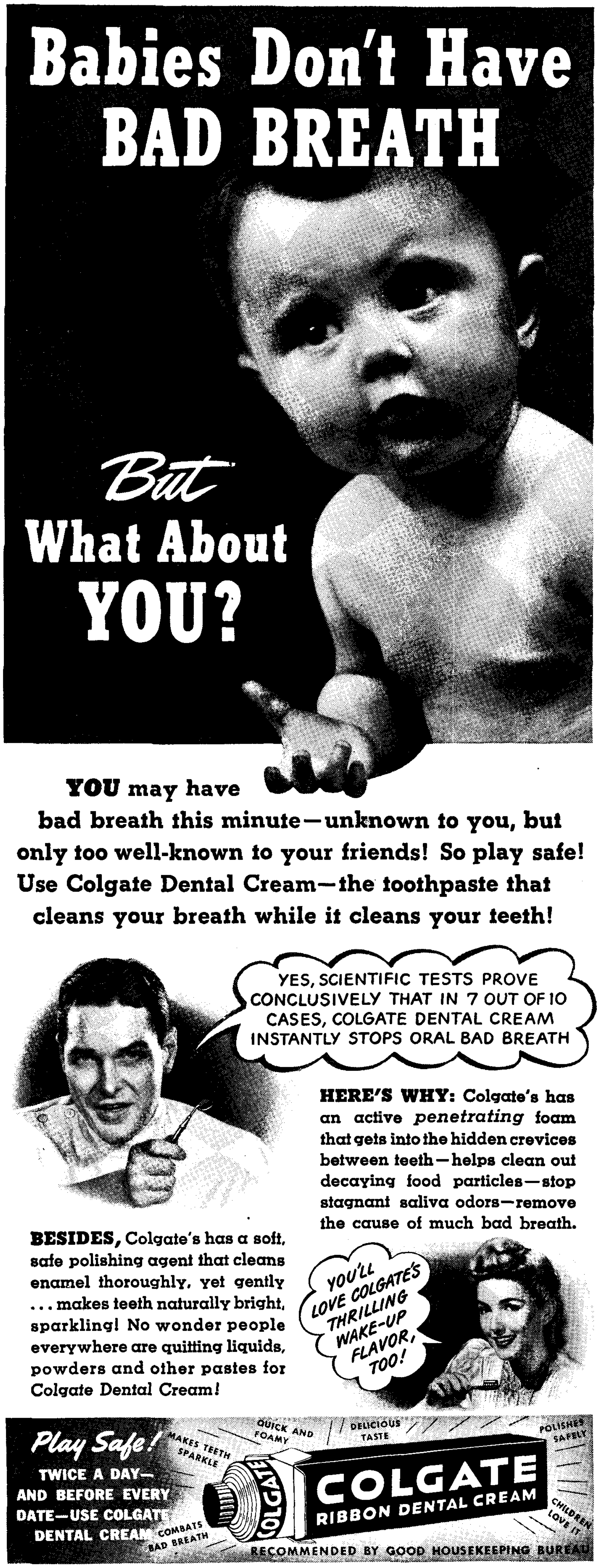

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CHILDREN LOVE IT
COMBATS BAD BREATH
COLGATE RIBBON DENTAL CREAM
RECOMMENDED BY GOOD HOUSEKEEPING BUREAU

Martinet

Continued from page 12

Cameron, and sat down at the office table. As he went through the roster he now and then paused for comment: "Corporal Klein—he's new since my time. What happened to Bartley? O'Hare's serving third hitch, I notice. I see you've got him in the ranks. Must have gone back to whisky." Heat held on and the men around him waited and slowly sweated. Captain Cameron went through sick list, the clothing account and the mess fund. "You've saved too much money on the fund," he commented. "It indicates a miserly mess sergeant."

LATER he made a tour of F's barrack and inspected the stables and returned to stand in the doorway, cap tilted down over half-closed eyes. A fatigue detail passed in a straggling column of twos and a little later a troop came through the main gate of the fort, returned from scout. An orderly moved across the parade, saluted and handed him a note, and stood by while Cameron read it:

"Captain Cameron: We would be pleased to have you for supper.
"Margaret Morton."

The captain said, "My thanks to Mrs. Morton and I will come."

At six, the bugles blowing first call for retreat, he took his horse from a waiting orderly and rode over the parade to receive his troop from the first sergeant. Sixty-two men stood to horse before him. He said, "Prepare to mount! Mount!" He watched these men fling up their carbines, swing to saddle and turn stiff and still. He was a long and wiry officer, sitting on the saddle with legs almost straight down; and the chin-strap of his dress helmet squeezed his big jaws together. He said, "Fours right," and swung the troop out into regimental line. Dust moved up around horses and men like gray fire smoke and sun flashed brilliantly on bright gear. The fanfare of the bugles died and the band crashed into the national air and the brass cannon boomed, its echo rolling across the river and on out along the flat earth beyond. The flag moved slowly down the pole, the colonel's voice filled the air with one great bronze-voiced bark, "Pass in Review!" and the band broke into a march.

As he took his troop past the colonel, Cameron tossed up his sword and brought it down, and his back stiffened and feeling rushed through him—the feeling compounded from the smell of saddle leather and rank horse sweat, the growling sound of his sergeants behind him and the sight of the guidon pennants whipped back by the riding breeze. He was home again, bathed in those simplicities and realities that sweetened and made his life complete—to the golden clouds of dust and the bite of the sun and to the closeness of his men, to the round of old duties marked off from sunrise to dusk by the sweet-sharp tones of the trumpets.

This was his life. Yet, when he brought his troop back to the company street he sat momentarily before them and showed none of his feelings because he could not. He was a stranger to the troop and these men were strangers to him. He could make no easy gestures to buy their respect. He had to prove himself to them and they had to prove themselves to him; this was the way soldiering was. Cooney sat before him, third front file in the second squad—a heavy, Irish trooper in whose glance mockery brightened; but it was nothing the captain could reach, for Cooney stood behind that barrier separating officer from enlisted man. Cameron put this away in his mind, gave the troop to the first sergeant and crossed to bachelor's hall. Later, in a beautiful streaming twilight, he presented himself at Captain Morton's house.

Margaret Morton waited for him at her doorway, smiling and with some pleasantly casual word ready to be spoken. When he paused before her, so grave and austere of expression, the smile left her. Her glance scanned him most carefully, clouded by the memories of past years, and her voice was a soft murmur for him alone: "Nothing changes. You are not a pound heavier, not a day older, nor the least trace gentler."

"No," he answered, "I have not changed."

He entered the room to face the crowd of officers and ladies, some of whom he knew, some of whom were new to him. Captain Seavers' wife said, "You are the same old martinet, John." They sat down to supper and later fell into comfortable gossiping. Major Bainbridge said: "How was the East, Cameron? A relief from frontier service, no doubt."

"It was a drudgery I despised."

He said very little during the evening. He stood among them, not ill at ease, but indifferent and withdrawn, finding small talk difficult, and at the earliest possible moment he made his excuse and left. Margaret Morton followed him to the porch and here he stopped and gave her his long and grave study. "Nor have you changed."

"I am a settled and married woman with a son who is three."

"Are you?" he said, and looked so long at her that she hurriedly murmured, "Good night," and turned into the house.

Shortly afterward tattoo broke across the parade and the officers and their ladies moved homeward through the hot, aromatic night. When they were alone Captain Morton said to his wife, "I told you stone doesn't change."

Margaret Morton didn't immediately answer, being engaged in her own close and active thinking; whereupon Morton said speculatively, "Memories, old girl?"

"He reminds me," she murmured, "that I'm growing old."

CAPTAIN MORTON let out a great, ringing laugh and his wife's cheeks turned red. She was not one to be so easily confused and the captain had the uncomfortable realization he had touched feelings better left alone.

Walking homeward, Major Bainbridge's wife said, "He still loves her. I wonder what she felt when she saw him again."

Bainbridge was mildly shocked. "The woman's married. That's all over."

"Nothing's ever over. Theirs was a very stormy affair. Had she been able to bend him ever so little, had she been able to dilute the iron streak in him, she would have married him instead of Harry Morton."

"Marrying him," said Bainbridge, "would have been like marrying a monk. The man's a soldier. That's the only love he's got."

"The affair is not dead," said Mrs. Bainbridge. "It could develop into quite a scandal. They all know it, too—Margaret and Harry and John."

Deep-seated in a rocker on the porch of bachelor's hall, a cigar smoldering fragrantly between his teeth, Cameron watched a guard detail tramp by. Taps filled the dark with round and beautiful notes and lights died around the quadrangle and the sentry call traveled from post to post. Dust clung to the air and the heat stirred along the baked ground. The desert wildness moved in and the black brilliant-flecked sky hung above him; he sat idle and receptive while this life soaked into him and filled up the hungry places.

HE PUT the troop through drill until sweat blackened men's shirts and heat turned their faces scarlet, and came back to the orderly room. Shannon said, "It will be all right to issue passes tonight, Captain? The boys go across on the ferry to the saloons on yonder side for a bit of drink and a little quarrelin' and the comfort of women."

"No passes," said Cameron, "until I have sweated the fatness and the softness out of them. Shannon, can you whip Cooney?"

Shannon stared at the captain. "I've nawt tried."

"Try it the next time he lays his stubborn eyes on you."

After night closed in Captain Cameron sauntered through the main gate and made his casual circuit of the post and came at last to the ferry slip. He stood by the shadow of a cottonwood and watched men move out of the post, bound on pass for the saloons across the river; and saw three other men who, having no passes, slipped furtively from unguarded angles of the post. Coming forward to the ferry slip he intercepted them. They were F Troop men and one was Cooney, and thus caught, they stood woodenly silent before him. Cooney's eyes met Cameron with a flare of insolence and silent laughter.

"Two days on the water detail," said the captain. "Get back to the fort."

"Yes, sir," said Cooney in a voice whose perfect civility mocked the captain. Cameron watched them go back through the main gate, but he knew the quality of Cooney's desires and the strength of Cooney's will and so he traveled along the dark outer walls of the fort and paused at a gap in the wall close by the houses of laundress row. There was a rowboat tied to the bank at this spot and near tattoo he saw a single shape slide down laundress row and come forward at a low run, bound for the rowboat. Cameron said, "Cooney," and caught the Irishman in his tracks. He received the full furious flare of Cooney's temper—the bright anger and the rebellion. The Irishman stood in front of him, breath rising and falling through his mouth; his eyes were round and pale.

"Don't try it again, Cooney. You hear?"

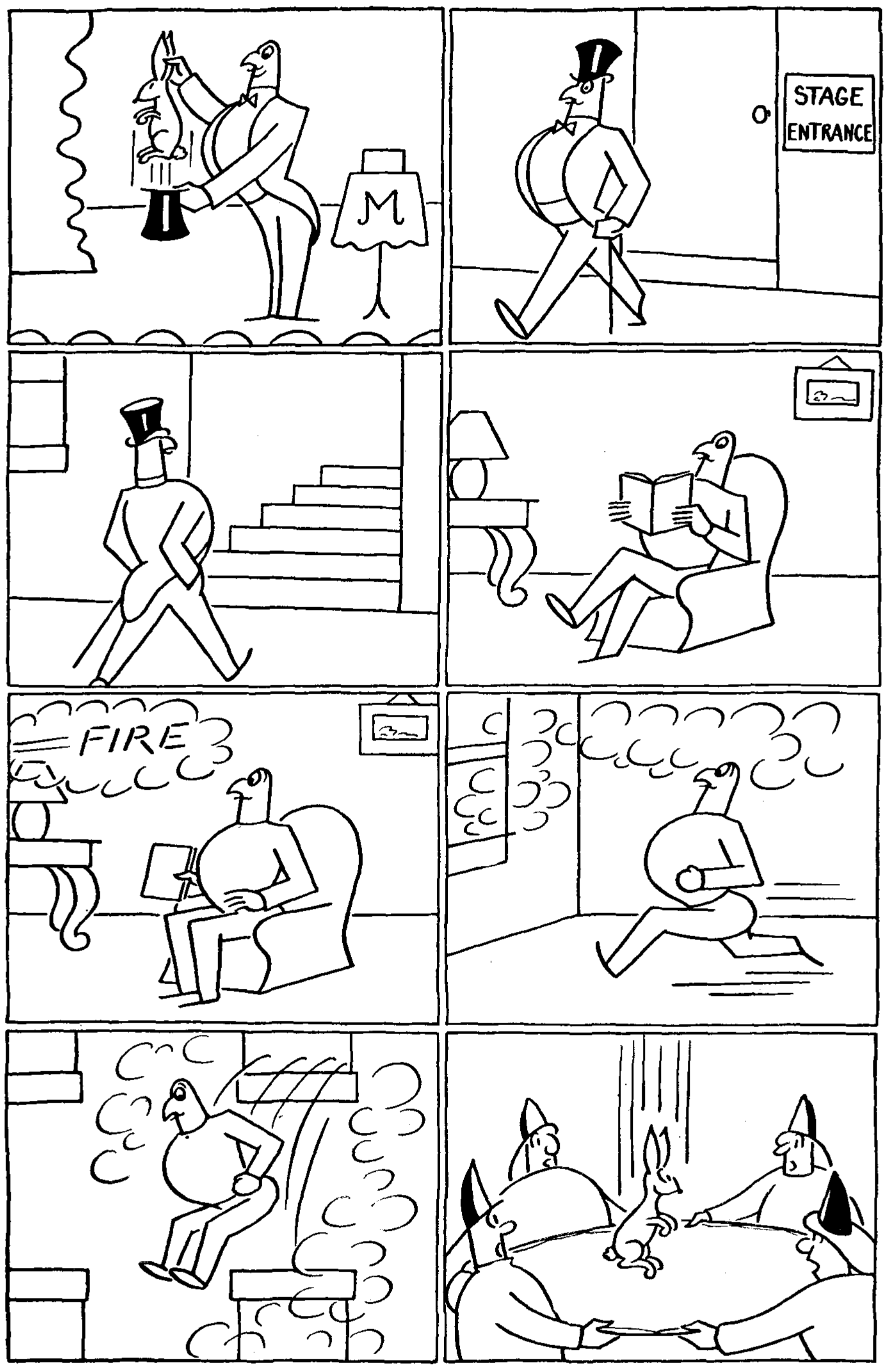
"I hear, sir," said Cooney. "I am a stubborn man, sir."

"So am I, Cooney."

"That I know," the Irishman murmured, coolly and falsely respectful. "You will be turnin' me over to a court-martial, sir?"

"No," said the captain, "I will take care of you my own way. Go back to quarters."

He watched Cooney retreat and he



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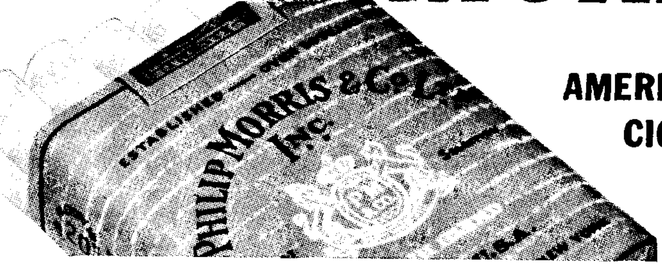

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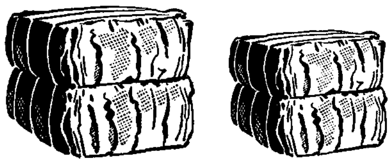
Among the strategic raw materials so vital to national defense, rubber is one of the most indispensable. Airplanes, scout cars, tanks and trucks as well as thousands of vehicles necessary for transportation in defense industries require tires, tubes, and hundreds of other products made from rubber. And while no other nation in the world has such vast natural resources as the United States, all of our rubber must be imported across thousands of miles of ocean. With world conditions as they are today, we must face the growing possibility that this country may be cut off from its principal sources of rubber supply.

Map showing routes that rubber travels to the U. S.

Realizing the dangers of a single source of supply, Harvey S. Firestone began years ago the development of a huge million-acre tract of land in Liberia for growing rubber. Today, an ever-increasing amount of highest-quality rubber is being shipped to Firestone from these plantations.

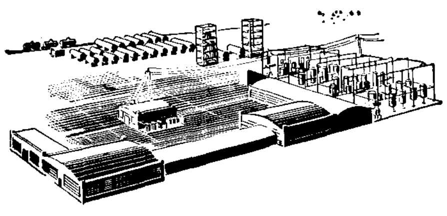
Tapping rubber trees on the Firestone Plantations in Liberia.

Today, this country has on hand or in transit only enough crude rubber and finished products to last 13 months at present rate of consumption.



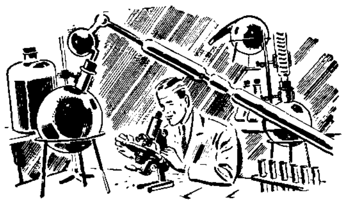
Comparison of rubber supply on hand and amount needed for one year at present rate of consumption.

Every month part of the rubber imported is used by the government to build up a reserve. The remainder is allotted to the rubber companies who must first manufacture products needed for defense. They then use the rest to make the thousands of rubber products needed by automobile and other manufacturers and by the public.



New Firestone synthetic rubber factory.

Fully aware of these serious conditions, Firestone has taken many steps to conserve and increase America's supply of rubber. In cooperation with the government, Firestone is now building another factory for the manufacture of synthetic rubber. This will greatly increase present capacity.

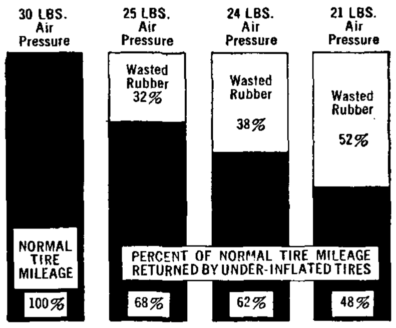


As a further step in conserving rubber, Firestone scientists and engineers recently developed the new wear-resisting Vitamic rubber compound, which enables car owners to get much greater mileage from their tires and thus save more rubber.

HOW EVERY CAR OWNER CAN HELP CONSERVE RUBBER

Today's conditions stand as a challenge to the loyalty and patriotism of American motorists. Here are a few common-sense rules of tire care which will save millions of pounds of rubber annually for your country and save money for you.

UNDERINFLATED TIRES WASTE RUBBER



Look at this chart — if a tire with 30 lbs. of recommended air pressure is run at 25 lbs., 32% of the normal tread mileage is sacrificed! Save money and save rubber by having your tires checked every week.

SPEED WASTES RUBBER — AND GASOLIN

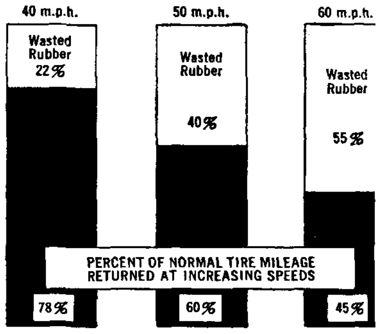
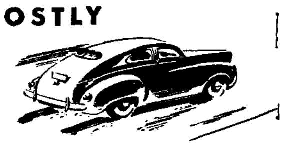


Chart shows excessive speed is the greatest thief of tire mileage. An increase in speed of 50% may mean a 50% increase in the cost of operating your car.

QUICK STARTS AND SUDDEN STOP ARE COSTLY



In quick getaways, wheels spin against the pavement, wasting rubber. A similar action takes place when sudden stops cause your wheels t slide. Save rubber by starting and stopping slowl

WHEN YOU NEED NEW TIRES . . IT'S ALWAYS GOOD JUDGMEN TO BUY THE BEST

One of the most effective ways to save rubbe — and at the same time save money and sav precious human lives—is to equip your preser tires with Firestone Life Protectors, the new type tubes that out-wear three sets of ordinar tubes. With Firestone Life Protectors on you car you can drive your present tires safel thousands of extra miles without fear of blow outs, because these tubes make a blowout a harmless as a slow leak.

And after your present tires are worn oui replace them with the safest, longest-wearin tires that money can buy — the new *Safti-Sure* Firestone DeLuxe Champion Tires — the onl tires made that are safety-proved on th speedway for your protection on the highway

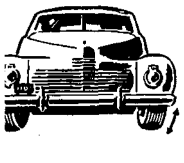
Fire

BES

Statement National Defense

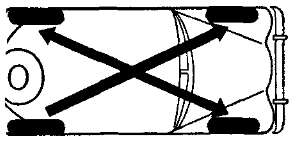
LOYAL AMERICAN CAN DO ABOUT IT

ECK WHEEL ALIGNMENT AND HAVE BRAKES BALANCED REGULARLY

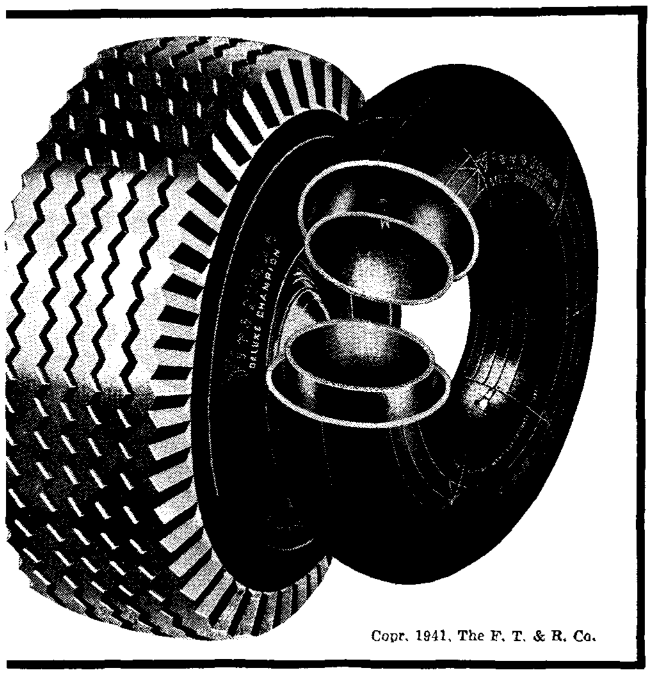


A wheel only ½-inch out of line is dragged sideways 87 feet in every mile, scraping off tread rubber. Unbalanced brakes are equally wasteful of tire mileage.

ANGE TIRES FROM WHEEL TO WHEEL EVERY 5,000 MILES



The diagram at the left shows how the tires on your car should be changed from one wheel to another every 5,000 miles. This plan of er-changing tires saves rubber by eliminating even tire wear.



Copr. 1941, The F. T. & R. Co.

stone

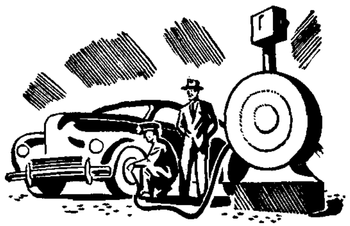
RUBBER

Firestone
ONE-STOP
SERVICE

SAVES YOUR TIRES . . . SAVES YOUR CAR . . . SAVES YOUR MONEY!

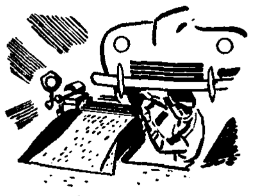
In every community there is a Firestone Dealer or Firestone Home & Auto Supply Store with experienced service men who will gladly help you get more mileage out of your tires and keep your car running more economically without one cent of cost to you. Here are a few of the services they perform:

INSPECT YOUR TIRES AND CHECK THEM FOR CORRECT INFLATION



Your tires will be inspected and properly inflated free at any time. Nails, glass or other objects that become imbedded in the tread are removed. Dangerous breaks in the tire body are located so that they may be repaired before serious damage occurs. This service increases tire mileage.

TEST YOUR BRAKES WITH THE MOST ACCURATE MACHINES



Balanced brakes prolong tire life by preventing overbraking on one or two tires. Firestone electric brake machines scientifically balance each wheel. Your Firestone Dealer or Store will gladly test your brakes free.

CHECK YOUR WHEEL ALIGNMENT WITH MOST MODERN EQUIPMENT

Pigeon-toed wheels that waste so much rubber and gasoline can be quickly aligned. Misalignment can occur through striking a chuck hole or from a severe bump. Your car should be checked regularly for alignment — another free Firestone service.

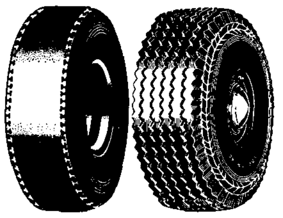
INSPECT AND TEST YOUR BATTERY

You can save a lot of trouble if you make your Firestone Dealer or Store responsible for your battery's efficiency. They will gladly test the battery free upon request. And their efficient equipment will tell the exact condition of each cell so that you may avoid any annoying road delays.

TEST YOUR SPARK PLUGS

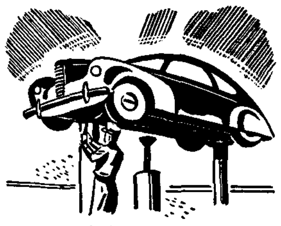
Spark Plugs are the nerves of your motor. Unless they have full firing power they waste gasoline. Your motor will fire unevenly and wear on bearings, shafts and other running parts is increased. Have your Firestone Dealer or Store test your plugs every 4,000 miles. There is no charge!

SAVE RUBBER BY RETREADING YOUR SMOOTH, WORN TIRES

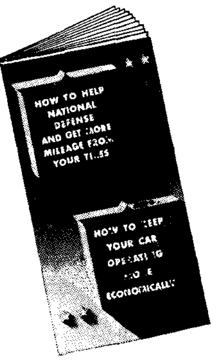


If your smooth tire has a body that is safe and sound, a rugged, tough, long-wearing, non-skid Firestone New-Tread can be applied at amazingly low cost, which will give up to 80% of the mileage built into the original tread. This is one of the best possible ways to do your part in conserving rubber.

EXPERT LUBRICATION PROLONGS CAR LIFE



Firestone lubrication is performed according to the car manufacturer's specifications and only the highest quality lubricants are used. Regular and correct lubrication prolongs the life of your car.


HOW TO HELP NATIONAL DEFENSE AND GET MORE MILEAGE FROM YOUR TIRES
HOW TO KEEP YOUR CAR OPERATING MORE ECONOMICALLY

GET THIS NEW BOOK *FREE*

It will help save rubber for defense and money for you

We earnestly urge you to join in the nationwide campaign to conserve rubber for national defense. Get your copy of this new free booklet at your nearby Firestone Dealer or Store or send a letter or post card to The Firestone Tire & Rubber Company, Akron, Ohio.

You are invited to listen to the Voice of Firestone with Richard Crooks, Margaret Speaks and the Firestone Symphony Orchestra, under the direction of Alfred Wallenstein, Monday evenings, over N. B. C. Red Network

"Look me over, Dad, I'm a woman with a past!"

"Hmm! It seems to have agreed with you. But I never did like your being away from home. Come on, darling, what's the confession?"

"Brace yourself, Dad. It's a dark story. For months after I hit the big city I was all on edge. Lost weight. Lost sleep. I even used to . . . "

"Used to *what,* Sue?"

"*Jump at people,* like this! And then I was told I had a Vitamin B Complex deficiency."

"What the dickens is that?"

"It's a shortage of those amazing vitamins you find in their natural form in fresh yeast. So I bought a week's supply of FLEISCHMANN'S. Took two cakes a day in nice cool tomato juice, and pretty soon..."

"Mm! I know FLEISCHMANN'S can do plenty for people, but what's this about tomato juice?"

"That's the new way to take it. Look! Mash a cold cake of FLEISCHMANN'S in a dry glass with a fork, add a little tomato juice, stir till blended, fill up the glass, and drink. Delicious! Has a flavor like oven-fresh bread!"

FLEISCHMANN'S
REG U S YEAST PAT OFF
All the benefits of fresh yeast.
High vitamin values.
Vitamin A-3100 Units(Int.)
Vitamin B₁- 150 Units(Int.)
Vitamin D - 400 Units(Int.)
Vitamin G-40-50 Units(Sh. Bour.)
With Cereal or Tapioca Flour and added Vitamin A
Take two cakes daily

Read the label. FLEISCHMANN'S is the only yeast with all these vitamins. And the only sources of the important Vitamin B Complex are *natural* sources, such as yeast and raw liver. Remember, if you bake at home, that three of the vitamins in FLEISCHMANN'S, B_1, D, and G, are not appreciably lost in the oven; they go right into the bread.

Fleischmann's Fresh Yeast
For Natural Vitamin B Complex

turned to his own quarters, meanwhile observing Captain Rand's company move out through the main gate on scout detail and dissolve in the prairie's dark.

CAMERON crossed to the orderly tent in the early morning and saw that Shannon's face was raw and swollen. "I am getting old, Captain," said Shannon. "I could not lick him."

Cameron drilled them dismounted under the desert sun; he threw a daily inspection at them. By night he sent his patrol outside the fort and rounded back the F Troop men who tried to slip across the river. Sitting on his horse at retreat, his eyes clung to them. By day, wherever they were, his presence drove them. At the end of the week he broke all his noncoms back to ranks and promoted a new set. He saw the fat fall off these men, he watched them grow stiff on the saddle; he saw the rank, surly spirit begin to shine in the rounds of their eyes.

Captain Rand one day made complaint: "Ease off on your men. They're quarrelsome. One of my troopers had a hell of a fight with Cooney in the stable last night."

"Train your men to take care of themselves," said Cameron, and was secretly pleased.

Now and then, coming down the walk on officers' row he fell in with Margaret Morton and went along with her, a tall, dark man staring straight ahead into the sunshine. Once she said, "We are of course being observed, John. We should not be so silent and serious when we walk together."

"Don't try to change a man's heart, Margaret."

"Never speak of that," she said, and turned into her house.

Going on, he saw Cooney standing in the water-detail wagon. Cooney was adrip with sweat from the labor of lugging barrels in and out of officers' row, and the day's heat was a scorch on his skin. He stood still as Cameron passed and his eyes deliberately lifted toward Margaret Morton and dropped back to Cameron, mirroring earth-gray suspicion. The captain put it away in his head and that evening spoke to his top sergeant: "Make a check roll call in the barracks tonight. If anybody is missing let me know."

After dinner he strolled the fort's quadrangle, bathed in deepening twilight and in growing dark. A small wind came from the west, out of the land of the Sioux, out of that yonder mystery, and the breeze was like life to him and the savage savor of it was whisky in his veins and a slugging pulse of excitement throughout his body, and he knew that if he had driven his men without mercy he had likewise driven himself. He was filled with the same rank violence.

Captain Morton paced down officers' row and paused. "You look lonesome," he said. "Drop in and talk to Margaret," and he went briskly along toward headquarters. Cameron moved forward, seeing her shadow on the porch. That part of his life, he knew, had never grown less. Side by side in him had marched the two great emotions of his life—his love of her and his devotion to his profession. There was room for nothing else; and at last there was not room for both and so he had lost her to Morton. It left its havoc. Other men could compromise and take the sweetness of many things. For him the choice had been between two passions which could not live side by side. She had made the decision for him, wiser than he; and still her presence was a great undertow and as he stopped before the porch every old feeling he had about her was still alive and every old wound reopened.

"Come sit beside me," she murmured.

"No," he said.

"Everything that used to be between us still torments you."

"You have the same memories, don't you?"

"A woman lives better with her memories than a man. They sweeten her thoughts. But a man lets them grow stronger and stronger until they consume him. You have your profession. That's what you wanted, wasn't it? We'll be together in this regiment many years. You must not look at me and long for impossible things."

"Easy to say."

"No, not easy to say."

He saw the round dim glow of her face, darkened by the night and darkened by what was in her body, and for a moment he felt her closeness as it had been, and during that moment he knew it was with her as it was with him—an emotion keen and forlorn and desperate.

"You made your choice," she said.

Taps moved in slow melody across the parade and a guard detail tramped by. F Troop's top sergeant paced over the quadrangle and paused before Captain Cameron. "All present in barracks, sir, except Cooney."

"That's all, Sergeant," said Cameron, and watched the sergeant stride away.

"You made your choice," repeated Margaret Morton. "You must be easy now, with yourself and with me."

"Nothing is easy with me, either in soldiering or love."

"Never speak that word."

"You see," he said, "it is not dead."

"Don't stir up old things. Only disaster could come of it for us."

"Good night."

"Do you understand?" she repeated more urgently. "You must not."

He turned down officers' row and left the fort, coming to the ferry. He crossed on the ferry and took a side trail up the bluff to the saloon; he let himself into the saloon's back room, and knocked against the bar door. When the barkeep put his head through the doorway, Cameron said, "Just tell Cooney a friend wants to see him."

He heard Cooney drag his boots across the barroom floor and he stood back against the wall, lighting a fresh cigar. Cooney pushed the door open, cheerful and careless, but the sight of the captain stopped him dead; it lifted his head and it changed the contented shine of his eyes to a yellow-bright glow. He closed the door.

"Now you'll court-martial me," said Cooney, "and I'll be out of your company and no longer a care to you."

"I take care of my company," said Cameron.

"So you do, Captain. You're the master, as far as the regulations go. Or as far as you can make your noncoms fight."

"YOU'LL mind me, Cooney," said Cameron, and unbuttoned his coat. He removed it and laid it on the table. Cooney's voice hit him, full of disapproval: "There's a wall between your rank and mine."

"What I am about to show you," said Cameron, "is that there is no wall you can hide behind. No wall for you or for any man."

"Ah," said Cooney, "this is shameful."

Cameron said, "I came up through the ranks, Cooney," and caught Cooney at the shirt collar and flung him against the wall. The sound of that was an echo through the house. Cooney wheeled free, his lips drawn back from big white teeth and he murmured, "If you want it, then," and bowed his head and plunged at Cameron.

Cameron hit Cooney's lowered face and threw him against the wall; he saw the great yellow roundness of Cooney's eyes. Cooney got his arms around him and hurled him sidewise half across the room. A chair crashed down and a man's voice called through the flimsy partition: "What's goin' on in thar?" Cooney rushed at Cameron, his broad fists breaking through the captain's guard and smashing him on chest and neck. Swaying aside, Cameron saw Cooney's arms spread apart at one careless moment and he drove home one short, rising punch. Cooney fell and lay softly groaning.

The door came half open. Cameron said, "Shut that door!"

Cooney pushed himself to his knees, staring at the captain with his balked hatred. "You've lost my respect! If we were out on campaign and I was behind you, I'd put a bullet—" But he clapped a hand across his mouth, groaning. "No, I wouldn't! I'd lose my own respect. There's things a man won't do—"

Cameron smiled a wintry smile at Cooney. "You're afraid, Cooney. You've had luck with your fists and you figure you're a brave lad that will take no nonsense. But you're afraid."

"I am my own free man," cried Cooney. "You will never reach into me and lay your damned black will on mine!"

"Free?" said Cameron. "No man is free. That is why you're afraid. There's a better man than you somewhere, and so you fight to prove there is not and all the while you know you're wrong. There're a thousand men in the post better than you, Cooney."

Cooney stared at him and Cooney hated him—his presence and his smile and his smell and shadow. Captain Cameron put on his coat and walked out.

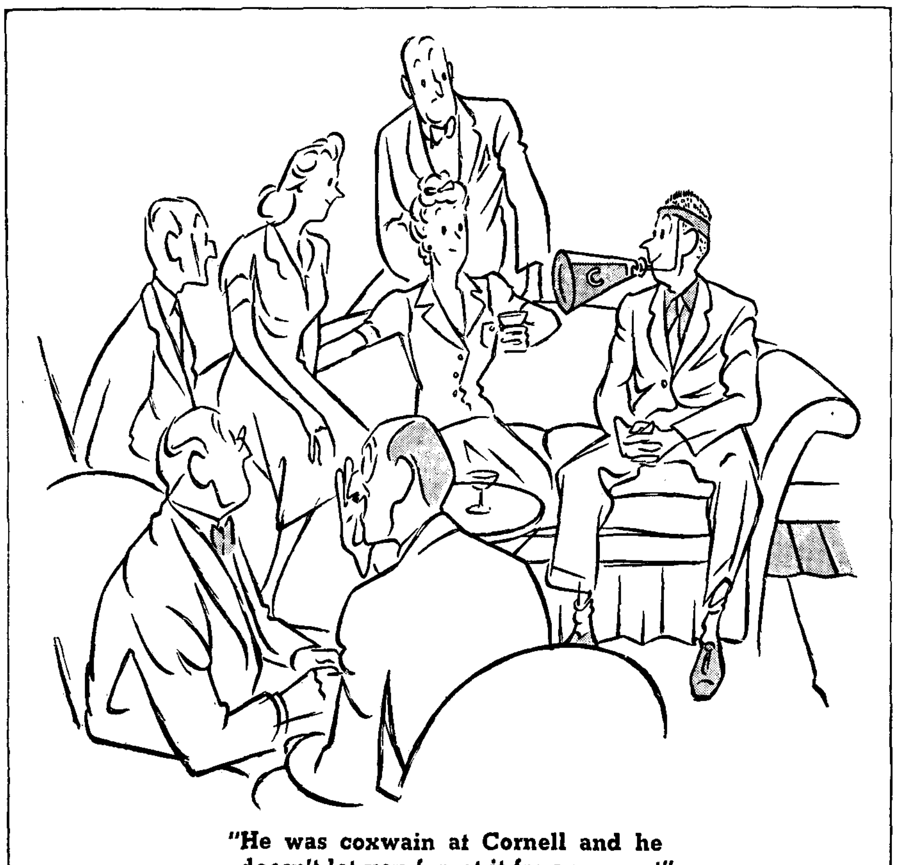
AT TATTO Captain Cameron took his troop through the main gate, sixty-two men, two lieutenants and a civilian guide. Three miles from Lincoln, he made camp and set out his guards; and rolled up in a blanket with a saddle for pillow. At daybreak they marched straight west to the shallow forks of a creek and were soon after lost in a land pitching like great sea swells. Once the civilian guide scouted forward and returned to say, "Been Sioux this way." By sunset they were at the foot of low hills, with the crease of a pass visible before them. The creek still ran with them and in the low fork of a near-by tree the silhouette of an Indian grave showed through evening's dark. The cook fire died and blackness was a whirling pressure around them and an emptiness moved in greater than any emptiness in the world, threaded by the far, sharp barking of coyotes and little earthborn sounds that had no name. The wind softly brushed them with its scent of danger. The civilian guide said, "Never know about Sioux, Captain. They're always somewhere."

AT DAWN they continued with the creek and moved into the low pass, following the trace of an Indian trail. Sun flamed up and dust rose; and looking behind him, Cameron saw the glitter of sweat on the dark faces of his men, and the sharp edge of their tempers when they looked back across the gulf he had created. The troop was sixty-two men, but sixty-two men didn't make a troop. They marched as strangers behind him, and he was a stranger to them; the guidon stirring in the riding breeze was a symbol of a unity not yet proved.

The civilian said in the most conversational of voices: "I think they're on the brow of the ridge, yonder of the creek."

Looking to the ridge's crest, he saw the vivid flash of sun on metal. A rifle shot flatted in the thin air and the bullet's dust dimple broke at his feet. He made one gesture with his arm. "Prepare to fight on foot." He watched them swing and dismount. The horse holders ran back and Sergeant Gaffney began swearing. "Gaffney," said Cameron, "you're wasting wind." The guidon corporal and the trumpeter took stand by him. Indians showed on the ridge, on horse, not yet making a fight of it but sending stray shots down. The troop was on the exposed side of the creek and needed the shelter of the cut bank across the water. Before he gave his order he looked at his men carefully, and saw that they were watching him. "Cross the creek," he said, "and get under that bank."

They splashed across the creek and reached the cut bank. Looking back, he saw a horse drop and thresh in a hamstrung motion and die. The Sioux bullets thickened, making creases and spouts in the water, and the Sioux were


"He was coxwain at Cornell and he doesn't let you forget it for a moment"

★★★ IN THE FRONT OF OUR AIR DEFENSE ★★★

Design for Zooming!

Powering the Army's Lockheed P-38 Interceptor are twin Allison liquid-cooled engines, designed to fit entirely within the streamlined contour of the plane itself.

That such advanced air power is available for our defense is due to the joint efforts of the American Aircraft Industry and the U.S. Army, vital forces in providing and protecting the American way of life.

Allison
LIQUID-COOLED AIRCRAFT ENGINES
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UNLIKE ANY OTHER GIN!

FLEISCHMANN'S
DISTILLED DRY GIN

● Incomparable in smoothness, Fleischmann's Gin can't be duplicated! And its superb quality is assured by the longest experience in distilling gin for the American taste!

Where Character counts count on Fleischmann's

FLEISCHMANN'S GIN

A Pedigreed Gin for Prize-Winning Drinks
Distilled from American grain • 90 Proof.

The Fleischmann Distilling Corporation
Peekskill, N.Y.

moving toward an angle of the creek to sweep up against F Troop's flank.

Cameron said, "Pick 'em off," and listened to the sudden crackling of carbine fire. Low in the saddle, the Sioux rushed diagonally down the slope in a long, thin column, poor targets against the sun, but for this little while Cameron stood back to observe his troop. Gaffney was an excitable man in trouble and didn't merit his chevrons. The guidon corporal stood fast in his tracks, a long, thin Irishman whose eyes looked upon the Sioux and showed no fear. Little Joe Rinert clung flat to the cut bank, hiding himself. Cooney used the cut bank as a parapet, the snout of his carbine kicking up slightly from each shot; Cooney's face was dye-red and tracks of sweat cut trails through the alkali dust. George Rasmussen took two steps away from the cut bank, made one half turn and fell dead.

The Sioux changed location so swiftly that the troop's fire was masked by its own men. Cameron made a long sweep with his arm and called, "Second platoon swing up to those rocks." The bullets were singing in hot and close and dust thickened all along the slope and his men were fumbling and not sure of themselves. He ran forward until he had reached the rocks and he stood high against the sun while his men lifted themselves from the ground and came on at a low run. Cooney went cursing past him and Cooney stared at him and dropped on his knee close by and, still cursing, took his aim. The Sioux straddled the creek and came galloping in.

CAMERON sighted his service revolver on the blurred shadows moving forward and heat and powder smell rolled back on his face. There was a long interval in which the fire of the Sioux struck hard at the troop and the carbines of the troop made a stubborn answer. This was the moment when the bowels of men turned cold or their spirits grew great upon them and Cameron, not yet sure, turned and looked upon his troop and saw that it was steady, and smiled. The Sioux had reached the cut bank and had started over the water and at that point a leading warrior went down and the rest of the Sioux were caught in the midstream jam. Captain Cameron pointed his long arm at it and the troop's fire centered upon it and under that terrible wither of fire the Sioux line melted and broke.

He watched warriors race through the water, leaning low to seize their wounded brethren; he saw the rest of the group wheel and flee into the dust and the sunlight's glare, and then he turned to look upon his troop again, and his head gave a sudden upward jerk and a black look came upon his face and he fell to the ground.

The fire was dying out and the Indians were in flight. As he rolled slowly on the hot earth and gritted his teeth against the round and hollow surge of pain moving up from somewhere below his belly, he formed his official report in his mind: "F Troop sighted a Sioux detachment, approximately ninety in number, on the south fork of Tull's Creek. The engagement lasted fifteen minutes, after which the Sioux broke, leaving considerable dead behind. Our own casualties were—"

Cooney was the first man to him and Cooney bent down, the sweat of his scarlet face dripping on Cameron. Lieutenant Chappel stumbled forward. Cameron said, "What were our casualties?"

"Rasmussen's dead," said the lieutenant. "And Sharp is shot through the arm. Where are you hit, Captain?"

"In the leg, I believe. Pull me up, Cooney."

Cooney pulled him up so that he could look along the creek. The Sioux were in the distance, now obscured by their own dust and he knew they would not strike again this day. He said to the lieutenant, "Camp the troop here, Chappel, and set out pickets."

"Cap'n," said Cooney, "you're bleedin' like a faucet. I will have to cut your pants away. It is an expensive pair of pants, but you do not mind?"

"You fought well, Cooney."

"Ah," said Cooney and paused from his chore to give the captain the narrowest of glances, "so I did. And not from fear. I am a stubborn man and I would not have budged an inch from those copper-hided devils for all the whisky in Dakota."

They patched up the captain and he sat propped against the rocks while the blazing afternoon exploded in the west. A detail buried Rasmussen and twilight fell and mess fires danced and Cameron heard the murmuring of his men and listened to that sound with content. Cooney came up with a mess pan and stopped by him. "A bit of fried fish, straight from the creek."

"Thank you," said the captain, and stared at Cooney's long and dirty and tired face.

Cooney said, "We stood, did we not? You have no complaint on that?"

"No," said the captain, "no complaint. I am making you a corporal, Cooney."

He watched the return of swift and suspicious flare of antagonism to Cooney's face. But it did not last long; it faded away and Cooney, sighing, looked down at the captain with a resigned expression. "I said you would never put the harness on me." His glance bored straight through the captain. "Do you abide your own harness?"

It was a soft, simple question but the captain knew Cooney was thinking of Captain Morton's wife; for Cooney was a smart man and had used his eyes. "Yes," said the captain, "I'll abide my harness, Cooney."

"If that is the way you live, so will I then," said Cooney, and turned off.

Cameron lay on his blanket in night's full darkness and felt the oneness of them all, himself a part of that oneness. They knew him and he knew them and out of salt, sweat and violent action he had turned them into a troop. The pride of that would never leave them. The earth was around him, its vigor filling him and giving him life. This was what a man should be. Perhaps when the younger years were gone and the pride of spirit had dulled, there might be regret and a wish for softness long ago offered; but until then this was the meaning of a man, warmer than the lips of a woman. It occurred to him that in a way it was strange how Cooney had cleared his mind for him. He had broken Cooney to the wheel and yet Cooney had the last word after all; for Cooney had made him see he had to abide his own philosophy and his own harness. He would have to tell Margaret that.

HE TOLD her the following night. He was in the post hospital when she came in with her husband; but presently Morton—who was an understanding man—went away.

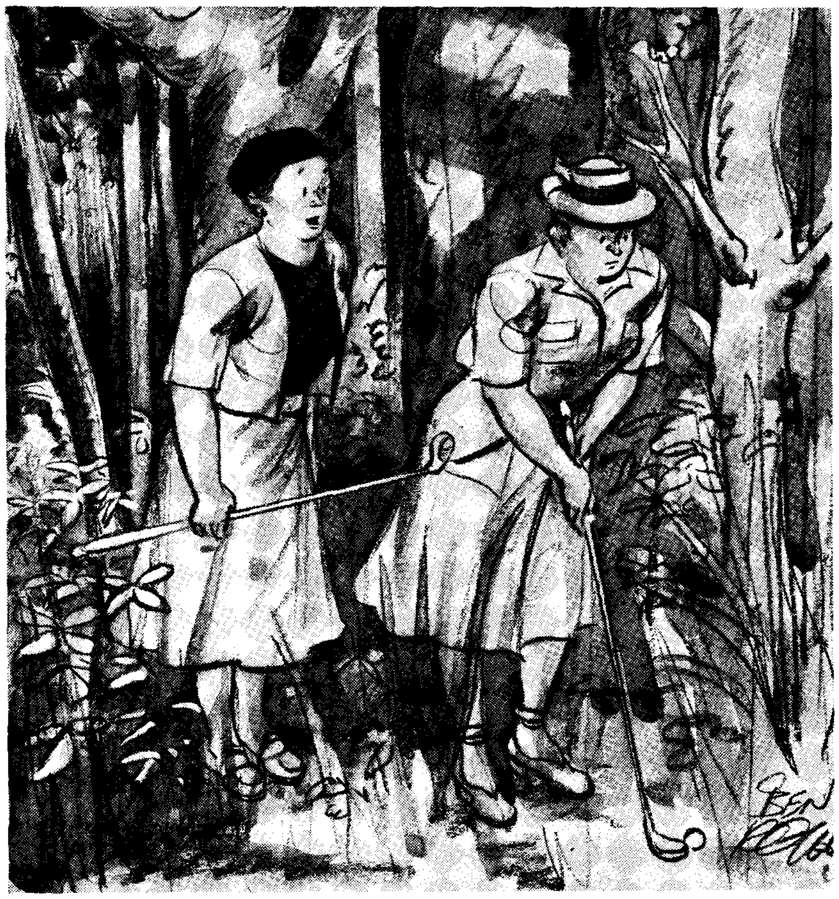
Margaret said, "Your life will always be violent. But you wish it so."

"I have no complaints," he said, "and I will not wish for things that are beyond me. I wanted more than one man can have. I will be content."

He noticed the relief that came upon her face and he understood then that she had been under great strain. She had feared his power over her and she had feared her own heart. He watched her face and saw the beauty it had always held for him, and always would hold for him, and he saw the soft, sad expression which followed her relief. She was near to tears—she was remembering all that he remembered. But he thought of Cooney and he knew that he could do no less than Cooney had done.

He rarely smiled, but he did so now. "I have some of you, Margaret."

She looked down and she read his heart, and at that moment she permitted him to read her heart; and gently said, "We must all be faithful, John, or else we are little people."



"We'll be all right once we get out of here—they say the rest of the course is covered with smooth, green grass" BEN ROTH

Mr. Me goes to town

I HAVE A WHOLESALE GROCERY business out in the Middle West.

No great shakes of a business. But enough to keep my family going and pay my insurance premiums.

About twice a year I have occasion to go to Chicago, and talk things over with some of the people I deal with.

Now, I *might* go to Chicago the cheapest way I can.

But I don't do it. I always go Pullman. I pay a little higher railroad fare, and it costs me $2.90 for a lower berth. And I figure it's money well spent.

In the first place it bucks me up. I just plain feel more important when I ride on a Pullman. In the lounge car and in the smoking room I meet men who've gone a long ways in the world—who have interesting things to say.

Another thing. While I'm no scared-cat, I *do* like feeling safe, and knowing I'll get to where I'm going and not somewheres else.

And traveling in a Pullman is like staying in a fine hotel. Take the washroom. Everything in it is spotless and well-arranged. They dish out spanking clean towels by the dozens. The hot water is hot, not tepid. The soap lathers up the way soap should. There's even a special tooth-scrubbing bowl and an outlet for my electric razor.

Your berth, if you've never ridden a Pullman before, will bowl you over. The bed is a big bed, more than 6 feet long and plenty wide. The sheets on it are as white as December snow. There are reading lights, and a shelf for your books or magazines. There are hangers for your clothes, and a net hammock for socks, handkerchiefs, underwear and so on. When I get in the berth, I feel plenty cozy. And do I sleep! Mmm, like a log.

As if all this wasn't enough, there's the porter. He takes care of me as though I was the only fellow on the car. Gets me up exactly when I ask him to in the morning. Brings me a drink of water if I'm thirsty at night. Beats me to the draw with an extra blanket if it's cold. And in the morning, when the train is pulling in to Chicago, he has my shoes shined and my clothes brushed, so that I feel pretty good about the way I look.

Also, when somebody asks me how I came down, and I say "Pullman", I get a quiet kick out of it. May be a little small of me, but I think most folks feel that way.

☆ For comfort—Go Pullman ☆

Holy Harold

Continued from page 13

He has fought with Harry Hopkins, Jim Farley, Henry Wallace, Admirals Leahy and Moffett, Alf Landon, Wendell Willkie, Jack Garner, Henry Ford and Gifford Pinchot who, he insisted, "hasn't had a new idea in twenty-five years and, moreover, doesn't know one bird from another." This last left Mr. Pinchot all but permanently crippled, in as much as Mr. Pinchot and American bird life had been virtually identical for many years. He said that Mr. Herbert Hoover was not to be blamed for failing to be a better President than he was because Mr. Hoover was a long-time sufferer from the creeping jitters. Without warning he has torpedoed senators, representatives, governors and smaller fry, just as a warm-up frequently taking them on in convoy lots. From individuals he has turned to the press and to whole political systems and philosophies. Frightened industries and industrialists were push-overs. With a few exceptions, notably the Aluminum Company of America, he has eased up on Big Biz since it has become more or less apparent that the defense program has need of it. Big Biz, a tag applied to almost anything larger than a general store in Mr. Ickes' formative years and still prominent in his vocabulary, likes to speak of him as a radical, even a red radical. But that too is less than accurate. Mr. Ickes is an old-time reformer of the Bull Moose school. Theodore Roosevelt is still his spiritual leader although T. R.'s more nimble cousin commands his complete loyalty. Teddy's big stick is still the Ickes totem. His chidings are still of that more ponderous era—intellectual Dillingers, money mobsters, dervishes of Wall Street, worshipers of Moloch, economic sciatica, big-business barons, plutocrats of privilege being samples. Corn, but good corn. There is seldom anything puckish about Mr. Ickes' scolding. None of his snipings has had the ring or echo of his current master's economic royalists.

A Direct Hit on Harold

Ickes is a barrel-chested, cat-eyed badger of a man and has almost no faith in his fellow beings. Neither this nor any preceding administration has produced a man capable of getting more solid comfort out of a nice new enemy. Of course he has not gone unanswered in his tongue-lashings. Goaded to reprisals, less deft tongues have taken their clumsy licks at Mr. Ickes. And while victory was usually his, no tag he has tied to a startled foe has had the exactitude and popular acceptance of what a still unidentified counterpuncher called him—Donald Duck. Almost every Ickes scorner in Washington lays claim to that happy comparison and we're playing no favorites. It was a direct hit, silencing Mr. Ickes for a split second in the middle of a quack.

Senator Bridges of New Hampshire has called him a Hitler in short pants—not so good. Senator Pittman of Nevada was all in favor of a congressional committee to run down a rumor that there was something on earth that Mr. Ickes didn't want to manage. Governor Alf Landon of Kansas called Mr. Ickes a corn borer. Dorothy Thompson accused him of being an utterer of awful frivolities. Jack Garner insisted upon calling him—privately anyway—Itchies. And an unidentified cattleman emerging in terrible bewilderment from Mr. Ickes' office, still wondering what was wrong with grazing a cow or two on government land, spoke of him as "a right brawlin' little feller who must have et something." It happens that he had done one of the best descriptive jobs that any Ickes commentator has achieved. Mr. Ickes suffers cruelly from dyspepsia, an ill reward for his early zeal. A tremendous worker, he snatched his meals when and if time allowed. It is not impossible that his disordered digestion is responsible for many of his frequent irascibilities.

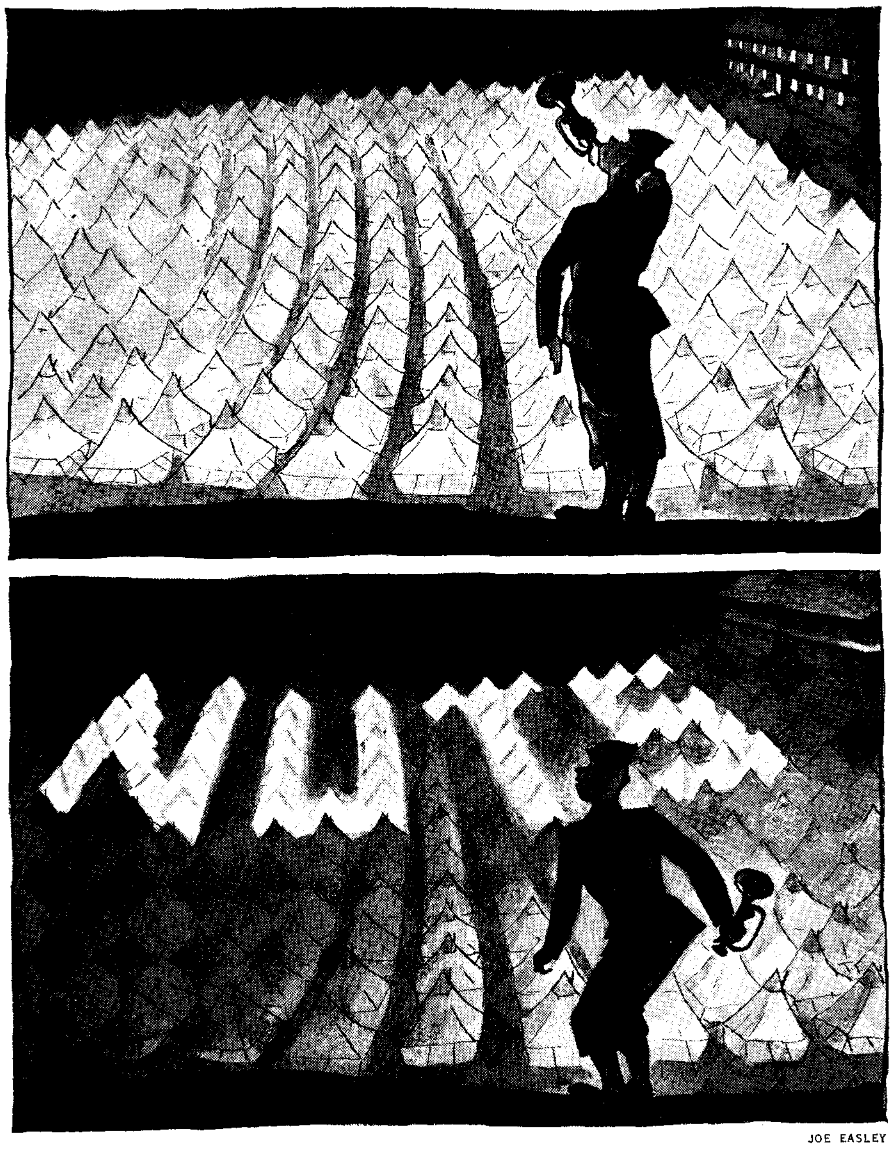
Yet he has not permitted his unceasing and successful pursuit of unpopularity to interfere with the discharge of his duties as Secretary of the Interior. In this post, to which he was appointed in 1933 after it had been declined by Senators Johnson of California and Cutting of New Mexico, he has been honest, courageous and, to the politicians who had long regarded the Interior Department as their very own grab bag, a great disappointment. Mr. Roosevelt had him ticketed for Commissioner of Indian Affairs, which would have been very much like Joe DiMaggio playing the outfield for Mickey's Meat Market in a Wyoming softball league.

As a public servant he has been aggressively good and bitterly faithful, frequently firing less virtuous and ardent subordinates who were merely suspected of fingering a wildcat. What with his passion for displeasing his fellow man and his savage incorruptibility, his admitted rectitude never got a chance to shine in public office until Franklin Roosevelt drafted him.

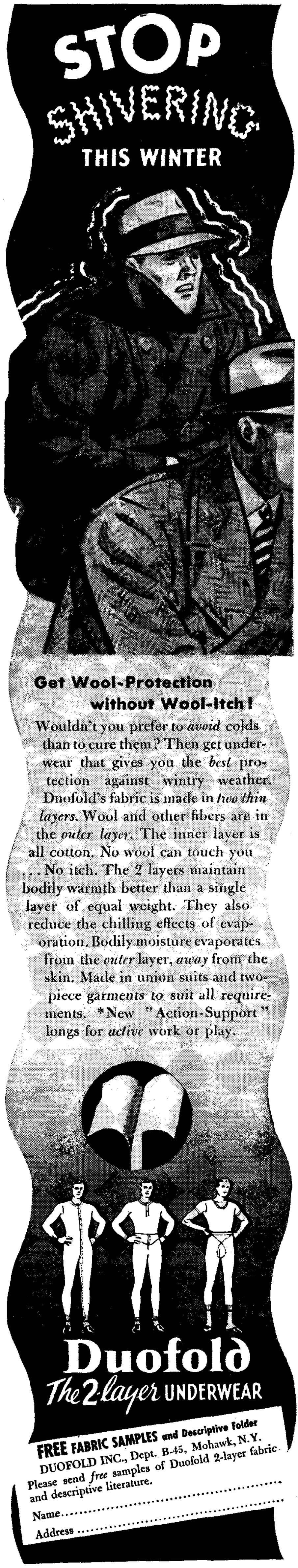
Born near Hollidaysburg, Pennsylvania, of Scottish and German stock, he was consigned to a Chicago aunt when sixteen and presently was graduated from the University of Chicago, a lawyer. Among the few people whom Mr. Ickes then thought worth while was Professor Charles E. Merriam, who had taught him political science. Professor Merriam, a Republican, accepted the sacrificial task of running for mayor on a reform ticket against the Honorable Carter H. Harrison, Jr. Mr. Harrison had already been mayor four terms to the complete satisfaction of the unholy and was loath to run again until he realized what suffering there would be in City Hall were Chicago to undergo a reform administration. So he patriotically and thumpingly defeated Professor Merriam at the polls, crushing every Merriamite save Harold Ickes. After the voting, the professor's campaign managers foregathered for the customary post mortem. A number of interesting aspects of the contest were broached, but as far as we are able to learn, nine tenths of the time was devoted to: Who is this guy Ickes? Mr. Ickes, working for Professor Merriam in what started out to be a humble capacity, had managed to irritate everybody he had had time to meet.

Came the Crusader

He never ran for political office, thus saving a lot of time. And almost invariably the candidates he favored lost. The exceptions were Franklin Roosevelt and Judge William E. Dever, the latter a Democrat who was elected mayor of Chicago in 1923. Mr. Ickes worked vigorously for Judge Dever—perhaps too vigorously. Even as the judge was inaugurated he cooled toward Mr. Ickes, taking to an inner private office and leaving word that he was



JOE EASLEY

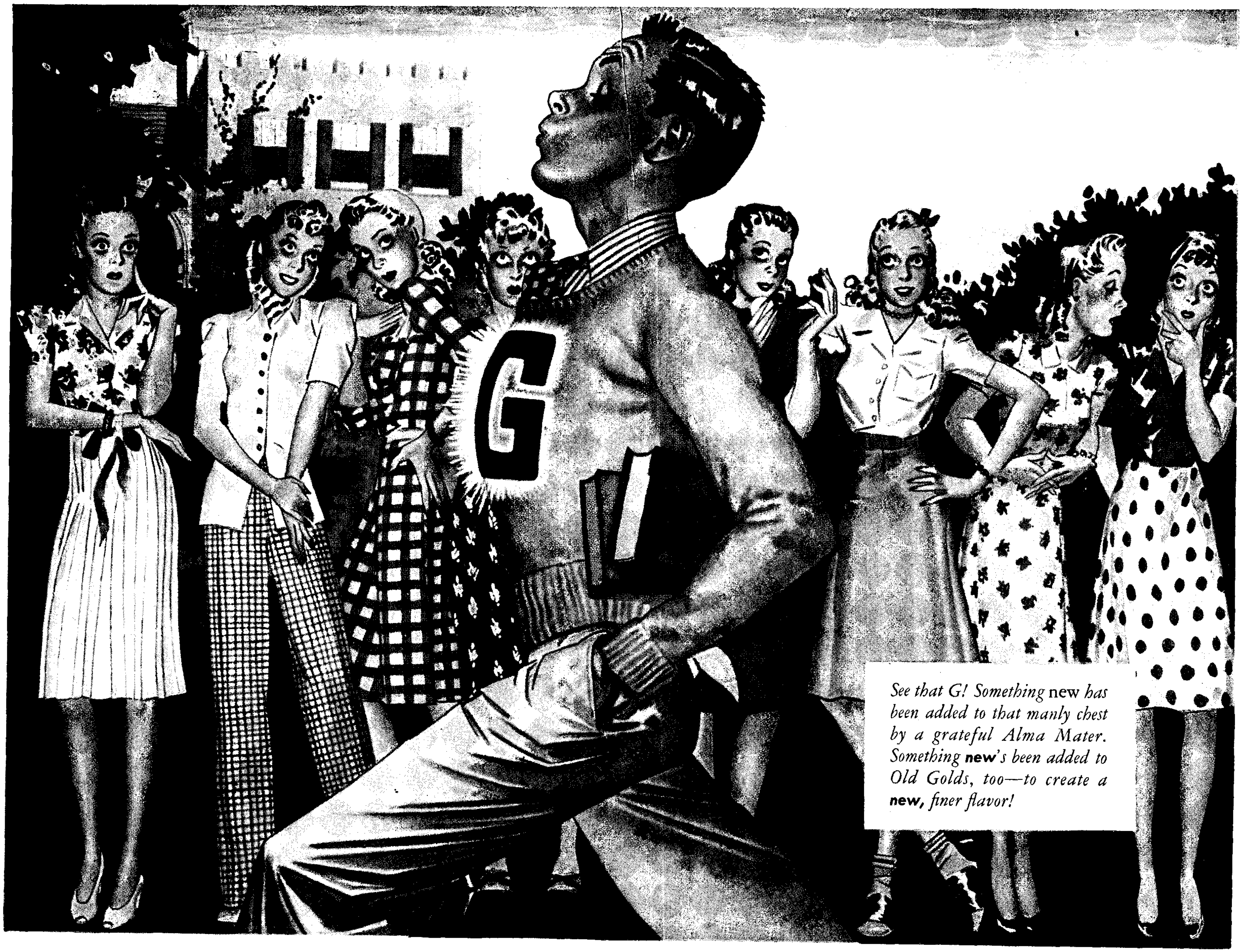

STOP SHIVERING THIS WINTER

Get Wool-Protection without Wool-Itch!

Wouldn't you prefer to *avoid* colds than to cure them? Then get underwear that gives you the *best* protection against wintry weather. Duofold's fabric is made in *two thin layers*. Wool and other fibers are in the *outer layer*. The inner layer is all cotton. No wool can touch you . . . No itch. The 2 layers maintain bodily warmth better than a single layer of equal weight. They also reduce the chilling effects of evaporation. Bodily moisture evaporates from the *outer* layer, *away* from the skin. Made in union suits and two-piece garments to suit all requirements. *New "Action-Support" longs for *active* work or play.

Duofold
The 2-layer UNDERWEAR

FREE FABRIC SAMPLES and Descriptive Folder
DUOFOLD INC., Dept. B-45, Mohawk, N.Y.
Please send *free* samples of Duofold 2-layer fabric and descriptive literature.
Name..
Address.......................................



See that G! Something new *has been added to that manly chest by a grateful Alma Mater. Something* **new***'s been added to Old Golds, too—to create a* **new,** *finer flavor!*

Something ***NEW**** *has been added!*

Old Gold has a plentiful supply of Latakia in America!

*IT'S LATAKIA!

(Pronounced La-ta-keé-a), a wonderfully flavorful Eastern Mediterranean tobacco. Added like a "seasoning" to Old Golds, Latakia now creates an entirely *new*, delightful cigarette flavor.

ENJOYS SMOKING MORE

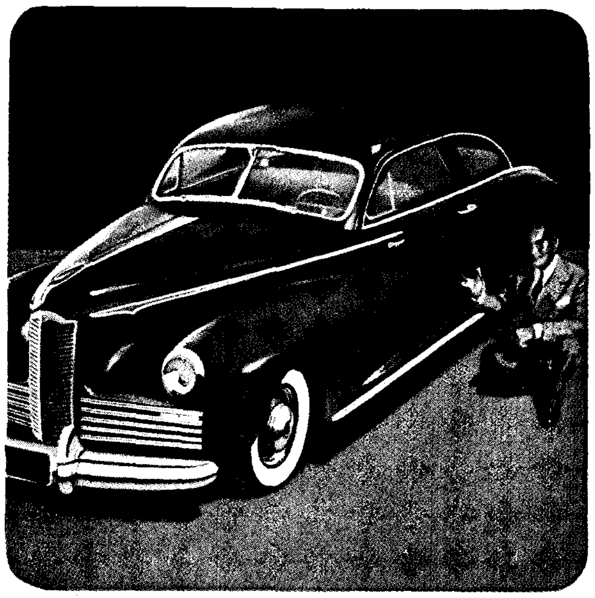
Carl Moebus, accountant, Lynbrook, L. I., notes: "You can tell, right away, that something *new* has been added to Old Gold. That Latakia tobacco gives an entirely *different* flavor that makes me actually enjoy smoking more than formerly."

Old Gold
CIGARETTES
THE TREASURE OF THEM ALL

Same golden pack—but NEW Old Golds—blended with Latakia! P. Lorillard Company—master blenders of fine tobaccos since George Washington's day.

"NEVER TIRE

of their flavor . . ." Says Miss Charlotte Mantell, Fashion Artist, New York: "I thought the New Old Golds, with Latakia, might be different. Well, I can't imagine anything more satisfactory."



Low, wide and swagger—with smart *functional* beauty—the first Packard Clipper was a sensation overnight! Prominent style-mark: Speed-lined "Fade-away" fenders, first featured by Packard. For 1942, Clipper styling is yours in even the lowest-priced Packards!

YOUR CHOICE OF ENGINES

6 OR 8

ONLY $55. DIFFERENCE!

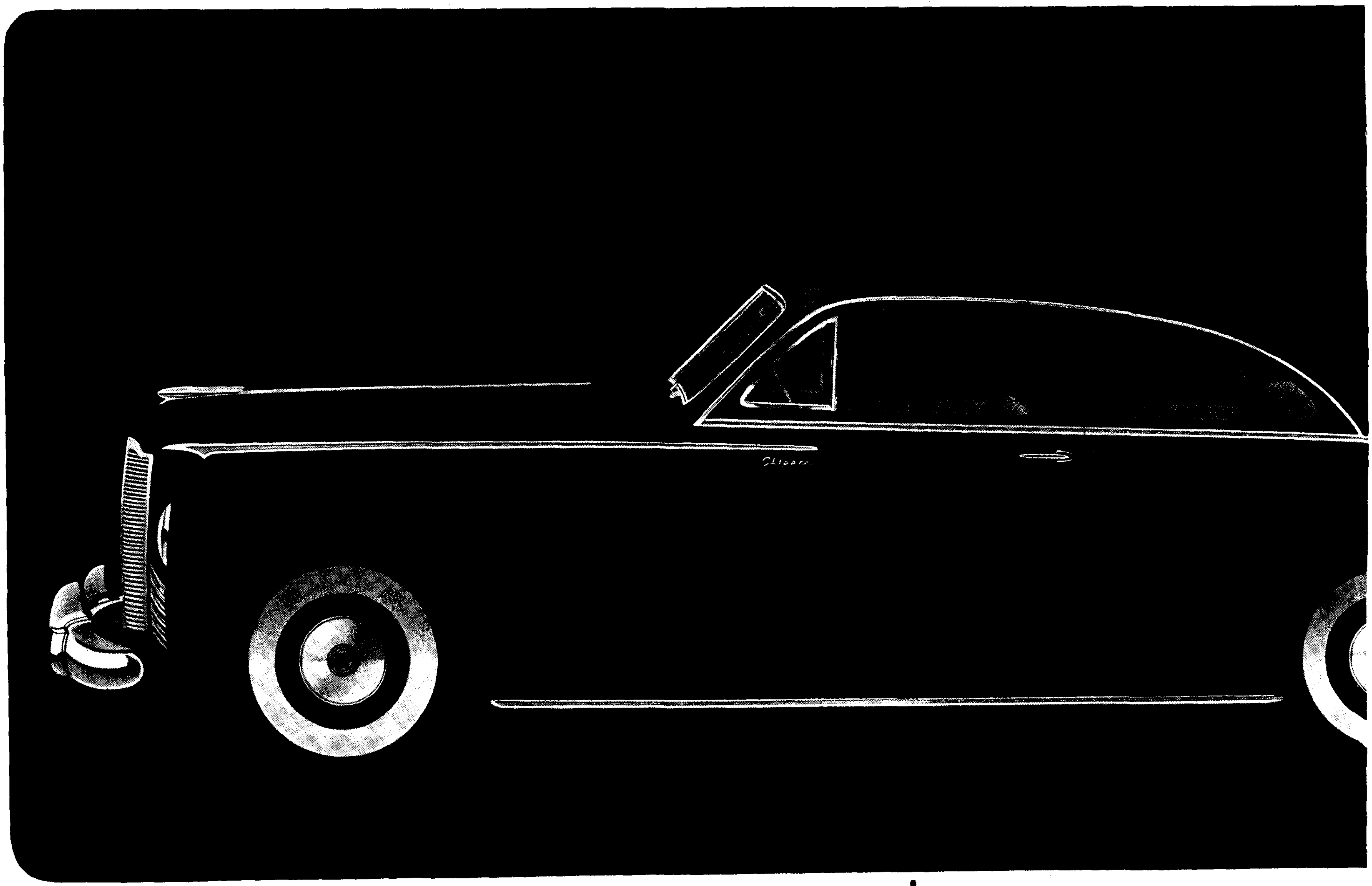
Choose your horsepower—for 1942—on the same wheelbase—you can have either a Clipper Six (105 H. P.) or an Eight (125 H. P.). Difference in price: only $55. Both motors are thrifty, fiery, precision-built marvels.

ELECTROMATIC DRIVE

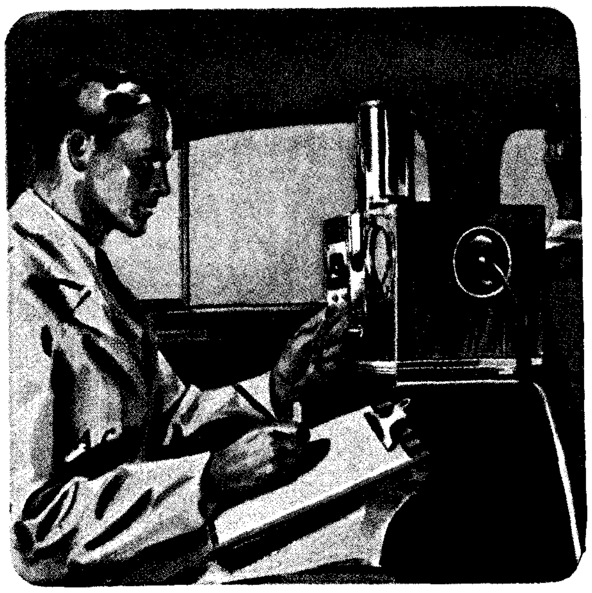
SIMPLIFIED DRIVING WITH
NO JERK·NO SLIP·NO CREEP

Save gas, oil, and engine wear with Packard's sensational Electromatic Drive. Eliminates clutch-pedal operation...banishes wasteful "slip"...reduces engine speed by 27.8%. An "extra"—but delighted owners say, "It pays for itself!"

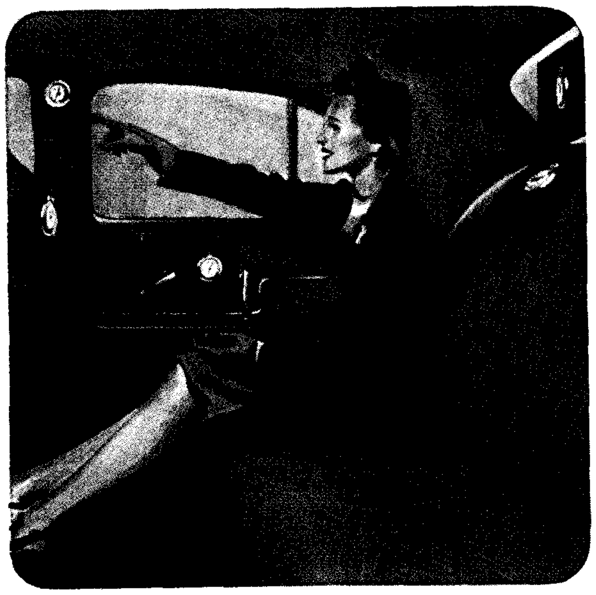
For 1942, *new Clipper styling* - in



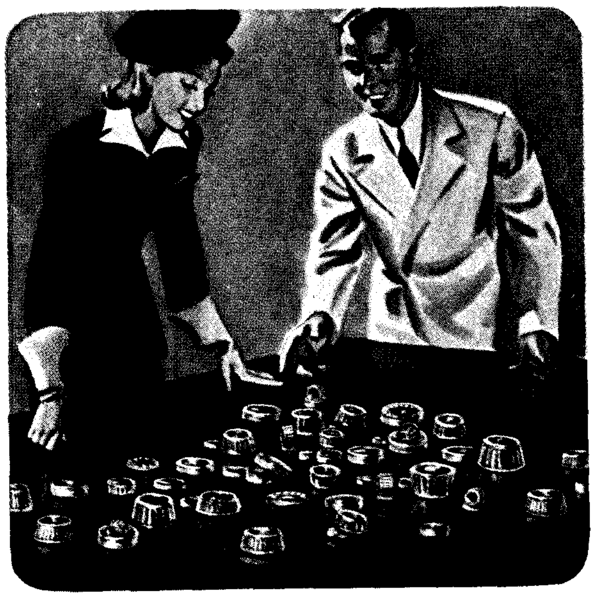
STUNNING NEW CLIPPERS JOIN FLEET—Above is shown the smart, new-styled 1942 Packard Six Club Sedan. Both Clipper Six and Eight are available as either Special or Custom models *and in three distinguished body styles.*



Beauty that pays off in dollars—The Clipper's super-slipstreamed design results in important gas economy! Precision meters prove the 1942 Clipper tops even last year's gas-thrifty Packard by as much as *18% more miles per gallon!*

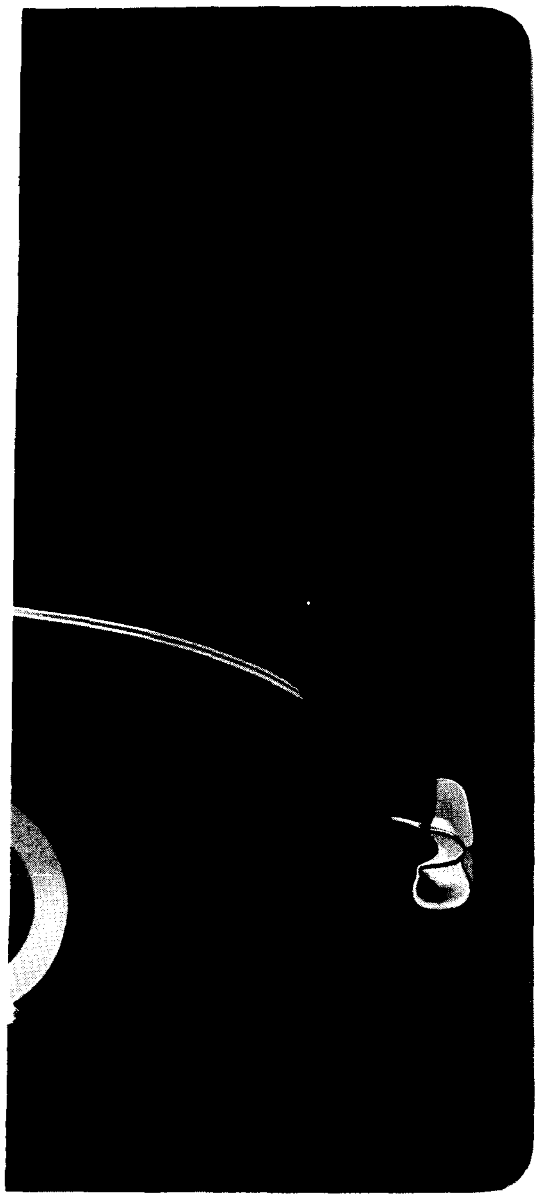


Pedometers tell the story of the low-slung Clipper's "cradled" ride. Sensitive shock-recording meters show that on rough testing-roads the Clipper is at least 29% smoother-riding than its predecessor, a car famous for its Air-Glide ride.



You may have to keep your new car a long time. Will it see you through? Yes—if it's a Packard. Typical reason for long life: Clipper uses 44 ball and roller bearings (instead of far less costly bushings)—more than *any* competitive car.

even the lowest-priced Packards!



A FEW SHORT MONTHS AGO, Packard raised the curtain on a daring, brand-new kind of car . . . the Clipper . . . and the whole country joined in a roar of applause.

Today Packard brings *two new versions* of this sensationally-successful Clipper styling to *every* price class in the 1942 Packard line. Now, not only the more expensive Packards, but even the *lowest*-priced Packards, are stunning, super-streamlined Clippers!

Beauty that works for you!

These magnificent new Clippers, even more than before, recognize that beauty, to be keyed to the times, must be *functional*—must contribute to *economy, long life,* and *comfort.*

For example, the Clipper's flight-lined styling not only achieves dazzling new beauty, but cuts down air resistance to an almost unbelievable extent. Result: Tests conducted with scientific accuracy prove that these brilliant new 1942 Clippers knife through the air with an actual improvement in gasoline savings of 12% to 18% over even last year's thrift-champion Packards!

Dozens of dividends!

In addition to fuel savings, Clipper functional design pays welcome dividends in many more ways.

These dividends are yours in the form of 26% better visibility through the Clipper's wider, deeper, sharply-raked windshield . . . easier, safer handling—evidenced by 24% steadier "wind-steering" . . . 20% more quiet inside the car —for Clipper streamlining hushes the wind . . . a 14% step-up in acceleration—to give you the security of always having a lightning burst of passing speed on tap.

More power reserve!

And by cutting wind drag as it does, Clipper design combines with improved engine efficiency to provide sparkling performance with a gain in power reserve of 32%! This means less engine strain on hills—smoother operation at *all* times.

And for the man who buys a car today, the Clipper offers something else—even more important . . .

Built for the "long haul"

When you buy a Packard Clipper you *know* you have a car that's precision-built for lasting durability . . . with nothing skimped, no "substitutions" that impair quality . . . a car that will give you *extra* miles and *extra* years of service, long after ordinary cars have worn out—in looks and fact!

So drop around today or tomorrow to your nearest Packard dealer's. Skipper a Clipper just once—and you'll want to skipper one for keeps!

LOOKING AHEAD?

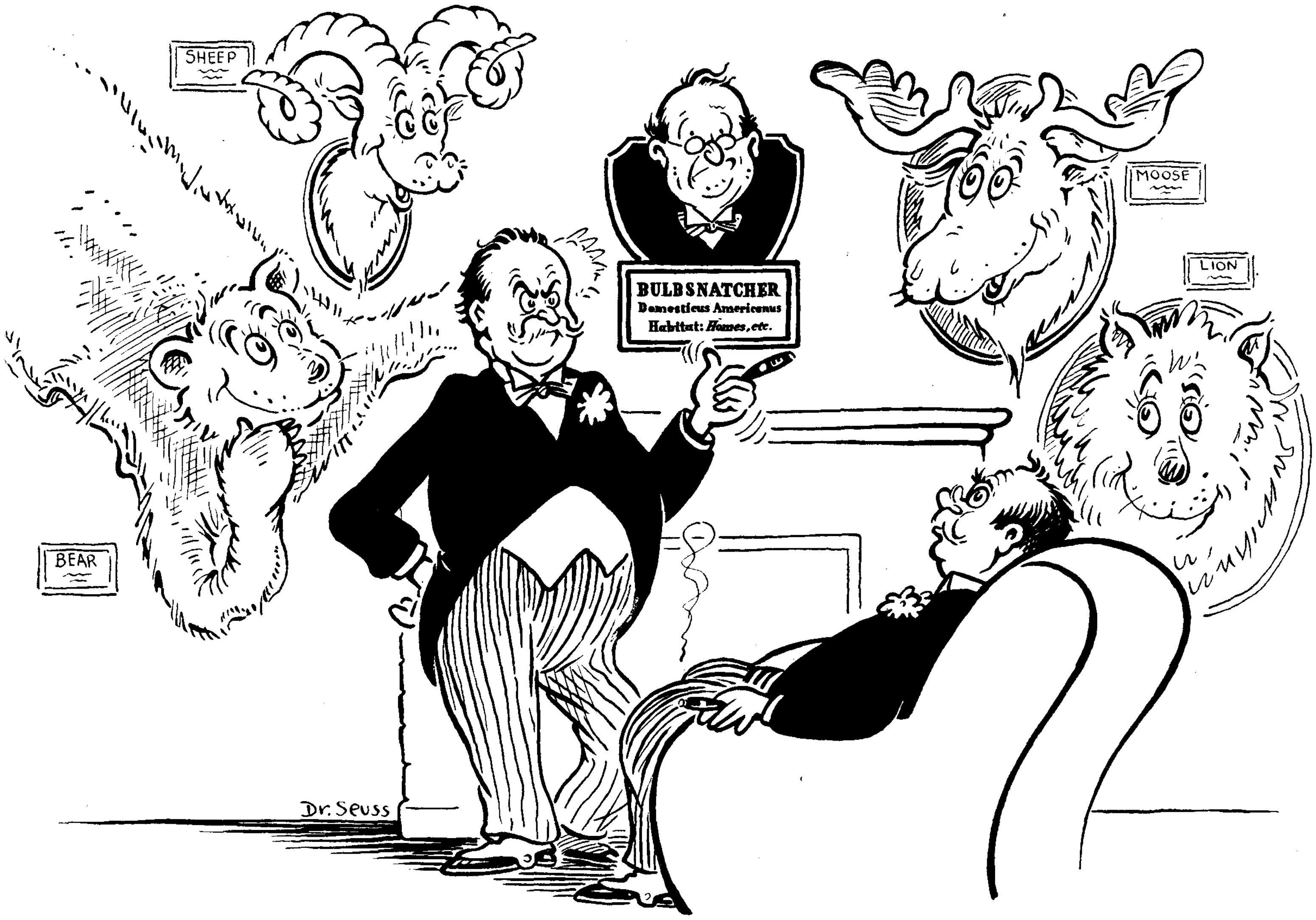
SKIPPER THE CLIPPER

CLIPPER DIGEST FOR '42

Here's a quick review of still other high-spots you'll find in the new 1942 Clippers . . .

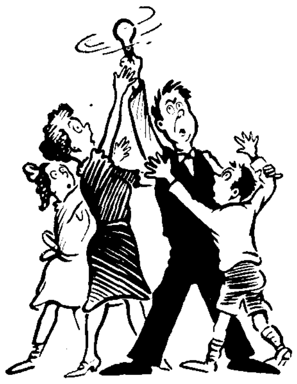
- **Nearly a foot wider than high**
- **Full headroom front *and rear***
- ***Integral* "Fade-away" fenders**
- **Even wider doors**
- **Phenomenal handling ease**
- **Wide-angle vision**

ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE

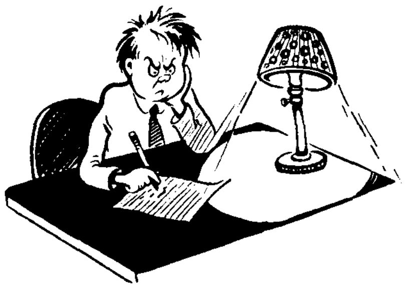


"I still say the club should have merely expelled him!"

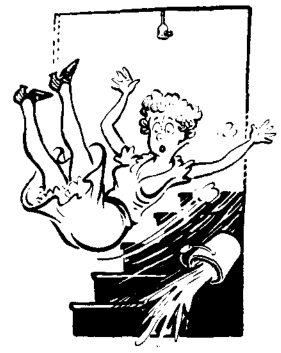
Captain Titherton is right. Even in the protection of priceless eyesight, we think the Little Neck Explorer's Club went too far in its punishment of the member who persisted in taking lamp bulbs from one socket to fill another. But, treat it lightly as we may, *there is a serious side to this bulbsnatching.*



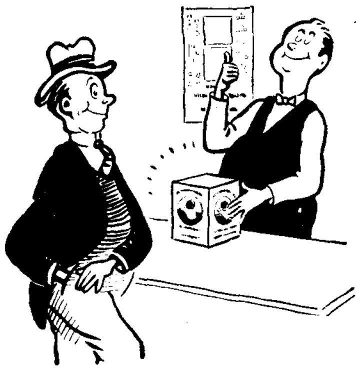
1. You probably find that bulbsnatching leads to arguments in your home, even if your family never gets down to the last bulb in the house! (A sure cure is a handy supply of G-E MAZDA lamps.)



2. It may interfere with Junior's homework, through eyestrain, since bulbsnatching usually leaves the wrong size bulbs everywhere. (He needs an I. E. S. lamp with at least a 100-watt bulb in it.)



3. In extreme cases, bulbsnatching can even be the cause of serious accidents to you or to members of your family. (Don't wait to be jarred into action. Get spare G-E MAZDA lamps now.)



4. Just try this: Go to your G-E MAZDA lamp dealer. He has a handy chart that will help you pick the right sizes. Get enough to fill every socket, with a few spares for the cupboard shelf.

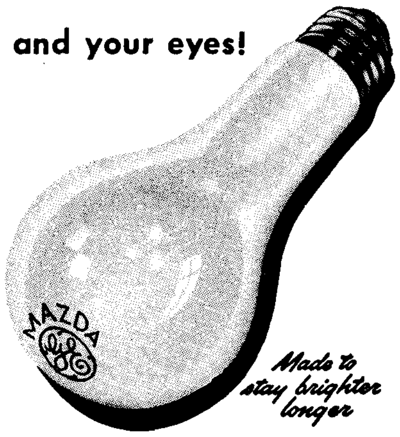
See how little it costs to protect your home and your eyes!

7½, 15, 25-watt	10¢	75 and 100-watt	15¢
40, 50, 60-watt	13¢	150-watt	20¢

G-E MAZDA* LAMPS

GENERAL ELECTRIC

*MAZDA—*not the name of a thing but the mark of a research service*



going to be rather too busy to receive his petulant supporter. Just why this happened is not clear, but the rumor still persists that the judge desired to try out a couple of his own ideas.

Mr. Ickes was still standing at Theodore Roosevelt's Armageddon, thumping a busted drum, when Franklin Roosevelt, looking for a liberal Westerner to take the office rejected by Senators Johnson and Cutting, beckoned. Cleaner men than the unhappy Albert Fall had ruled the Interior Department since the light-fingered day of Warren Harding, but none had the crusading passion of Mr. Ickes. It has been said of Mr. Ickes that when he goes to Heaven, a considerable number of angels are going to leave—some of them gladly. When Mr. Ickes took over the Interior Department, he all but tore down the building that housed its offices, crying that he smelled something.

He hired an old hand at crook-hunting, Mr. Louis B. Glavis, equipped him with 400 sleuths and turned them loose. In addition to his routine duties as secretary, Mr. Roosevelt made him director of the Public Works Administration with an ultimate allowance of eight billion dollars to spend. If you care to remember, the PWA collaborated with states and municipalities in the erection of bridges, public utilities, public buildings and the like—the local people putting up so much and PWA the rest. The work was done by local contractors.

It was inevitable that a great deal of skulduggery was possible, that local political mobs should do their best to turn the money to good political account. They didn't know Mr. Ickes very well. Mr. Glavis watched them and Mr. Ickes watched Mr. Glavis. Perhaps a few cents of PWA money did go astray, but only a few. It was Mr. Ickes' way to sit in a large office, away up at the far end, like Benito Mussolini when the latter had an office to call his own. In chairs facing him sat the politicians and the project promoters prepared to grasp Mr. Ickes' hand, tell him what a superior guy he was and ask for fifty millions or so. They would have much preferred to have had a few words with the director of PWA alone, but Mr. Ickes would have none of that.

Maybe It's Frustration

One by one, group by group, they were summoned up the room by an orderly and led to Mr. Ickes' desk. They got a cold handshake—or rather they shook a cold, limp hand. Mr. Ickes always knew what his callers wanted before they opened their mouths. Mr. Glavis had seen to that. He always knew twice as much as they were prepared to tell him about contractors, subcontractors, materials purveyors and about such political intimacies as who was whose brother-in-law and who was really behind the Hardpan Dredging, Tunneling and Construction Company. If Mr. Glavis had reported that the favored contractor had danced twice with the mayor's wife or daughter, Mr. Ickes' mind froze. Some money might eventually be allotted to such obviously untrustworthy applicants but an investigator went with every dollar. Although Mr. Glavis has long since left his service, having created more enemies than Mr. Ickes had names for, investigators still prowl Ickesland. He is now boss of his own departmental detective agency. A letter that an otherwise inconsequential tree has been felled on the public domain will fetch his sleuths on the run. Let someone complain that too much soap has been used in departmental washrooms and the soft-shoe lads go on the lurk. A hint that a sheepherder, cattleman or a goat guy has treated his animals to a munch of government grass is enough to fetch Mr. Ickes out of his chair roaring for the bloodhounds. Personally he has scouted desks for heel scratches, firing the relaxers when caught. He cut down the apparently unnecessary number of daily feminine face-do's by putting lady traffic cops in the women's rest rooms, not that he prefers plain faces to glamor but because it is less irritating to have the department's lassies moping at desks than bumming in their hideaways.

He wants no truck with folks who aren't fagged out at quitting time—or who don't at least look it. Mr. Ickes has been scanned from afar by psychiatrists who lay his gift for hostility to nearly sixty years of frustration. Professor Merriam, whom he tried to elect mayor of Chicago and who has since chored for Mr. Roosevelt, said of Mr. Ickes: "You might call it a series of frustrations with success at the end."

Apparently Mr. Ickes' earliest and most durable distrust has been of wealth—personal and corporate. However, all men of means do not share his scorn; he is quite well-to-do himself. The bulk of his money—about $800,000—came from his first wife, Mrs. Anna Wilmarth Thompson Ickes, a widow somewhat older than himself. She was killed in a motor accident in 1935. He had to fight for the money, the will being contested in courts by his foster son, Robert. But the courts gave it to Mr. Ickes. To this nest egg Mr. Ickes has added savings, being a careful spender. Also he has invested profitably. He has two homes, one a relatively modest affair in Winnetka, Illinois, and the other an estate near Olney, Maryland—Headquarters Farm. The latter, considerably more to his own stature, is something of a show place—well-stocked, carefully manned, fruitful acres replete with all the luxuries necessary to the declining years of a great man. Not, mind you, that Mr. Ickes proposes to tolerate any such nonsense as declining years. For exercise he putters, reads the reports of his investigators and gets mad.

Headquarters Farm's mistress is Mr. Ickes' second wife, Jane Dahlman Ickes of Milwaukee. She was a government employee, working in various departments, including the Interior. She is nearly forty years younger than Mr. Ickes. They were married in 1938. Two children have been born to them. As we have implied, the country knows no lack of people who consider Mr. Ickes less than lovable; but he is a hero at home, Mrs. Ickes' devotion to him being one of the few surviving prewar topics of Washington gossip.

SLAWSON-DAWSON
DOBBS AND DECKER
WINCHLEY-FINCHLEY
HOBBS AND BECKER
=OFFICES=
PRIVATE

"I wish some of the partners would resign—just to break up the rhythm"

ELMER ATKINS

Mr. Ickes' services to his country in the first World War were somewhat less spectacular. From April, 1918, to January, 1919, he was Y. M. C. A. secretary with the Thirty-fifth Division. Veterans of that organization admit that as the boss of their Y. M. C. A. hut he manifested no signs of future greatness although they admit that under his direction the 35th's Y was almost completely innocent of frivolity. Nor does research into his Chicago activities in the pre-New Deal days produce anything which might now be regarded as prophetic of administrative genius. In those days he was merely a small, discontented voice in a neighborhood wilderness; and a dollar would get you ten that Harold Ickes would wind up amid the cobwebs of a roll-top desk, grumbling over yellowed newspaper clippings, and writing mugwump letters to the Kept Press.

When his long-last chance came in 1933 he made up for the lean years. As Secretary of the Interior he has sued and has been sued, although suits brought against him charging libel and kindred injuries have never got much farther than the preliminary yelp of the injured. Apparently no would-be litigant has overcome the fear of Mr. Ickes' private files. Mr. Ickes' private files have become almost legendary in eight years. Nobody but Mr. Ickes is at all sure what those steel cases contain, but neither has anybody dared him to open them. Maybe those files wouldn't send you to jail, but there's no statute of limitations on public ridicule.

He has knocked the promise out of a number of burgeoning political careers. For example it was Mr. Ickes who gave Mr. L. W. (Chip) Robert the first push toward resignation from the post of secretary of the Democratic National Committee. Mr. Robert, engineer and architect, did not allow his political duties to interfere ruinously with his private affairs. For example, he managed to get a pledge of $21,600 from PWA for the erection of a public dormitory for his Alma Mater, the University of Georgia. Mr. Ickes' sleuths reported in time that the money was not erecting public dormitories but fraternity houses. Among the numerous things, as well as persons, unloved by Mr. Ickes are fraternity houses. Mr. Ickes not only halted the work at the University of Georgia but he demanded back the $7,200 already granted to Mr. Robert. But that indignation was but a maidenly frown compared to the Ickes rage when presented with a bill to pay Mr. Robert's firm a commission fee of $36,000 on a grant of $4,881,000 for a state hospital at Milledgeville, Georgia. We are almost tempted to tell you that the fee was not paid, but we know you'd guess that.

The Lure of Printer's Ink

Some day, when the world is discharged from the psychopathic ward, Mr. Ickes' files may be opened. They may contain nothing but a few pressed rose leaves and an old dance program. But we want to be around. If legend is heeled with truth we shall know the whole story of hirings and firings in Alaska, Puerto Rico and the Virgin Islands, among other territorial and insular wards of Mr. Ickes. Or maybe we shall have to wait until Mr. Ickes dumps the whole file into a book. He has an itch for personally turned-out literature. He'll write a newspaper or magazine article without warning, or the minute an editor's back is turned. Not long ago he wrote a steamer in defense of the Alaska policies of a Secretary of the Interior of thirty years ago. Nobody but Mr. Ickes and a few private enemies had even a remote idea of what it was all about. And that included the publishers of the piece. However, Mr. Ickes has the urge to write. In his tenderer moments he loves to talk about the two years he was a reporter on the late Chicago Record. He still refers to the "newspaper game" and seldom refrains from telling visiting journalists that he "was a reporter once myself." As a reporter in those untroubled days, Mr. Ickes almost ruined his newspaper career by finding a "lost girl" right in the middle of a summer lull sensation which his editors hoped to stretch out until something worth while happened. Worse, Mr. Ickes wrote that actually the girl never had been lost. And somehow a drowsy night editor let it get printed.

But that was long ago, long before Mr. Ickes became a big-game hunter. At the moment, he is stalking Big Biz with all his might and main, specializing in making life as unsunny as possible for the Aluminum Company of America.

"When the story of the war comes to be written," said Mr. Ickes to a Senate committee investigating our defense

AN IMPORTANT MESSAGE FROM DU PONT

★ *In the interest of national defense, conserve anti-freeze so there will be enough to go around.*

★ *Don't buy or use more than you need.*

★ *Before you put in anti-freeze, have your car radiator cleaned to remove the rust, scale and dirt that cause poor circulation and overheating.*

★ *Have your dealer tighten up all hose connections, cylinder bolts, and water pump packing. This will prevent leakage of anti-freeze.*

★ *Also see that the fan and belt are working properly to provide full cooling efficiency.*

★ *Then put in a dependable anti-freeze, following the directions on the can.*

Du Pont tells how to choose the right anti-freeze for your car:

▶ Du Pont "Zerex" is an outstanding premium anti-freeze. $2.65 a gallon. It won't boil out . . . it's non-evaporating. One filling lasts all winter long. It's for the man who will pay a little more to get complete freedom from winter worries.

▶ Du Pont "Zerone" is America's largest-selling anti-freeze. $1.00 a gallon. It's economical . . . requires only an occasional check-up. It's the type preferred by the American motorist who wants maximum anti-freeze economy with great efficiency.

ZEREX
DU PONT
PICK A DU PONT ANTI-FREEZE
DU PONT
ZERONE
Anti-Rust ANTI-FREEZE

Du Pont makes "Better Things for Better Living . . . through Chemistry" . . . and "Zerone" and "Zerex" anti-freeze are chemical compounds.

program, "it may have to be written that it was lost because of the recalcitrance of the Aluminum Company of America. It is just as serious as that; and they are just as helpful and cooperative as that too."

Again, before the Senate Military Affairs Committee, Mr. Ickes said, "I have a profound conviction that the Aluminum Company of America would prevent the necessary expansion of our aluminum-manufacturing facilities regardless of the consequences to the country or the world, in order to get them all within its own domination and control."

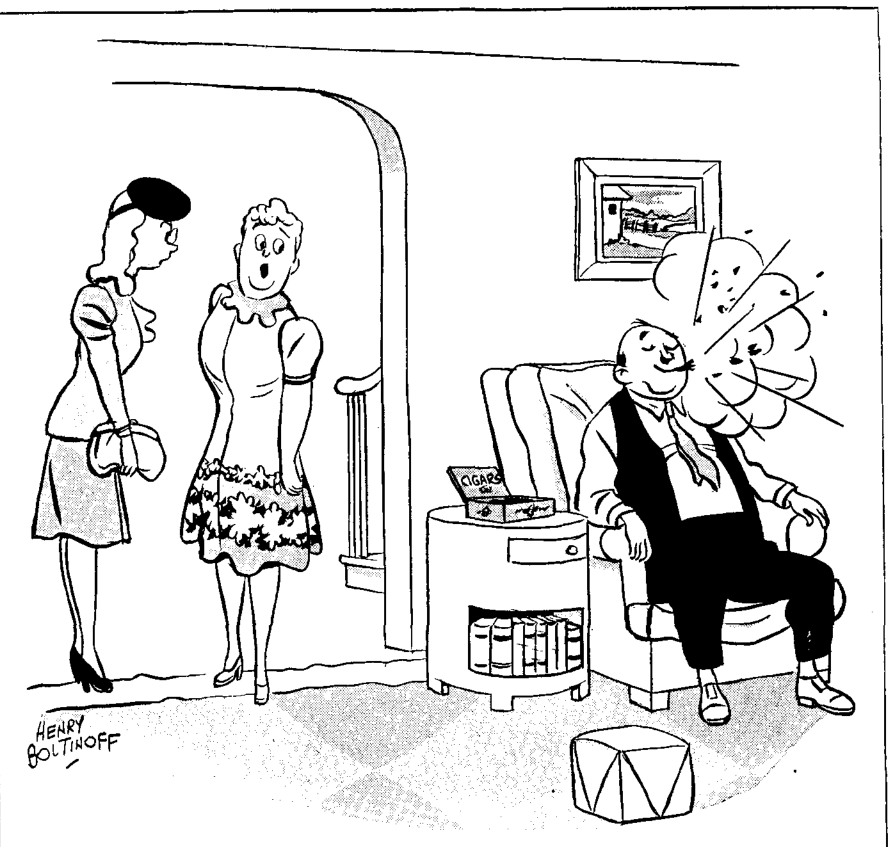
Much Fuss and No Aluminum

Mr. Ickes believes that the Aluminum Company of America is a monopoly. And this belief creates an unbridgeable gulf between the company and Mr. Ickes. Whether the company is a monopoly within the definition of the federal law is a question the courts have long since begun to struggle with. In the meantime, the Office of Production Management wants aluminum for planes and other war-making devices. The government proposes to build a dozen aluminum factories. But that will take time. The Aluminum Company of America declares itself ready to increase its output immediately—provided Secretary Ickes will allot to it the government-generated electric power it needs. And Mr. Ickes, under whose supervision are the Tennessee Valley Authority, Bonneville Dam and other federal power producers, refuses to play ball with the Aluminum Company. It's a fearsomely complicated situation out of which no aluminum is derived. Perhaps by the time you've read this, the White House will have taken a hand. After the Military Affairs Committee had listened to Mr. Ickes and the Aluminum Company of America, it sighed deeply and wrote down a few conclusions. We give you an excerpt:

"The aluminum industry relies on power—electric power. The unwillingness of some government officials to provide hydroelectric energy from government dams in such an emergency as exists today is at least shortsighted. Whatever may be the merits of the controversy between these so-called monopolies and the Administration, it is the sense of this committee that a squabble at this time on the subject of monopoly is a tragic and sorry spectacle indeed."

Among other official places wherein Mr. Ickes is not a popular hero are the War Department, the Navy Department, the offices of the Attorney General, the Treasury Department, the State Department, the Interior Department, Congress, the Federal Power Commission, the OPM, the RFC, the FCC and—ah well, what's the use. Mr. Ickes doesn't give a damn. If he wins the additional burden of administering all of the country's electric power—privately generated as well as federal and municipal—you'll probably see no more night baseball games. Broadways and Main Streets will lose their nightly glitter. Perhaps you'll have to put a few of your power-consuming household gadgets into storage for the duration. Indeed it may become so bad that housewives will have to learn to wield the old-fashioned broom, vacuum cleaners being forbidden. Mr. Ickes, thus empowered, may issue such regulations because power must be allotted to munitions makers.

But not to the Aluminum Company of America, if Mr. Ickes can help it. Quite a number of Mr. Ickes' ill-wishers say that in spite of his somewhat advanced years he does not wave off as utter nonsense suggestions that he might be a candidate for the presidential nomination sometime. But majority opinion has it that it is now a contest between Mr. Ickes and the war emergency—which will last the longer. The large number of people who wouldn't be surprised at anything Mr. Ickes does are prepared to see him move in on the OPM and any or all of the other new emergency bureaus created by Mr. Roosevelt—sort of take the whole emergency over and make a man of it. Our own guess, while not too important, is that Mr. Ickes will survive the emergency and the war and live to investigate the whole mess, pinning the entire responsibility with loud cries on Mr. Hitler who, in Mr. Ickes' opinion, is strictly Big Biz.



"Somebody gave him a box of them, and after the first couple he got used to them!" HENRY BOLTINOFF

The Fight Goes On

Continued from page 18

waters of the Western Hemisphere, the proximity of Greenland and Iceland as possible bases of occupation by the Nazis, the closeness of West Africa and its adjacent islands to the coast of Brazil, the development of bombers with lightning speed and tremendous cruising radius—all of these seemed to shrink the distance which the American people had grown to believe existed between the battlefields of Europe and their own shores.

In June of 1940, as France was falling under the quick attack of the Nazi juggernaut, two things appeared to be perfectly clear. First, that America must at once and with the greatest possible speed arm itself with all the new machinery of war. Second, that the chief hope upon which America could rely for the necessary time required to carry on this rearmament program was the continuance of the British resistance to the Nazis. American industrial capacity had not been geared to wartime production. It had been engaged only in manufacture of peacetime products. To change it from a peace status to a war status would take time. To gain that time it was necessary for Great Britain to maintain its defense, for if Britain were to fall it was clear that we would have to face the Nazis alone—and we were not physically prepared to do so.

The Navy Comes Back

Therefore the two great objectives—our own rearmament and our aid to Britain and the other democracies resisting the Nazis—were tied together hand in hand.

Even before the war began in 1939, national defense had begun to engage the serious attention and concern of our government.

As a matter of fact, back in 1933 this administration started to build up the American Navy, which by that time had been allowed to deteriorate into an unbelievably inferior condition. As early as the NRA days of 1933, the sum of $238,000,000 was set aside out of NRA appropriations for public works, for the purpose of beginning to build up the Navy. This was the commencement of a program to bring the United States Navy up to the treaty limitations which had been set by the London Naval Limitation Treaty of 1930 and the earlier Washington Naval Limitation Treaty of 1922.

From then on, increased appropriations for our Navy had, by 1940, brought it back to a high state of efficiency, equipment and striking power—to occupy the position among the navies of the world which it should. Expenditures for both the Army and the Navy rose rapidly.

During these years, as I have pointed out in the Introduction to the 1939 volume, the United States was doing its utmost to promote peace throughout the world, to prevent aggression against small nations and to preserve the integrity of treaty agreements. It was becoming obvious, however, that the dictator nations were determined to continue to pile up their armaments so that they would be in a position to dictate their objectives by force rather than reach them by conference; that they were set upon a systematic course of treaty violations, and upon a program of aggression against any nation which stood in their way.

By the beginning of 1938 this had become so clear to us that the matter of national defense became one of predominant concern. Thereafter, although not relenting in its efforts to promote world peace, the United States began to pay prime consideration to building up its national defense. On December 28, 1937, in a letter to the Appropriations Committee of the House of Representatives, I expressed the growing concern of the government over the fact that "in the world as a whole many nations are not only continuing but are enlarging their armament programs." In that letter I announced that I would probably send supplementary estimates for increased appropriations for the Navy.

On January 28, 1938, in a special message to the Congress, I requested increased armaments for defense. In that message I called attention again to the efforts which the United States had made to find a way to limit and reduce armaments, and to the failure of those efforts. I called attention to the "unprecedented and alarming rate" of rearmament throughout the world, and to the necessity of our meeting that condition by arming ourselves for defense.

In the following year, 1939, even before the outbreak of the war, in the annual budget message, and in special messages dated January 12, 1939, January 26, 1939, March 4, 1939, and April 29, 1939, I asked the Congress again and again for additional appropriations for national defense for the Army, the Navy, and the Air Force.

These additional appropriations were, in each instance, passed by the Congress. It is interesting to note, however, that some of the present leading isolationists in the Congress not only voted against these appropriations to build up our national defense, but actually argued and propagandized against them.

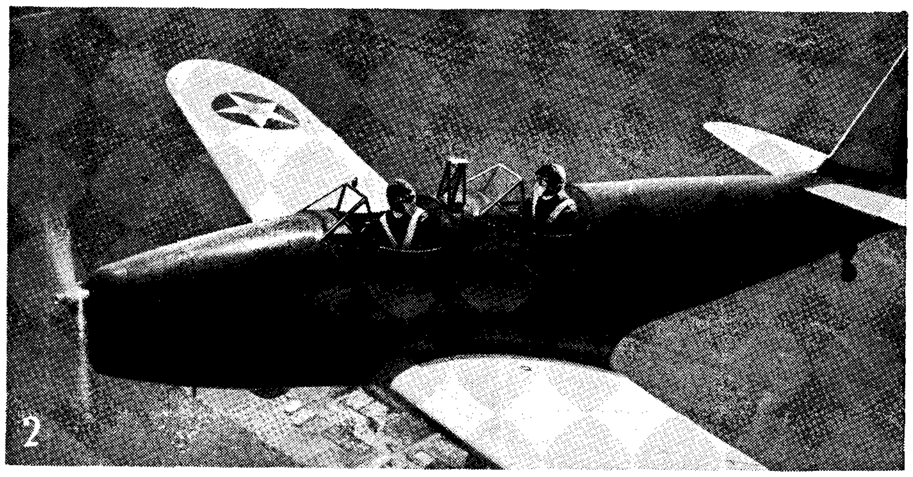
In 1940, when the full striking force of the Nazi war machine had been demonstrated to the world, the tempo of our defense efforts began to take on a pace commensurate with the obvious danger. On May 16, 1940, during the invasion of France, I sent another message to the Congress calling attention to the new lightning speed of warfare, and asking for appropriations to enable production to be geared up to a possible capacity of 50,000 planes a year, stating my belief that we should immediately plan a program which would provide us with 50,000 military and naval planes as soon as possible. I asked for an appropriation of about a billion dollars immediately. Two weeks later, on May 31, I made an additional request for appropriations of over a billion dollars. A month and a half later, on July 10, 1940, I again asked the Congress for additional authorizations of almost five billion dollars for national defense, of which more than two billion was to be spent during the coming year. Since then has come the appropriation of seven billion dollars for carrying out the provisions of the Lend-Lease Act.

Arm Ourselves—Help Britain

By the fall of 1940, the twofold purpose of arming ourselves to the teeth, and at the same time helping Great Britain and the other democracies had become the aim of the vast majority of the American people. By that time, it had been made clear that Great Britain had the courage and stamina to resist the Nazi attack, with the assistance of the limited war supplies which we had been able to send to her up to then.

There was, however, a minority of the American people who were opposed to these twin objectives. Although they were a minority, they formed a very powerful group. They were powerful

Meet Chief Pilot Fulton M. Moore, in charge of flight operations at Parks Air College, East St. Louis, Ill., where hundreds of...



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because they had large funds at their disposal for propaganda purposes. They were powerful because they had the support of some of the largest newspapers and newspaper chains in the country. They were powerful because they could command the services of a handful of United States senators who knew that they had the power to filibuster, and who were willing to use that power, if necessary, to gain their ends.

This group included the defeatists who preached that Hitler was invincible and could not be beaten. It included the appeasers who thought that the best way to get along in the world was to appease Hitler. It included some businessmen and financiers who urged that Americans could do business with Hitler, and could make fat profits in the process, especially after the rest of the world had been vanquished by Hitler's arms. It included a small number of conscientious but misguided American citizens who thought that the way to peace was to put their heads in the sand and refuse to look at the storms abroad. It included all of the bundists, fascists and, before the war between Russia and Germany, all the subversive Communists. It also included all of the groups in the United States committed to racial and religious intolerance and bigotry.

This minority urged that the thing for the United States to do was to insist upon a negotiated peace, and thereafter to try to get along, in a business and in a diplomatic way, as well as possible, albeit humbly, with Hitler. For, according to them, Great Britain and the rest of the world were as good as conquered.

The People Know the Situation

The majority of the American people, however, has become thoroughly convinced of the fallacy—to say nothing of the immorality and degradation—of these arguments. They have clearly thought things through and have outlined for themselves their true situation.

It has now become apparent that the very physical security of the United States is at stake. The United States has, in its history, been actively engaged in several wars with foreign nations; but now for the first time, even though not actually at war, its physical safety and independence are being threatened. It has also become clear that democracy itself, as an institution and as a way of life, is in the same danger. For the plan of the Nazis now appears in its true light—to dominate the entire world not only physically but ideologically. What the Nazis hope to accomplish—and they are trying to make good that hope—is the political and physical control of the entire world, and with it the imposition of their own so-called "new order."

This "new order," it is obvious, is merely the old order of tyranny and enslavement of other peoples. It is an order in which there is no liberty, no religion, and no hope.

The majority of the American people now realize that if Great Britain succumbs to the Nazis, the Nazis will be in full control of the four continents of Europe, Asia, Africa, and Australia—and, what is more, will be in full control of the high seas. We know what Nazi control of the seas would mean to our commerce and our safety. So long as the friendly British navy is in existence, we need not fear that the freedom of the seas will be endangered. But if Great Britain were to fall, particularly if its navy were to be surrendered or immobilized, the seas of the world might fall under Nazi domination.

And even without actual Nazi control of the seas, we have learned how narrow the oceans which separate us from the wars abroad have become. The speed of modern bombers and their ability to fly untold distances without refueling, have brought home to us how near the coast of Africa and the Cape Verde Islands and the Azores are to our own shores. The Tripartite agreement among Japan, Italy and the Nazis in September of 1940 has served to emphasize not only to the United States but to the entire Western Hemisphere how direct and how menacing is this threat of the dictator powers toward all of the Western World.

Yes, the American people are realistic enough to understand what a Hitler victory would mean for the United States and for the Western Hemisphere—what it would mean to the American farmer, the laborer, the housewife, to every citizen in our land. Above all, they know what it would mean to live at the point of a Nazi gun, as do the occupied countries of Europe today.

They know how hopeless it is to attempt to preserve American freedom, if the freedom of every other nation and of every other people has been taken away. They reject the idea of a pact with Germany or of a negotiated peace, for they have before them the tragic experiences of so many other nations which had placed their hope and reliance on agreements with Hitler. From the time of the Nazi invasion of Norway down to the Nazi invasion of Russia, the Nazis have proven over and over again that a treaty or a pact means nothing to them, and that the most solemn obligations impose no barriers to their ruthlessness.

AFTER 3 PLAYS
RETURN TO
COLBY U.
BENCH

KIRK STILES

For Our Own Self-Interest

Do business with Hitler? Live at peace with Hitler? The only peace possible with Hitler is the peace that comes from complete surrender. How can one speak of a negotiated peace in this war when a peace treaty would be as binding upon the Nazis as the bond of gangsters and outlaws?

The course that the American people have now taken for themselves, in their "all-out" aid to Great Britain and other nations resisting the aggression of dictators, is a course prompted fundamentally by hardheaded self-interest and self-concern. The "lend-lease" program under which America is now vigorously acting as the arsenal for all victims of aggression is founded on the principle that the best interest of the United States is served by helping every nation able and willing to fight Hitler to carry on its fight. It is based on the knowledge that every day that the fight continues brings the cause of democracy closer to victory, and keeps the war farther away from our shores. Our policy is not based primarily on a desire to preserve democracy for the rest of the world. It is based primarily on a desire to protect the United States and the Western Hemisphere from the effects of a Nazi victory upon ourselves and upon our children.

That is why the aid we are now giving to Britain and to all who resist the Nazis is so closely tied up with our own defense. Under the "lend-lease" program, our own rearming process is completely geared in with the process of helping the other nations carry on their own fight at the same time. All arms and munitions are now being manufactured at the order of the United States Government; and the United States Government determines for itself how it can best serve its own interest with these arms and munitions—what it should keep for itself and what it should send abroad to carry on the fight against Hitler. That determination is based solely upon what is best for the United States, having always in mind the clear fact that the best interests of the United States require continued resistance to Hitler wherever possible, by any nation that is willing and able to fight him. Our best interests are served by helping all others who resist, instead of waiting for them to fall and finding ourselves the next in line for Nazi attack.

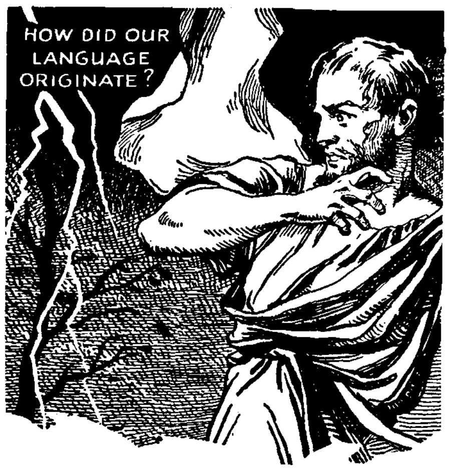
A United America Stands Ready

Modern warfare has given us a new definition for that word "attack." There was a time when we could afford to say that we would not fight unless attacked, and then wait until the physical attack came upon us before starting to shoot. Modern techniques of warfare have changed all that. An attack today is a very different thing. An attack today begins as soon as any base has been occupied from which our security is threatened. That base may be thousands of miles away from our own shores. The American Government must, of necessity, decide at which point any threat of attack against this hemisphere has begun; and to make their stand when that point has been reached.

Never in our history have we embarked upon so great an effort to produce the implements of war as that in which we are now engaged. That effort is the effort of a united American people who have successfully withstood the attempts of Nazi agents, and of the small minority group I have mentioned, to disunite them, to becloud their vision and to hinder their purpose. As this is being written, in July of 1941, nothing appears on the horizon to deter them from carrying their purpose through to its final conclusion. It is a purpose dedicated to the future security of America, to the continuance of freedom and democracy among all men of good will everywhere, and to the preservation of religion and humanity among the civilized peoples of the earth.

White House
Washington, D. C.
July 17, 1941.

Next week's article shows how the Lend-Lease Bill is operating and is taken from the President's explanatory notes in his forthcoming "Public Papers and Addresses"



Astonished

actually means thunderstruck

WHEN we trace our modern English word *astonish* back through the Middle English *astonien* and Old French *estoner*, we find its original source in Latin *ex*, "out," combined with *tonare*, "to thunder." The first meaning of *astonish* was "to stun," "to render senseless," as by a thunderbolt or a blow. But the word has lost its physical significance and now suggests great surprise, sudden fear, or wonder.

This is one of the thousands of interesting word origins given in the unabridged Merriam-Webster, WEBSTER'S NEW INTERNATIONAL DICTIONARY, Second Edition. This great reference book provides a wealth of general information. It contains 600,000 entries—122,000 *more entries* than any other dictionary. 12,000 terms illustrated; 3,350 pages. *WARNING:* The only genuine Webster is the MERRIAM-Webster. Look for the Merriam-Webster name and circular trade-mark on the cover. Ask your bookdealer to show it to you. Write for free illustrated booklet of interesting word origins to G. & C. Merriam Company, 729 Federal Street, Springfield, Massachusetts.

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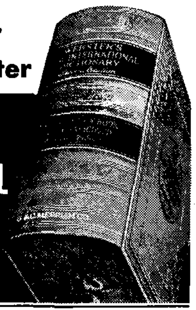

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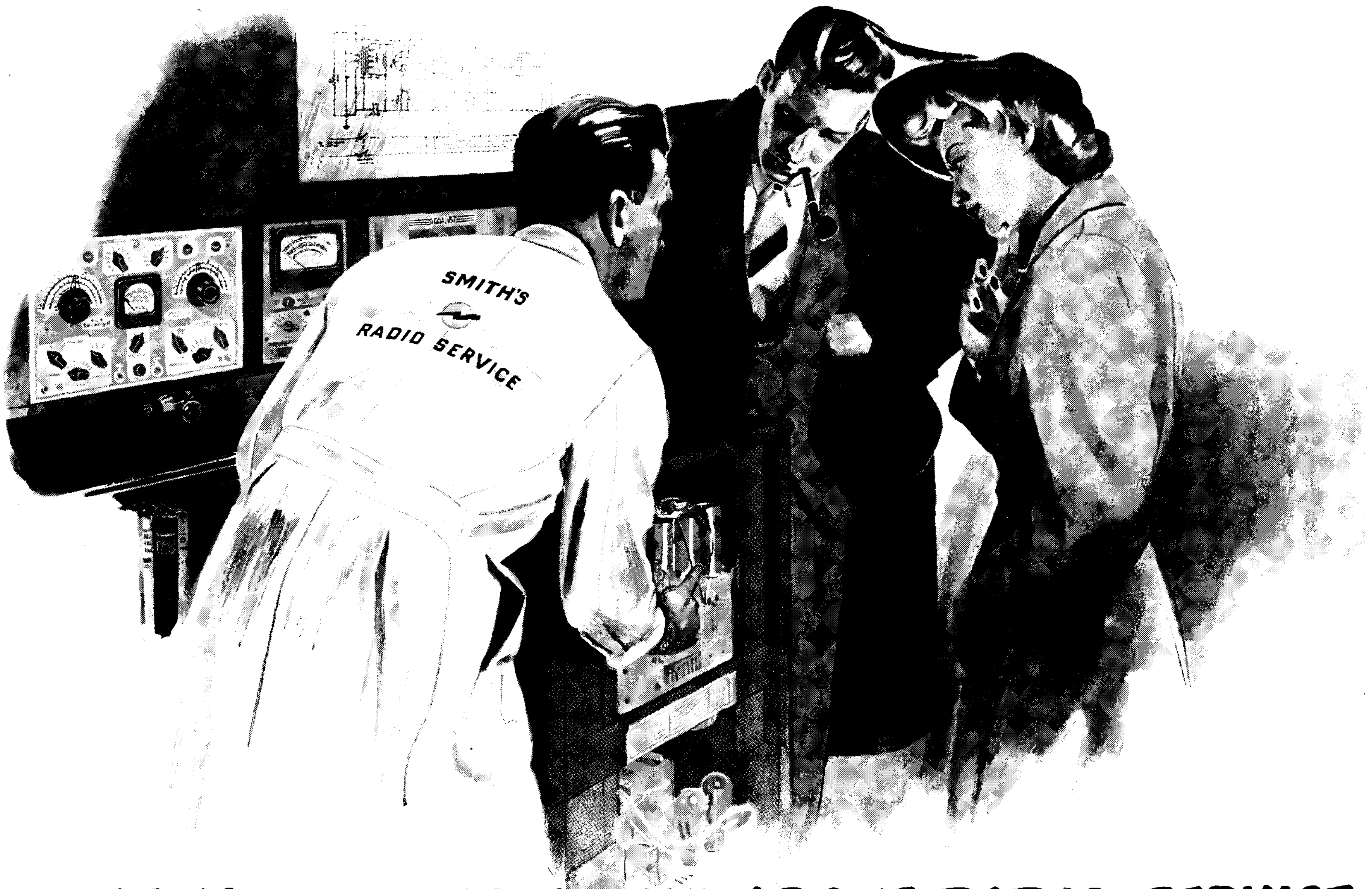

WHAT YOU SHOULD KNOW ABOUT RADIO SERVICE

During the National Emergency

In this National Emergency, our radios become increasingly important to us all. They keep us in touch with our Government's Defense Program and other events of the utmost significance. They stand as safeguards to national unity and as aids to national defense. Thus, the desirability of keeping old radios operating efficiently becomes evident—and especially so in view of present limitations on the production of new receivers, caused by shortages of certain essential materials.

Actually, the average radio receiver requires little attention. What it does require, however, should not be neglected.

WHEN DOES A RADIO NEED SERVICE ?

It is seldom wise to wait for service until a radio stops operating entirely. As a rule, any receiver that has been in use for 18 months or more will benefit from a routine service check-up at a probable cost of not more than $1.50 or $2, depending on local rates. Most old receivers could be greatly improved, simply by the replacement of worn tubes. In other cases, the realignment of tuned circuits, the replacement of worn volume controls or other parts may make an amazing difference.

HAVE YOU A "RADIO EAR" ?

Deterioration in essential radio parts may result in noise, distortion, tuning difficulties, weak volume, poor tone and other annoying factors. Often, this occurs so gradually you are not fully aware of it. Your ear comes to accept inferior reception as good reception, or you take poor operation for granted. With occasional attention from a competent technician, however, your radio should continue to perform satisfactorily for many years.

WHAT OF SERVICE CHARGES ?

The reliable technician—and you'll have no trouble locating such a man—is equipped for fast, economical service on any radio. He will charge on the basis of time required, plus standard prices for any tubes or parts used. For minor jobs, he will probably charge his advertised minimum service fee. This is sound business practice—for your protection as well as for his.

It is also sound practice for the service shop to have modern test instruments. RCA service equipment, for instance, permits testing along the lines followed in the RCA Laboratories, and in RCA radio manufacturing. Such equipment is conducive to better, faster and hence more economical work.

It is sound practice for a radio serviceman to explain just what is required to repair your radio. No reliable technician will hesitate to do this. Moreover, he will search beyond the immediate point of trouble and, if necessary, recommend replacement of other parts which show signs of deterioration.

MODERNIZING OLD RADIOS

He may also suggest ways to modernize your radio, such as by adding a record player, by installing a noise-reducing antenna, or by some other means.

Throughout his business, he follows the same principles which guide any good professional man. He knows you will judge him, not by "quacks" which exist in his, as well as in other professions, but solely by his ability for reliable, economical service in making your radio perform better and last longer.

CHOOSING A RADIO SERVICEMAN

Like any other good business man, the reliable radio technician is best known by his reputation, by his skill, by his associations, by his equipment, by the manufacturers he represents, and by his standing in the community.

Although Radio itself may be a mystery to you, these common-sense business principles are not. Judge by them, and you will have no difficulty choosing the right man—whether he be the dealer from whom your radio was purchased, a well-established *independent serviceman*, a *department store*, or any other concern offering modern radio service facilities.

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Start with the Cooling System. Be sure that it's *clean... repair the leaks* ... let it give your car proper cooling —for safe, trouble-free performance!

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LHS GENUINE IMPORTED BRIAR
Sculptured PUREX

The ultimate in pipe perfection LHS Certified Purex $3.50

M—A—N Spells Wonderful

Continued from page 21

He had drinks and she, being a teacher and awake to tomorrow's duties, had lemonade. Once she said, "If you're going to get that job tomorrow oughtn't you to get some sleep?"

"I'm celebrating," he said. "Come on, let's go for another taxi ride."

She knew the kiss was on its way a long time before it arrived. His arm came around her shoulders; she wanted to stiffen them and couldn't. The wheels of the taxi went s-lick s-lick and Lon said dreamily, "That must be Rock Creek Park."

She looked out of the window and somehow that made his face come closer. They froze like that for a few blocks, until a rut in the road jarred them almost nose to nose. Her skin was hot, as though his face warmed it and her lips softened. But she spoke valiantly because it wouldn't be fair not to.

"I think I've got a cold," she said, careful not to breathe in his face.

"I never catch cold," he said, and his lips came fully over hers. The kiss lasted a long time. She spent, in it, every yearning she had ever had.

When they broke he said harshly, "I didn't expect a kiss like that."

Her cheek still lay against his, the fierceness of his voice startled her and she sat up.

"I mean, that was the real stuff," he said. "You've got to like a guy a lot to kiss him like that."

She crept into the corner, ashamed. "I . . . guess that's right," she said.

In a businesslike manner he opened the cab window, offered her a cigarette. "Well then, let's skip it," he said.

"You're too nice a gal, Minnie. I couldn't lead you on, after that."

She refused the cigarette as she had refused them all since they had left Otwanda. She was very shaky but she had to find out what he meant. "Lead me on?" she asked.

"Well, honey," and the "honey" was like a comradely slap on the back, "that was what I'd call a 'marrying' kiss. And did you ever know a foreign correspondent to have a wife?"

She thought about it because it really seemed to be a question. "No . . ." she said, though she wasn't sure.

"It's tough," he said, the light of his cigarette sinking and swelling in the dark, "but that's the way it is. He travels fastest who travels alone." He rapped on the glass partition and the driver turned toward home.

Oh, dreariness. Oh, humiliation. She couldn't say anything. After a little, he reached across and took her gloved hand. "Don't be sore, that's a good girl. I was just trying to shoot square."

SHE tried to make herself think how fine it was of him not to take advantage of her. But just then she discovered there are limits to what you can do with the mind.

Later, in the dim warmth of the hotel corridor, before her door, he took her hand. He whispered, intimately as though they were locked away from everyone, though of course he just did it to keep from waking Marshall. "You're fine, Minnie," he told her. "You're very sweet. You'll make somebody a wonderful wife. Somebody who isn't going to go high-tailing it over the world." He came down over her, and she learned for the first time that his eyes weren't blue at all, but green with brown edges. He was going to kiss her again. . . . But, "Ah-uh, mustn't touch," he said. "Good night. Meet you at the bee." And, cheerfully, was gone.

By morning she had the biggest and newest thing in colds—one mixed with unrequited affection. At breakfast, Marshall ate magnificently while she neglected her coffee, looking about the dining room for Lon Waterford. She couldn't help herself. I can look, can't I? But he wasn't there. Nor in the lobby where she met the rest of the contestants and their guardians. Nor was he in the auditorium of the public building in which the bee was to be held. By ten o'clock they were all assembled, tense and buzzing, to watch the thirty children mount the platform and take their chairs. But Mr. Lon Waterford of the Otwanda Express was absent . . . to Minuette Mintern, conspicuously absent.

The audience gave itself a good big settle, the bottom of each human to the seat of each chair, and the national spelling bee began.

There was a good deal of ceremony about the contest. A Mrs. McHaig, a good, strong woman, "called" the words. She hollowed all vowels and slapped all consonants, no mistaking what she said. Three judges, men like grim listening fates, stood behind each contestant as he or she spelled. Six ears awaiting error. The children sat in two rows, the small ones in front, the large behind.

There were more girls than boys, and all the girls had handkerchiefs.

Minuette Mintern had great respect for spelling, and since Marshall had started his career as champion speller she had seen many bees. But nothing as important as this, ever. She was glad she needn't be up there on the platform.

The caller called, the judges passed from one to the next and, in turn, each contestant rose, pronounced the word carefully, spelled it with a rigid face and sat down again. There would be no arguments with this crew, Minuette could tell.

Ill as she was, she had to think very sad thoughts so she would not laugh during that first round of the bee. The children all came from different sections of the country, they had been placed without any geographical division and the accents which came out of those careful young mouths were astonishing. She had had no idea that there were so many ways of speaking American.

THERE was the golden child from Indiana who drawled. . . .

The poised boy from New England who pronounced "heart," "hat". . . .

The Southern girl who pronounced every "n" as though it were "in," and who always seemed to be getting words like "innocent" to spell! She made it ah-in-in-o-see-ee-in-tee.

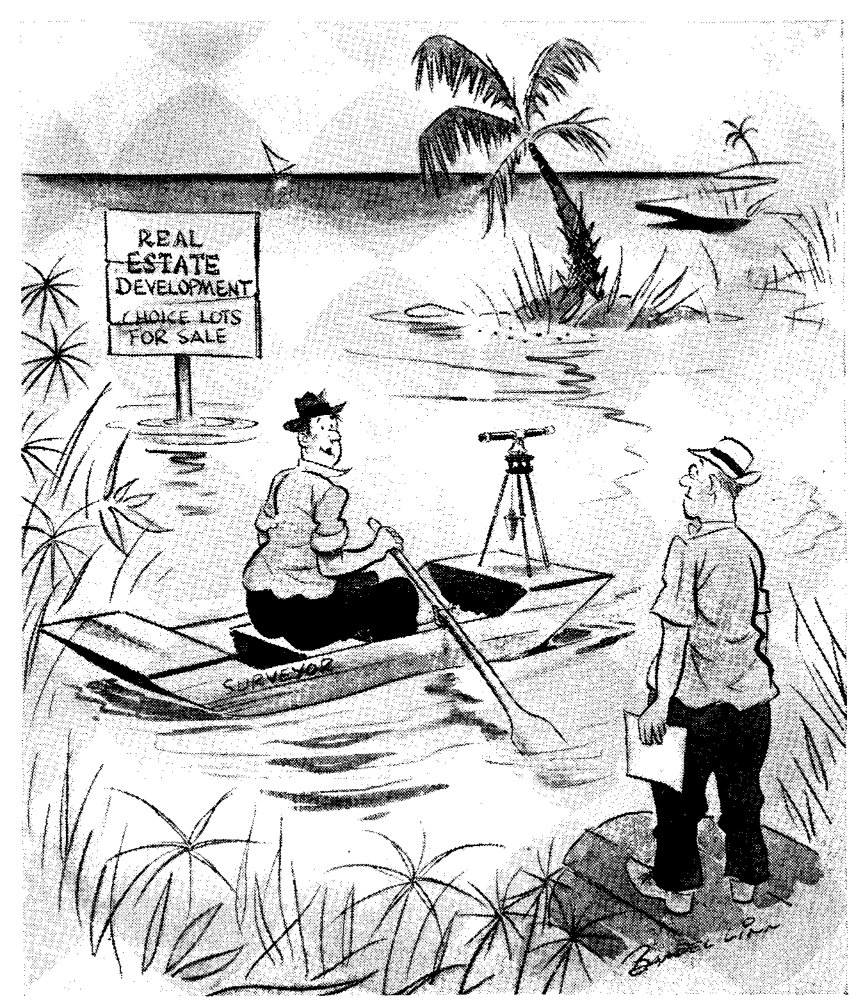
There was Ruth Eleanor, the girl who had sat across last night's banquet table. She was a different kind of Southerner: her voice spilled cream.

And Marshall, whose flat Middle Western speech suddenly surprised Minuette. Why, to some people, she thought, I'll bet that sounds like an accent too!

The first round was an easy one, but even so a very small girl went down on "receive" and came weeping into the audience. The lady who called the words asked the audience to clap for each child who missed and they obliged, politely.

"I-before-E," Minuette said to herself, "*except* after C, or *when* pronounced A as in neighbor and weigh!"

The little girl who had missed sat very close to Minuette; she wore socks and a pink gingham dress and she flung her-



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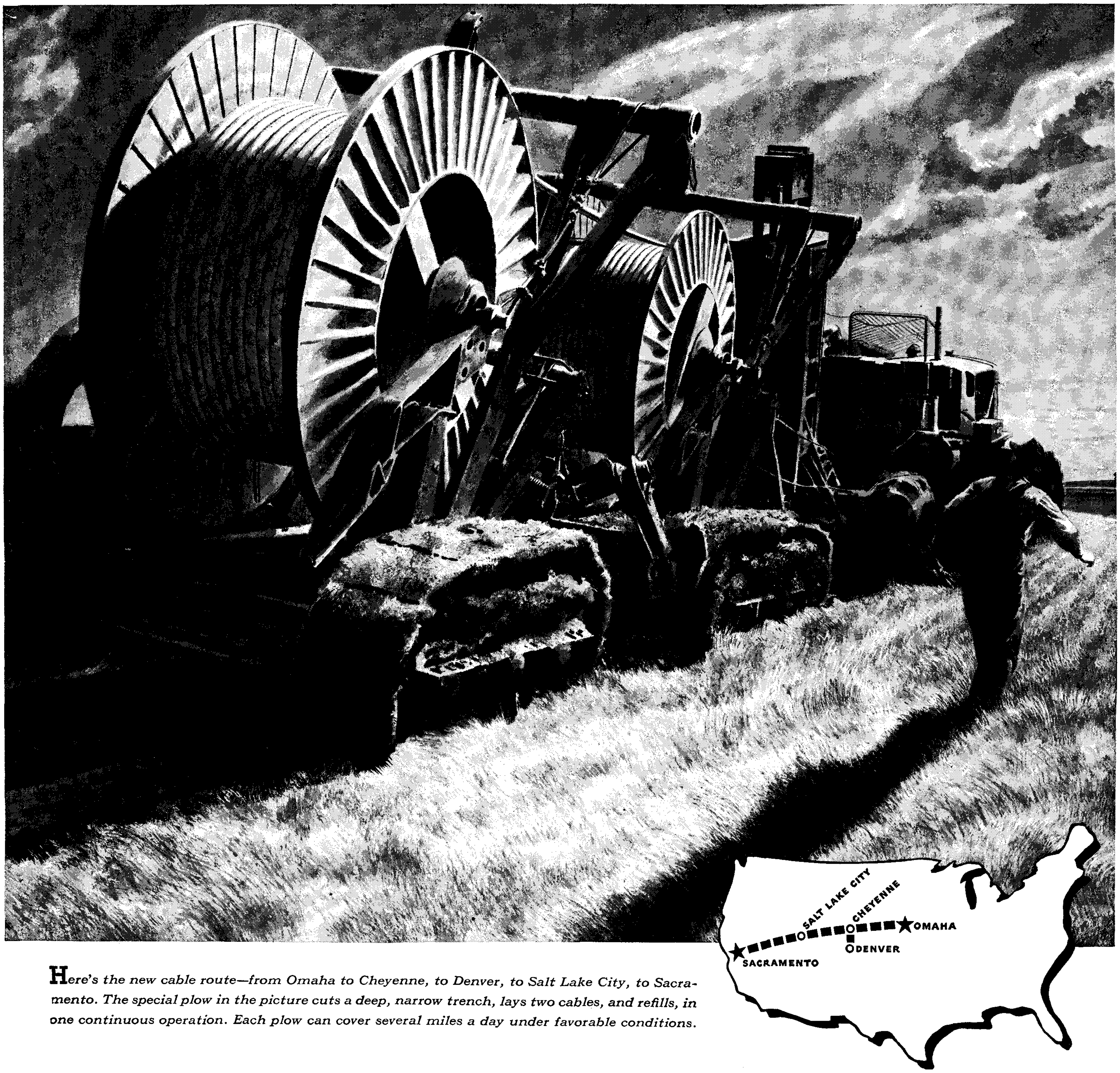

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self into her mother's arms saying, "But I knew it, Mom . . . honest I *knew* it!"

"Shh . . ." her mother said comfortingly, and the contest went on.

On the next round a boy with clenched fists missed *diphtheria,* having almost swallowed his tongue pronouncing it. The audience clapped harder, *diphtheria* had its respect.

The words began to grow longer: *incinerator, dietitian, manufacturers* . . . that was a trick one, the speller might forget to add the "s" . . . *plebeian, effigy, reincarnation, magnanimous.* The children rose and sat, the accents and the voices changed . . . and Ruth Eleanor seemed to have been right: they didn't go down on the long words. For a time there were just those two empty seats on the platform.

Minuette looked at Ruth Eleanor with respect; she was pale but smiling and she never failed to smooth her skirt when she sat down. A young woman to watch! Marshall, on the other hand, was much less precise: he lounged out of his chair and back into it, he rubbed his nose with the back of his hand and scratched his pants leg with the sole of his foot. But he didn't miss . . . he spelled his words efficiently and without hesitation. He's bound to win, Minuette thought.

THE strain began to tell on the audience. Lips moved silently, spelling the words with the contestants; when, at last, a third child was defeated, on *promissory,* a man in the rear of the auditorium broke into something which sounded like swearing, quickly swallowed.

Then, popcorn in a hot pan, they began to explode. Four in a row missed four different words, *colonnade, restaurant* (which a dark girl had thought was spelled resteraunt), *vilify,* and *tantamount,* which the unhappy speller considered an earth formation, ending with "d."

It began to look disastrous; the line was cracking!

Then, psychologically timed, there was a rest period for drinking water and relaxation. The audience went backstage and mingled with the spellers. Some had brought spelling books for additional firing-line coaching. Minuette went up to Marshall and, smiling, said, "You're doing fine. How do you feel?"

Marshall said of the national spelling bee: "It's a cinch." He took a drink of water and a jelly bean from a hip pocket. "Where's that guy Mr. Waterford?"

A teacher is supposed to know everything and since Minuette did not know the location of Mr. Waterford she changed the subject.

"Marshall," she said, "I think perhaps we ought to work a little. All the other children seem to be coaching."

Marshall put his hand into his pocket, brought it out empty. "You didn't happen to bring that sack of candy I had, did you, Miss Mintern? It was right on my dresser."

After rest period the words went on and on. Minuette's head ached, she had brought no extra aspirin with her, and sometimes her vision seemed to waver. If only Lon would come, just in case she fainted or something, so there'd be one of them to keep an eye on Marshall. The hours dragged on and on—it took some time to trip thirty champion spellers—and no Lon. Maybe they made him start right out being a Washington correspondent, she thought, maybe. . . .

The scene glazed, and when it focused again she forced herself to be attentive to the contest. There were only four children left on the platform. Four lonely little children, the three prowling judges and the iron-voiced word pronouncer. One of the children was Ruth Eleanor, two others were large girls, one blond, the other red-haired and freckled. The fourth was Marshall.

Lord love him, she thought with sudden tenderness. There he sits, winning his contest. She could actually see now the man Marshall would be, the great oak spreading from the little acorn.

It was the big blond girl's turn. She looked older than the others: she had taken to lipstick, and a charm bracelet rattled on her arm as she stood.

"*Philately,*" said the caller.

The girl looked dazed. Minuette thought anxiously, Doesn't *anyone* in her family collect stamps? She wanted them all to win, suddenly. But the charm-bracelet girl said "ph-i-l-a-t-a-l-e-y"; the judges solemnly consulted their dictionary, and then, to that accompaniment of clapping hands, like drums beating the traitor out of the army . . . there were only three.

"*Incipient*" said the caller to Ruth Eleanor, and she spelled it sweetly, correctly, smoothing her skirt as she sat.

The red-haired girl got "*plenipotentiary,*" swallowed, spelled halfway through it, stopped for a short aeon and finished it triumphantly.

It was Marshall's turn. Minuette's breath lagged. "*Envelop,*" said the caller and Minuette relaxed.

Marshall evacuated his chair, calmly spelled *envelope,* without hesitating a second, and sat down again confidently, not realizing he had missed. It took a few seconds for them to make it clear to him. Then he came down the aisle to a fluff of applause and sat beside Minuette. Looking at him, she no longer saw the mighty oak. It had crawled back inside a rather pale little acorn.

"That was wonderful, Marshall," she whispered. "You're third out of thirty!"

"Can we go now?" He did not look at her. "I want to go."

"No," she whispered, shocked. "None of the other children are leaving. We can't go till it's over."

"I want to go."

"No," she said, the commander of the sixth grade at Otwanda Grade School. "Watch the spelling bee."

He sat still after that but he did not raise his head; he would not regard the last two contestants.

BACK and forth, the caller seesawed now from the red-haired girl to Ruth Eleanor, from Ruth Eleanor to the red-haired girl. Desperately Minuette tried to keep track of it, but what went through her eyes did not connect with her brain; she had no idea of what had happened until the red-haired girl stepped down and suddenly there were photographers below the platform, flash bulbs exploding, and Ruth Eleanor in her nice, unwrinkled dress was having her picture taken.

Now there seemed to be swarms of ex-spellers, all with autograph books, armed with pens and pencils besieging one another for signatures. Those who asked Marshall were turned away unobliged by him.

"Marshall," she said, touching his arm, "you've simply got to be a good loser!" He would not look at her nor speak.

"Marshall!" Minuette said, and then: "Lon! thank goodness you're here. Marshall is upset about losing the spelling bee and I want you to tell him it doesn't matter . . . that he did a good job . . ."

"Listen, Minnie," Lon said; "I just stopped in here for a minute so you wouldn't worry about me. I've got a slight headache and I'm going on back to the hotel right away."

"A headache . . . ?"

"Yes. It's a long story but after waiting for hours for that lug . . . hours! . . . he didn't remember me when he saw me!"

Ruth Eleanor drifted into the row in front of theirs, stopped facing Marshall. "I just wanted to shake hands with you, Nebraska," she said; "I'm awfully sorry I was so lucky. . . ."

Marshall sat, head hanging, as quiet as a slaughtered calf.

On the other side of Minuette, Lon rose: "I'll be in my room . . . ring me when you come in!"

SUDDENLY Miss Minuette Mintern was angry enough to feel very well for a moment. "You stand up," she said, poking Marshall. "You stand up and shake hands with Ruth Eleanor before I make you. And *you!*" She had a fierce hand on Lon Waterford's arm: "You sit down! You stay here!"

The one stood, the other sat. The one gave Ruth Eleanor a hand like a piece of veal. The other looked carefully at Miss Mintern's profile. "I didn't get the job," he said. "I guess you don't understand."

"Quiet!" she said, and to Marshall: "You'll sign every autograph book in this place and you'll *smile!* Smile, do you hear! And then we're going to walk out of here, the three of us. We'll hold our heads up and look delighted. Delighted!"

More or less, they did. They walked out into the light-aired Southern day and there were dozens of big, famous government buildings all around them and miles of tailored, green lawn. Miss Mintern walked fast on her fine legs because if she didn't they would splinter at the knees. She had a superb fury, a comforting, consuming wrath. "You didn't get the job!" she told Lon Waterford, "I understood it all right. But you didn't do your job either . . . the job you were brought here to Washington for, that you were paid for . . ."

Marshall interrupted: "Miss Mintern, I don't want to stay in Washington for the trips and stuff. I want to go home."

Wryly, Lon Waterford laughed. "We're sure different, kid," he said; "I don't ever want to go home to Otwanda. Matter of fact I—um—told a few of the boys I wouldn't be coming back. Wow!"

"We're going to stay," she said, "and go on all the trips and enjoy ourselves and get over this. And then," she turned triumphantly on Lon Waterford, "we're going home. *All* of us."

It was fever, no doubt, but she made a speech and they listened. She waved an arm at the big buildings all around them, she said that they had been built by people who did their jobs, by people who would take time to learn the easy words as well as the hard ones, by people who smiled when they were licked and tried again. . . . It didn't bother Miss Mintern at all that she was talking to men, a big one and a little one; she was very proud of herself and beautifully angry.

"You ought to have a pulpit," Lon Waterford said, grinning. "Okay, teacher, we catch on. Hey—what's the matter?" She had put her hand to her head and closed the brown eyes with lights in them.

"I'm miserable," she said.

"M-I-S-E-R-A-B-L-E," Marshall said, unconsciously.

But when they put her into a taxi she was still talking, the last gasp before the flu got her: "You're both so spoiled you aren't even grateful. You won third prize, Marshall . . . a hundred dollars! A hundred dollars and think how you acted."

Lon's arm was around her, naturally, she was so sick. "And what do I get?" Lon asked her.

She looked at him and leaned against him. His fingers, touching her, became warm. He didn't think he had ever been quite as close to anything quite so nice. If he went back to Otwanda—and where else could he go?—within reach of kisses like those this schoolmarm could propound—well, the flesh was weak and some men owe their success to their wives.

"I see what you mean," he said.

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PHOTOGRAPHED FOR COLLIER'S BY CHARLES KERLEE

Things that even coaches don't see appear in Bert Stanley's high-power glasses as he diagnoses the key plays of the team he is scouting and jots down notes. Result: Usually an upset

Bert Stanley sees as many as five big games a weekend on free tickets plus a fee of possibly $750. Not for fun—his 30-page report on each game has saved many a coach's neck

BY CATCHING planes from city to city on week ends during the gridiron season last year, I managed to see thirty-two football games involving forty-five different teams. Before you put me down for a football nut, let me explain that I picked up from $25 to $100 for each game I watched.

I'm a pigskin spy, technically known as a football scout. My work is spying on teams my customers are scheduled to play later in the season.

I don't peek through knotholes in fences, or sit in trees by the practice fields to see what plays the coaches are cooking up. I do all my spying from the press box, as guest of the athletic manager upon whose team I'm spying. The colleges have a gentlemen's agreement to supply each other's official spies with complimentary ducats to games. I look at the same plays that reporters and tens of thousands of spectators are watching, but I see five times as much, I guess, as they do. Anyway, I see enough to make thirty typewritten pages of detailed report on each game I scout.

Using high-powered binoculars, I study the players' strong points and their weaknesses, or what insignificant habits they have developed that may tip off the next play.

One of my assignments last year was spying for Coach Clark Shaughnessy of Stanford, which hadn't beaten the University of Southern California in four years. Shaughnessy's team had come up from the cellar of the Pacific Coast conference so unexpectedly and spectacularly that the players were known as the "Wow Boys." Shaughnessy knew that if he could win over the Trojans he would have pretty clear sailing to the Rose Bowl. My job was to spot the weaknesses in the Trojan line and backfield as revealed by earlier games with other teams.

Sitting up there in the coliseum, surrounded by shouting, jumping, backslapping fans, through my binoculars I could see about thirty square yards of the gridiron. It was easy to see the beads of perspiration on the players' faces.

When each play started, I anticipated it, if I could. If a pass was coming, I checked the men who were out there to receive the ball. When a team kicked I looked to see which player broke through to block the kicker, knowing that it's usually the same fellow who does that in every game. I watched to see if they played man-to-man or zone defense, and what pass defense they had. I looked for something specific on every play. Before the gun went off I had the names and numbers of players memorized. I knew the numbers of about 1,100 players on the Pacific Coast by heart last season. In front of me, I had a dozen sharpened pencils, a notepad and forms on which I jotted down notes, something I have trained myself to do without even taking my eyes out of the binoculars or dropping my cigar.

In the U.S.C.–U.C.L.A. game I noted that U.S.C., as usual, had a powerful and airtight line against their opponents, which meant that Stanford's power plays probably would not work too well when they met the Trojans. So I looked around for some weaknesses and discovered that U.S.C. hadn't developed an accurate passer, nor did he have an ironclad defense against passes. I noted that certain U.S.C. backs shifted from their assigned positions on defense, leaving open spots for passes. This information influenced the strategy Shaughnessy used against the Trojans.

Shaughnessy relied upon decoy strategy in most of his plays, using his quarterback not as an orthodox ball blocker, but to handle the ball on every play so deceptively that, by faking and sometimes deliberately wasting plays, he set up the situation for the touchdown pass. Stanford was fortunate in

(Continued on page 87)

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By handling a complete Del Monte assortment, he saves your time. You don't have to guess—or experiment with a lot of different brands.

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He can get along with a smaller investment in goods — cut down his cost of doing business — serve more customers, more easily and quickly.

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- Alaska Red Salmon
- Sardines
- Shredded Tuna
- Solid Pack Tuna

MISCELLANEOUS
- Catsup
- Chili Sauce
- Pickles
- Preserves
- Tomato Sauce

Murder in Retrospect

Continued from page 16

"A lot of additional pain and grief is caused by honesty," remarked Hercule Poirot.

Meredith Blake looked at him doubtfully. He did not quite like the sentiment. He sighed: "It was a—a most unhappy time for us all."

"The only person who does not seem to have been affected by it was Amyas Crale," said Poirot.

"And why? Because he was a rank egoist. I remember him now. Grinning at me as he went off saying, 'Don't worry, Merry. Everything's going to pan out all right!' "

"The incurable optimist," murmured Poirot.

"He was the kind of man who didn't take women seriously," Meredith Blake said. "*I* could have told him that Caroline was desperate."

"Did she tell you so?"

"Not in so many words. But I shall always see her face as it was that afternoon—white and strained with a kind of desperate gaiety. She talked and laughed a lot. But her eyes—there was a kind of anguished grief in them that was the most moving thing I have ever known. Such a gentle creature, too."

HERCULE POIROT looked at him for a minute or two without speaking. Clearly the man in front of him felt no incongruity in speaking thus of a woman who, on the day after, had deliberately killed her husband.

Meredith Blake went on. He had by now quite overcome his first suspicious hostility. Hercule Poirot had the gift of listening. To men such as Meredith Blake the reliving of the past has a definite attraction. He spoke now almost more to himself than to his famous guest:

"I ought to have suspected something, I suppose. It was Caroline who turned the conversation to—to my little hobby. It was, I must confess, an enthusiasm of mine. The old English herbalists, you know, are a very interesting study. There are so many plants that were formerly used in medicine and which have now disappeared from the official pharmacopoeia. And it's astonishing, really, how a simple decoction of something or other will really work wonders. No need for doctors, half the time. The French understand these things—some of their tisanes are first-rate."

He was well away now on his hobby:

"Dandelion tea, for instance, marvelous stuff. And a decoction of hips—I saw the other day somewhere that that's coming into fashion with the medical profession again. Oh, yes, I must confess, I got a lot of pleasure out of my brews. Gathering the plants at the right time, drying them, macerating them—all the rest of it. I've even dropped to superstition sometimes and gathered my roots at the full of the moon or whatever it was the ancients advised. On that day I gave my guests, I remember, a special disquisition on the spotted hemlock. It flowers biennially. You gather the fruits when they're ripening, just before they turn yellow. Coniine, you know, is a drug that's dropped right out—I don't believe there's any official preparation of it in the last pharmacopoeia—but I've proved the usefulness of it in whooping cough, and in asthma too, for that matter—"

"You talked of all this in your laboratory?"

"Yes, I showed them around, explained the various drugs to them—valerian and the way it attracts cats—one sniff at that was enough for them! Then they asked about deadly nightshade, and I told them about belladonna and atropine. They were very much interested."

"They? What is comprised in that word?"

Meredith Blake looked faintly surprised as though he had forgotten that his listener had no firsthand knowledge of the scene.

"Oh, the whole party. Let me see—Philip was there, and Amyas, and Caroline, of course. Angela. And Elsa Greer."

"That was all?"

"Yes! I think so. Yes, I am sure of it." Blake looked at him curiously. "Who else should there be?"

"I thought perhaps the governess—"

"Oh, I see. No, she wasn't there that afternoon. I believe I've forgotten her name now. Nice woman. Took her duties very seriously. Angela worried her a good deal, I think."

"Why was that?"

"Well, she was a nice kid, but she was inclined to run wild. Always up to something or other. Put a slug or something down Amyas' back one day when he was hard at work painting. He went up in smoke. Cursed her up and down dale. It was after that that he insisted on this school idea."

"Sending her to school?"

"Yes. I don't mean he wasn't fond of her, but he found her a bit of a nuisance sometimes. And I think—I've always thought—"

"Yes?"

"That he was a bit jealous. Caroline, you see, was a slave to Angela. In a way, perhaps, Angela came first with her—and Amyas didn't like that. There was a reason for it, of course. I won't go into that, but—"

Poirot interrupted: "The reason being that Caroline Crale reproached herself for an action that had disfigured the girl."

Blake exclaimed, "Oh, you know that? I wasn't going to mention it. All over and done with. But, yes, that was the cause of her attitude, I think. She always seemed to feel that there was nothing too much she could do—to make up, as it were."

POIROT nodded thoughtfully. "And Angela?" he asked. "Did she bear a grudge against her half sister?"

"Oh, no; don't run away with that idea. Angela was devoted to Caroline. She never gave that old business a thought, I'm sure. It was just Caroline who couldn't forgive herself."

"Did Angela take kindly to the idea of boarding school?"

"No, she didn't. She was furious with Amyas. Caroline took her side, but Amyas had absolutely made his mind up about it. In spite of a hot temper, Amyas was an easy man in most respects, but when he really got his back up everyone *had* to give in. Both Caroline and Angela knuckled under."

"She was to go to school—when?"

"The autumn term—they were getting her kit together, I remember. I suppose, if it hadn't been for the tragedy she would have gone off a few days later. There was some talk of her packing on the morning of that day."

"And the governess?" Poirot asked.

"What do you mean—the governess?"

"How did she like the idea? It deprived her of a job, did it not?"

"Yes—well, I suppose it did in a way. Little Carla used to do a few lessons, but of course *she* was only—what? Six or thereabouts. She had a nurse. They wouldn't have kept Miss Williams on

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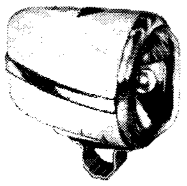

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for her. Yes, that's the name—Williams. Funny how things come back to you when you talk them over."

"Yes, indeed. You are back now—are you not?—in the past. You relive the scenes—the words that people said, their gestures, the expressions on their faces?"

Meredith Blake said slowly:

"In a way—yes . . . but there are gaps, you know . . . great chunks missed out. I remember, for instance, the shock it was to me when I first learned that Amyas was going to leave Caroline, but I can't remember whether it was he who told me or Elsa. I do remember arguing with Elsa on the subject—trying to show her, I mean, that it was a pretty rotten thing to do. And she only laughed at me in that cool way of hers and said I was old-fashioned. Well, I dare say I *am* old-fashioned, but I still think I was right. Amyas had a wife and child—he ought to have stuck to them."

"But Miss Greer thought that point of view out of date?"

"Yes. Mind you, sixteen years ago, divorce wasn't looked on quite so much as a matter of course as it is now. But Elsa was the kind of girl who went in for being modern. Her point of view was that when two people weren't happy together it was better to make a break. She said that Amyas and Caroline never stopped having rows and that it was far better for the child that she shouldn't be brought up in an atmosphere of disharmony."

"AND her argument did not impress you?" asked Poirot.

"I felt, all the time," Meredith Blake said slowly, "that she didn't really know what she was talking about. She was rattling these things off—things she'd read in books or heard from her friends—it was like a parrot. She was—it's a queer thing to say—pathetic somehow. So young and so self-confident." He paused. "There is something about youth, M. Poirot, that is—that can be—terribly moving."

Hercule Poirot said, looking at him with some interest, "I know what you mean."

Blake went on, speaking more to himself than to Poirot: "That's partly, I think, why I tackled Crale. He was nearly twenty years older than the girl. It didn't seem fair."

"Alas, how seldom one makes any effect," Poirot murmured. "When a person has determined on a certain course—especially when there is a woman concerned—it is not easy to turn them from it."

Meredith Blake said, "That is true enough." His tone was a shade bitter: "I certainly did no good by my interference. But, then, I am not a very convincing person. I never have been."

Poirot threw him a quick glance. He read into that slight acerbity of tone the dissatisfaction of a sensitive man with his own lack of personality. And he acknowledged to himself the truth of what Blake had just said. Meredith Blake was not the man to persuade anyone into or out of any course. His well-meaning attempts would always be set aside—indulgently usually, without anger, but definitely set aside. They would not carry weight. He was essentially an ineffective man.

Poirot said, with an appearance of changing a painful subject, "You still have your laboratory of medicines and cordials, yes?"

"No."

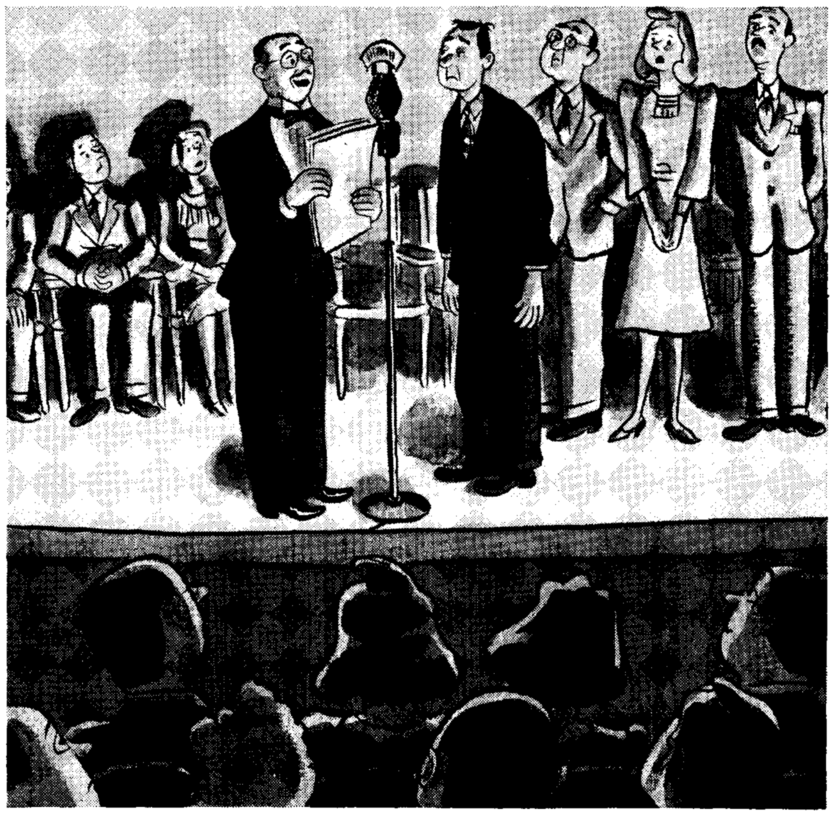
The word came sharply—with an almost anguished rapidity Meredith Blake said, his face flushing: "I abandoned the whole thing—dismantled it. I couldn't go on with it—how could I after what had happened? The whole thing, you see, might have been said to be *my* fault."

"No, no, Mr. Blake, you are too sensitive."

"But don't you see? If I hadn't collected those damned drugs; if I hadn't laid stress on them—boasted about them—forced them on those people's notice that afternoon . . . . But I never thought—I never dreamed—how could I—"

"How indeed?"

"But I went bumbling on about them. Pleased with my little bit of knowledge. Blind, conceited fool. I pointed out that damned coniine. I even—fool that I was—took them back into the library and read them out that passage from the Phaedo describing Socrates' death. A beautiful piece of writing—I've always



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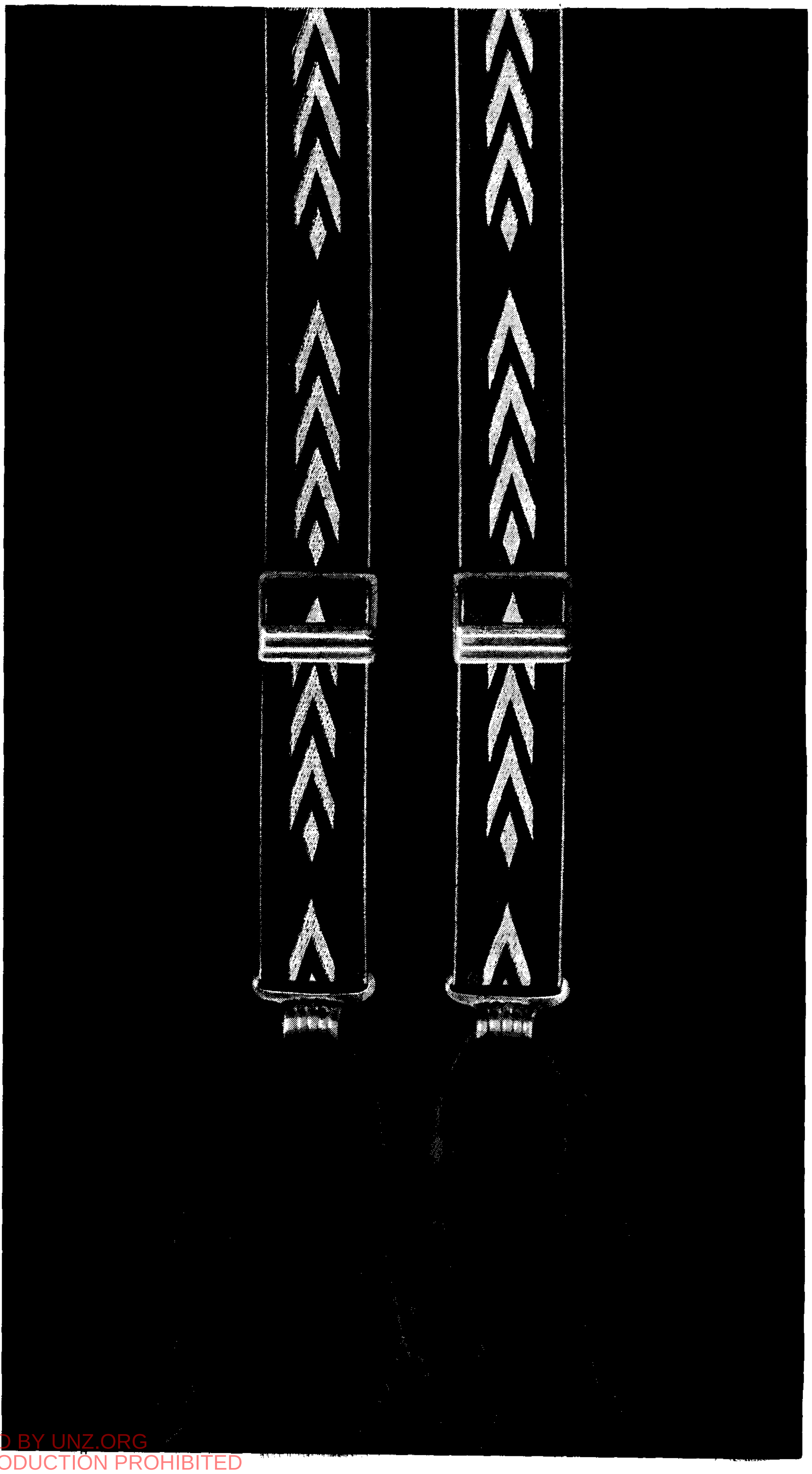

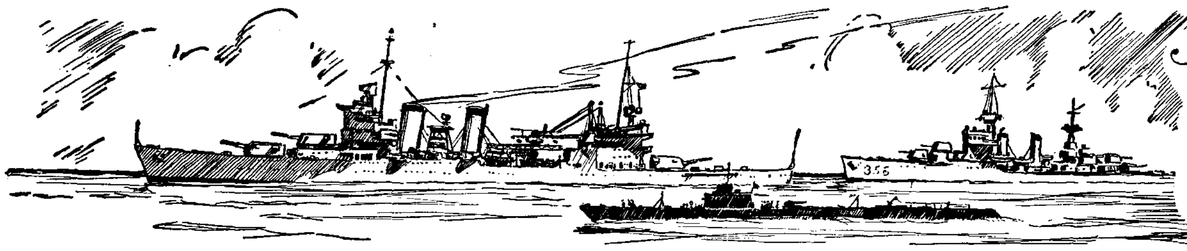

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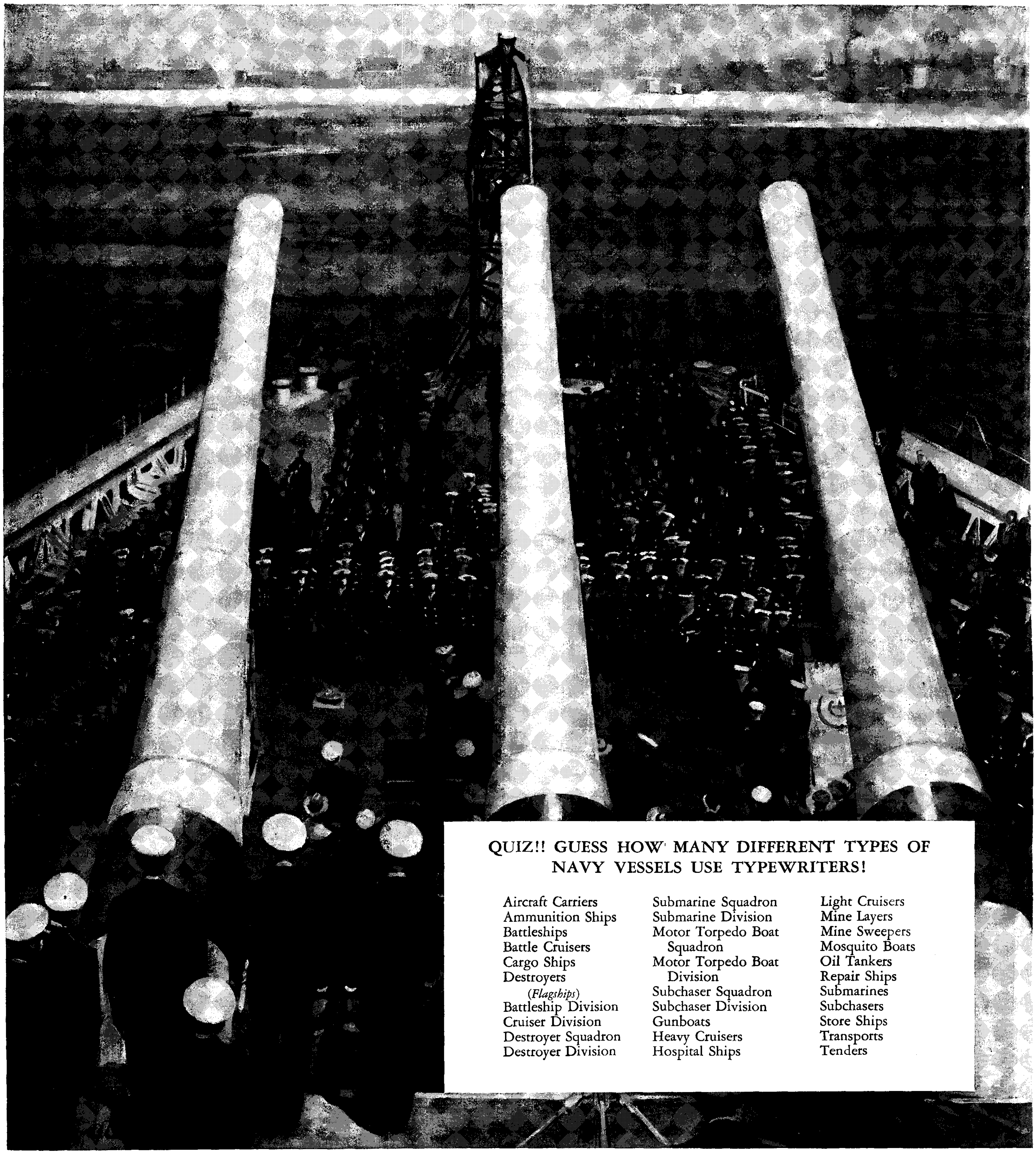

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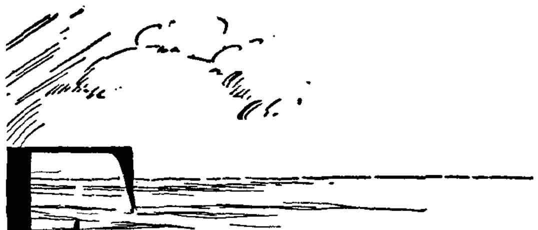

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admired it—but it's haunted me ever since."

Poirot said, "Did they find any fingerprints on the coniine bottle?"

Blake answered with one poignant word: "Hers."

"Caroline Crale's?"

"Yes."

"Not yours?"

"No. I didn't handle the bottle, you see. Only pointed to it."

"But at some time, surely, you had handled it?"

"Oh, of course, but I gave the bottles a periodic dusting from time to time—I never allowed the servants in there, of course—and I had done that about four or five days previously."

"You kept the room locked up?"

"Invariably."

"WHEN did Caroline Crale take the coniine from the bottle?"

"She was the last to leave," Meredith Blake replied reluctantly. "I called her, I remember, and she came hurrying out. Her cheeks were just a little pink, and her eyes wide and excited. I can see her now—"

Poirot said: "Did you have any conversation with her at all that afternoon? I mean by that, did you discuss the situation as between her and her husband at all?"

"Not directly," Blake said slowly in a low voice. "She was looking, as I've told you, very upset. I said to her at a moment when we were more or less by ourselves, 'Is anything the matter, my dear?' She said, 'Everything's the matter. . . .' I wish you could have heard the desperation in her voice. Those words were the absolute literal truth. There's no getting away from it—Amyas Crale was Caroline's whole world. She said: 'Everything's gone—finished. I'm finished, Meredith.' And then she laughed and turned to the others and was suddenly wildly and very unnaturally gay."

Hercule Poirot nodded his head slowly. He looked very like a china mandarin. He said, "Yes—I see—it was like that . . ."

Meredith Blake pounded suddenly with his fist. His voice rose. It was almost a shout: "And I'll tell you this, M. Poirot—when Caroline Crale said at the trial that she took the stuff for herself, I'll swear she was speaking the truth! There was *no* thought in her mind of murder at that time. I swear there wasn't. That came later."

"Are you sure that it *did* come later?" Poirot asked.

Blake stared. "I beg your pardon?" he said. "I don't quite understand—"

Poirot said: "I ask you whether you are sure that the thought of murder ever did come? Are you perfectly convinced in your own mind that Caroline Crale did deliberately commit murder?"

Meredith Blake's breath came unevenly. He said, "But if not—if not—are you suggesting an—well, accident of some kind?"

"Not necessarily."

"That's a very extraordinary thing to say."

"Is it? You have called Caroline Crale a gentle creature. Do gentle creatures commit murder?"

"She was a gentle creature, but all the same—well, there were very violent quarrels, you know."

"Not such a gentle creature, then?"

"But she was— Oh, how difficult these things are to explain."

"I am trying to understand."

"Caroline had a quick tongue—a vehement way of speaking. She might say, 'I hate you. I wish you were dead,' but it wouldn't *mean*—it wouldn't *entail—action.*"

"So, in your opinion, it was highly uncharacteristic of Mrs. Crale to commit murder?"

"You have the most extraordinary ways of putting things, M. Poirot. I can only say that—yes, it does seem to me uncharacteristic of her. I can only explain it by realizing that the provocation was extreme. She adored her husband. Under those circumstances a woman might—well, kill."

Poirot nodded. "Yes, I agree. . . ."

"I was dumfounded at first. I didn't feel it *could* be true. And it wasn't true—if you know what I mean—it wasn't the real Caroline who did that."

"But you are quite sure that, in the legal sense, Caroline Crale did do it?"

Again Meredith Blake stared at him. "My dear man, if she didn't—"

"Well, if she didn't?"

"I can't imagine any alternative solution. Accident? Surely impossible."

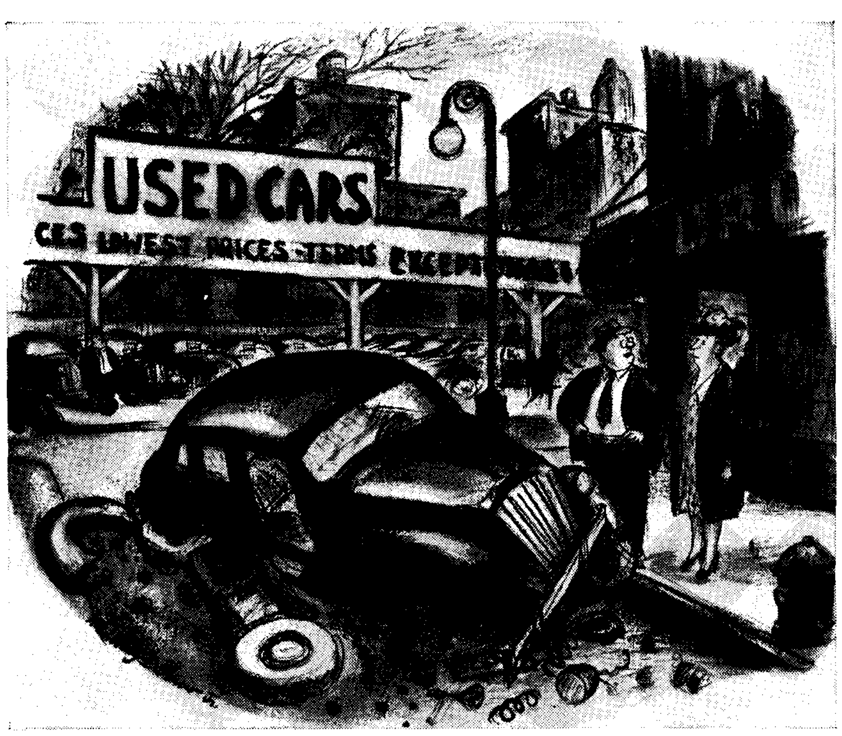
"Quite impossible, I should say."

"And I can't believe in the suicide theory. It had to be brought forward, but it was quite unconvincing to anyone who knew Crale."

"Quite."

"So what *remains?*" asked Meredith Blake.

Poirot said coolly, "There remains



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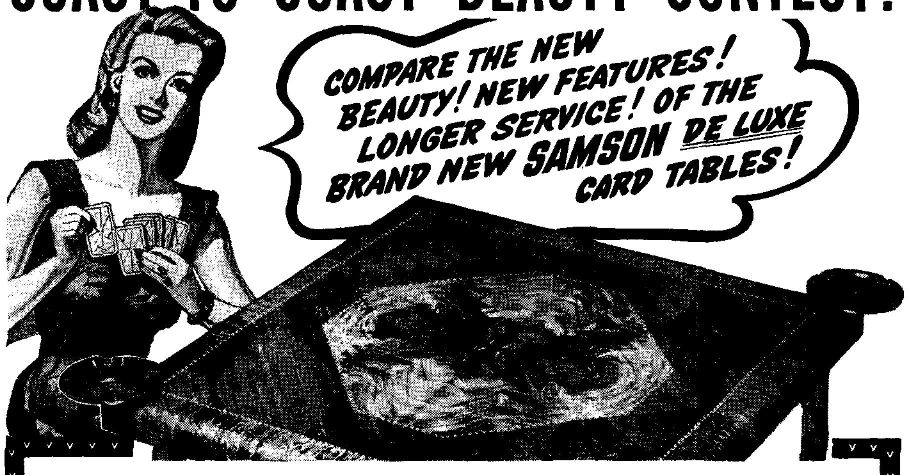
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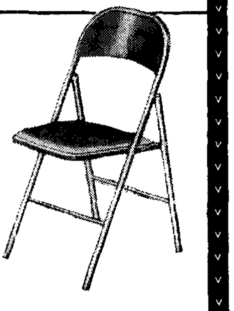

the possibility of Amyas Crale having been killed by somebody else."

"But that's absurd! *Nobody* could have killed him but his wife. But he drove her to it. And so, in a way, it was suicide after all, I suppose."

"Meaning that he died by the result of his own actions, though not by his own hand?"

"Yes, it's a fanciful point of view, perhaps. But—well, cause and effect, you know."

Hercule Poirot said, "Have you ever reflected, Mr. Blake, that the reason for murder is nearly always to be found by a study of the person murdered?"

"I hadn't exactly—yes, I suppose I see what you mean."

Poirot said, "Until you know exactly *what sort of a person the victim was,* you cannot begin to see the circumstances of a crime clearly." He added, "That is what I am seeking for—and what you and your brother have helped to give me—a reconstruction of the man Amyas Crale."

Meredith Blake passed the main point of the remark over. His attention had been attracted by a single word. He said quickly, "Philip?"

"Yes."

"You have talked with him also?"

"Certainly."

Meredith Blake said sharply, "You should have come to me first."

Smiling a little, Poirot made a courteous gesture. "As your brother lives near London, it was easier to visit him first."

Meredith Blake repeated, "You should have come to me first."

THIS time Poirot did not answer. He waited. And presently Meredith Blake went on. "Philip," he said, "is prejudiced."

"Yes?"

"As a matter of fact, he's a mass of prejudices—always has been." He shot a quick, uneasy glance at Poirot. "He'll have tried to put you against Caroline."

"Does that matter, so long—after?"

Meredith Blake gave a sharp sigh. "I know. I forget that it's so long ago—that it's all over. Caroline is beyond being harmed. But, all the same, I shouldn't like you to get a false impression."

"And you think your brother might give me a false impression?"

"Frankly, I do. You see, there was always a certain—how shall I put it?—antagonism between him and Caroline."

"Why?"

The question seemed to irritate Blake. He said, "Why? How should I know *why?* These things are so. Philip always crabbed her whenever he could. He was annoyed, I think, when Amyas married her. He never went near them for over a year. And yet Amyas was almost his best friend. That was the reason really, I suppose. He didn't feel that any woman was good enough. And he probably felt that Caroline's influence would spoil their friendship."

"And did it?"

"No, of course it didn't. Amyas was always just as fond of Philip—right up to the end. Used to twit him with being a moneygrubber and with growing a corporation and being a Philistine generally. Philip didn't care. He just used to grin and say it was a good thing Amyas had one respectable friend."

"How did your brother react to the Elsa Greer affair?"

"Do you know, I find it rather difficult to say. His attitude wasn't really easy to define. He was annoyed, I think, with Amyas for making a fool of himself over the girl. He said more than once that it wouldn't work and that Amyas would live to regret it. At the same time I have a feeling—yes, very definitely I have a feeling that he was just faintly pleased at seeing Caroline let down."

There was a silence. Then Blake said with the irritable plaintiveness of a weak man, "It was all over—forgotten—and now *you* come, raking it all up. . . ."

"Not I. Caroline Crale."

Meredith stared at him: "Caroline? What do you mean?"

Poirot said, watching him, "Caroline Crale the second."

Meredith's face relaxed. "Ah, yes, the child. Little Carla. I—I misunderstood you for a moment."

"You thought I meant the original Caroline Crale? You thought that it was she who would not—how shall I say it?—rest easy in her grave."

Blake shivered. "Don't, man."

"You know that she wrote to her daughter—the last words she ever wrote—that she was innocent?"

Meredith stared at him. He said—and his voice sounded utterly incredulous, "Caroline wrote *that?*"

"Yes." Poirot paused and said, "It surprises you?"

"It would surprise you if you'd seen her in court. Poor, hunted, defenseless creature. Not even struggling."

"A defeatist?"

"No, no. She wasn't that. It was, I think, the knowledge that she'd killed the man she loved—or I thought it was that."

"You are not so sure now?"

"To write a thing like that—solemnly—when she was dying."

Poirot said, "A pious lie, perhaps."

"Perhaps." But Meredith was dubious. "That's not—that's not like Caroline. . . ."

Hercule Poirot nodded. Carla Lemarchant had said that. Carla had only a child's obstinate memory. But Meredith Blake had known Caroline well. It was the first confirmation Poirot had got that Carla's belief was to be depended upon.

Meredith Blake looked up at him. He said slowly, "If—*if* Caroline was innocent—why, the whole thing's madness! I don't see—any other possible solution. . . ." He turned sharply on Poirot: "And you? What do you think?"

THERE was a silence.

"As yet," said Poirot at last, "I think nothing. I collect only the impressions: What Caroline Crale was like. What Amyas Crale was like. What the other people who were there at the time were like. What happened exactly on those two days. *That* is what I need. To go over the facts laboriously one by one. Your brother is going to help me there. He is sending me an account of the events as he remembers them."

"You won't get much from that," Meredith Blake said sharply. "Philip's a busy man. Things slip his memory once they're past and done with. Probably he'll remember things all wrong."

"There will be gaps, of course. I realize that."

"I tell you what"—Meredith paused abruptly, then went on, reddening a little as he spoke: "If you like, I—I could do the same. I mean, it would be a kind of check, wouldn't it?"

Hercule Poirot said warmly: "It would be most valuable. An idea of the first excellence!"

"Right. I will. I've got some old diaries somewhere. Mind you," he laughed awkwardly. "I'm not much of a hand at literary language. Even my spelling's not too good. You—you won't expect too much?"

"Ah, it is not the style I demand. Just a plain recital of everything you can remember: What everyone said, how they looked—just what happened. Never mind if it doesn't seem relevant. It all helps with the atmosphere, so to speak."

"Yes, I can see that. It must be diffi-

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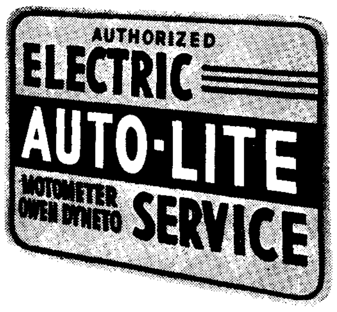

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cult visualizing people and places you have never seen."

Poirot nodded. "That is another thing I wanted to ask you. Alderbury is the adjoining property to this, is it not? Would it be possible to go there—to see with my own eyes where the tragedy occurred?"

Meredith Blake said slowly: "I can take you over there right away. But, of course, it is a good deal changed."

"It has not been built over?"

"No, thank goodness—not quite so bad as that. But it's a kind of hostel now—it was bought by some society. Hordes of young people come down to it in the summer, and, of course, all the rooms have been cut up and partitioned into cubicles, and the grounds have been altered a good deal."

"You must reconstruct it for me by your explanations."

"I'll do my best. I wish you could have seen it in the old days. It was one of the loveliest properties I know."

He led the way out and began walking down a slope of lawn.

"Who was responsible for selling it?"

"The executors on behalf of the child. Everything Crale had came to her. He hadn't made a will, so I imagine that it would be divided automatically between his wife and the child. Caroline's will left what she had to the child also."

"Nothing to her half sister?"

"Angela had a certain amount of money of her own left her by her father."

Poirot nodded. "I see." Then he uttered an exclamation: "But where is it that you take me? This is the seashore ahead of us!"

"Ah, I must explain our geography to you. You'll see for yourself in a minute. There's a creek, you see, Camel Creek, they call it, runs right inland—looks almost like a river mouth, but it isn't—it's just sea. To get to Alderbury by land, you have to go right inland and around the creek, but the shortest way from one house to the other is to row across this narrow bit of the creek. Alderbury is just opposite—there, you can see the house through the trees."

They had come out on a little beach. Opposite them was a wooded headland, and a white house could just be distinguished high up among the trees.

TWO boats were drawn up on the beach. Meredith Blake, with Poirot's somewhat awkward assistance, dragged one of them down to the water and presently they were rowing across to the other side.

"We always went this way in the old days," Meredith explained. "Unless there was a storm or it was raining, and then we'd take the car. But it's nearly three miles if you go around that way."

He ran the boat neatly alongside a stone quay on the other side. He cast a disparaging eye on a collection of wooden huts and some concrete terraces.

"All new, this. Used to be a boathouse—tumble-down old place, and nothing else. And one walked along the shore and bathed off those rocks over there."

He assisted his guest to alight, made fast the boat, and led the way up a steep path.

"Don't suppose we'll meet anyone," he said over his shoulder. "Nobody here in April—except for Easter. Doesn't matter if we do. I'm on good terms with my neighbors. Sun's glorious today. Might be summer. It was a wonderful day then. More like July than September. Brilliant sun, but a chilly little wind."

The path came out of the trees and skirted an outcrop of rock. Meredith pointed up with his hand: "That's what they called the Battery. We're underneath it now—skirting round it."

They plunged into trees again and then the path took another sharp turn and they emerged by a door set in a high wall. The path itself continued to zigzag upward, but Meredith opened the door and the two men passed through it.

For a moment Poirot was dazzled, coming in from the shade outside. The Battery was an artificially cleared plateau with battlements set with cannon. It gave one the impression of overhanging the sea. There were trees above it and behind it, but on the sea side there was nothing but the dazzling blue water below.

"Attractive spot," said Meredith. He nodded contemptuously toward a kind of pavilion set back against the back wall. "That wasn't there, of course—only an old tumble-down shed where Amyas kept his painting muck and some bottled beer and a few deck chairs. It wasn't concreted then, either. There used to be a bench and a table—painted iron ones. That was all. Still—it hasn't changed much."

His voice held an unsteady note.

Poirot said, "And it was here that it happened?"

Meredith nodded. "The bench was there—up against the shed. He was sprawled on that. He used to sprawl there sometimes when he was painting—just fling himself down and stare and stare, and then suddenly up he'd jump and start laying the paint on the canvas like mad."

He paused.

"That's why, you know, he looked—almost natural. As though he might be asleep—just have dropped off. But his eyes were open—and he'd—just stiffened up. Stuff sort of paralyzes you, you know. There isn't any pain. . . . I've—I've always been glad of that. . . ."

Poirot asked a thing that he already knew: "Who found him here?"

"She did. Caroline. After lunch. Elsa and I, I suppose, were the last ones to see him alive. It must have been coming on then. He—looked queer. I'd rather not talk about it. I'll write it to you. Easier that way."

He turned abruptly and went out of the Battery. Poirot followed him without speaking.

The two men went on up the zigzag path. At a higher level than the Battery, there was another small plateau. It was overshadowed with trees and there was a bench there and a table. Meredith said: "They haven't changed this much. But the bench used not to be Ye Olde Rustic. It was just a painted iron business. A bit hard for sitting, but a lovely view."

Poirot agreed. Through a framework of trees one looked down over the Battery to the creek mouth.

"I sat up here part of the morning," Meredith explained. "Trees weren't quite so overgrown then. One could see the battlements of the Battery quite plainly. That's where Elsa was posing, you know. Sitting on one, with her head twisted around."

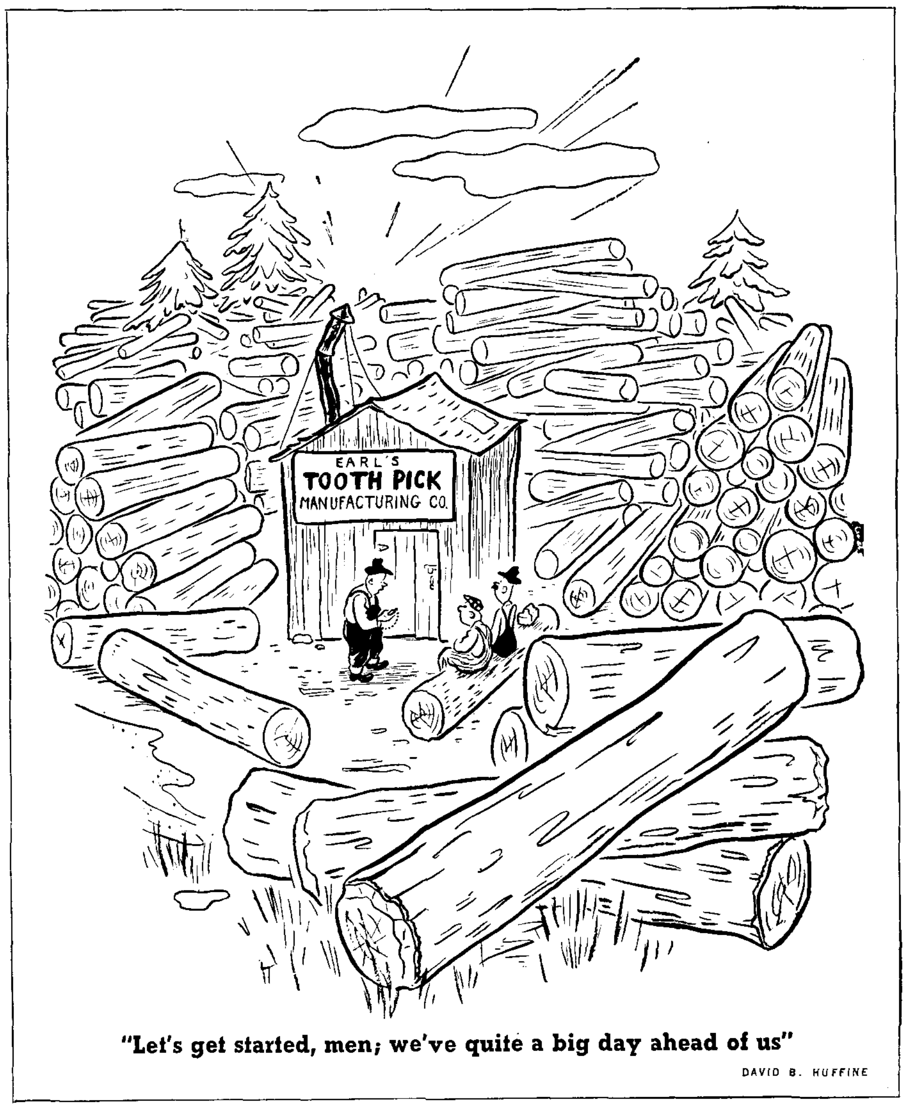
He gave a slight twitch of his shoulders. "Trees grow faster than one thinks," he muttered. "Oh, well, suppose I'm getting old. Come on up to the house."

THEY continued to follow the path till it emerged near the house. It had been a fine old house, Georgian in style. It had been added to, and on a green lawn near it were set some fifty little wooden bathing hutches.

"Young men sleep there, girls in the house," Meredith explained. "I don't suppose there's anything you want to see here. All the rooms have been cut about. Used to be a little conservatory tacked on here. These people have built a loggia. Oh, well—I suppose they enjoy their holidays. Can't keep everything as it used to be—more's the pity."

He turned away abruptly. "We'll go down another way. It—it all comes back to me, you know. Ghosts. *Ghosts everywhere!*"

(To be continued next week)



"Let's get started, men; we've quite a big day ahead of us"

DAVID B. HUFFINE

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"They seemed," she said, "like magic stairs!"

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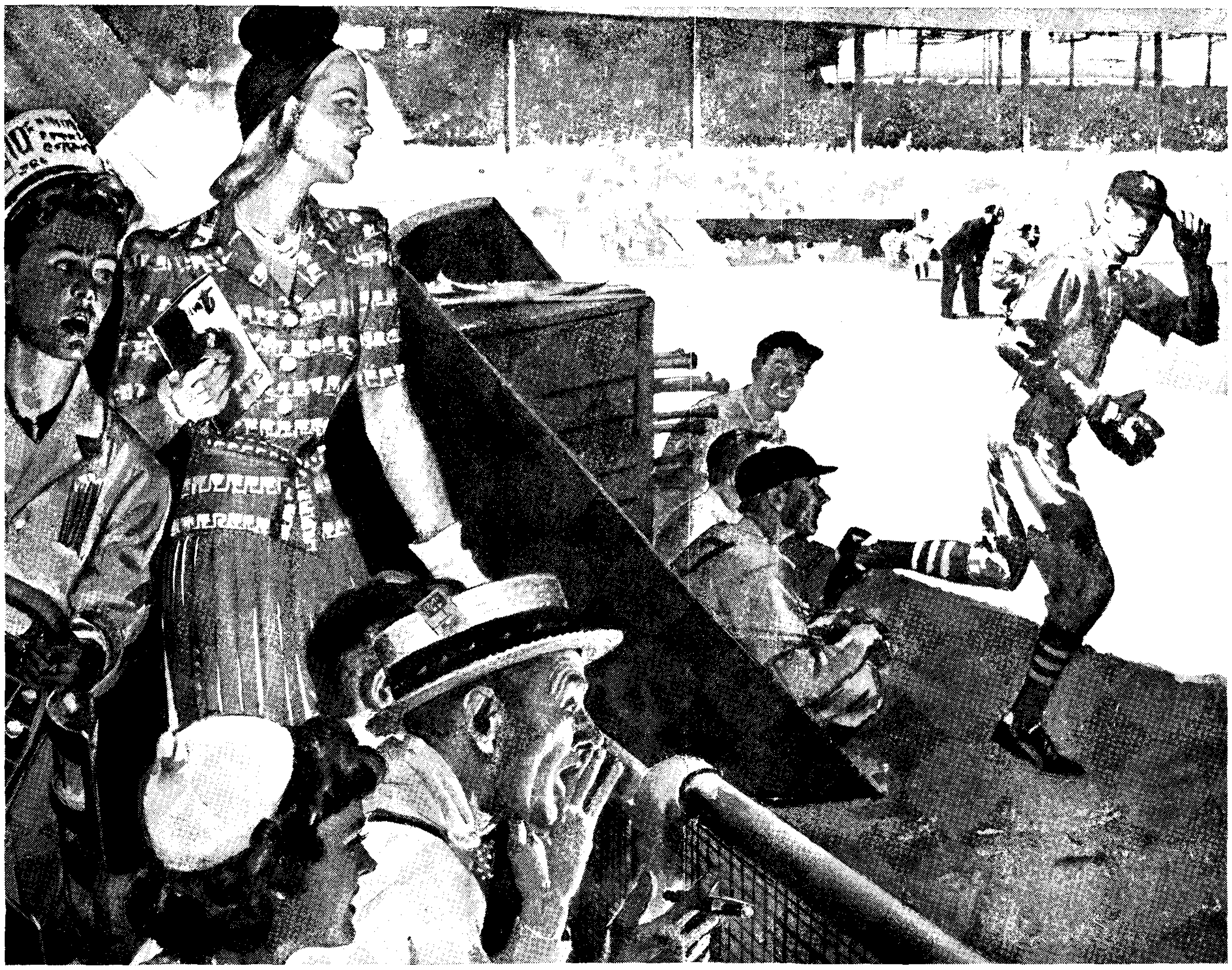
This Twain Shall Meet

By Holmes Alexander

ILLUSTRATED BY WARREN BAUMGARTNER



[illegible] started for the bull [illegible] one hand to the [illegible]

[illegible] become the p[illegible] Claggett was, [illegible] for Cl[illegible]

LOU CLAGGETT woke up and looked at his watch. Climbing off the bed, careful not to disturb his roommate, he put on bathrobe and slippers. He left the room and went down the hotel corridor to the elevators. The morning papers were piled here, later to be slipped under the doors.

Claggett took the top paper and shook it open to an inside sheet. Among the regimented columns of print his own name jumped out at him. Breathing hard with his mouth open, he read the squib—a mere sports item in this great metropolitan daily, but to him a vivid catastrophe:

"Bishops send Claggett to Houston. Veteran hurler released as player limit becomes effective tonight."

Claggett shivered. His mouth felt dry and his bones ached. That the news was not unexpected failed to soften the blow. It landed where it hurt him most—flush on the jaw of his pride.

"Fading out," he said aloud.

Carrying the paper, he returned along the corridor. He was a big man, heavy through the shoulders and with a touch of frost in his black hair. The brown face wore a hard, protective smile. It was part of Claggett's pride never to show his feelings. Players who had nicknamed him Stony were referring to this.

HE RE-ENTERED the bedroom and saw that its other occupant was awake now. Claggett tossed him the paper and said, "Good news for you, kid."

This was true. The same report had opposite meanings for the two men. Claggett went to the table and lighted a cigarette. He didn't want one before breakfast and he liked Bert Lindsay, but the gesture was intended to disguise his agitation. Swallowing bitter smoke, Claggett watched the rookie's expression. Bert Lindsay made a long, flat shape under the single sheet. His ruddy face seemed puzzled.

"Well, kid," Claggett smiled. "It means you got the job."

Lindsay nodded without enthusiasm. "Yes," he said. "But I wish it hadn't worked out this way. You've been a swell guy to me, Stony; and I'm sorry."

Claggett crushed the cigarette and got back into bed. It was too early for breakfast, and he needed something to lean on. Young Lindsay's words annoyed the older man. Sentimental speeches always did. Himself, he didn't go in for any soft stuff. *Be tough and you don't get hurt.* Once he'd been hurt by having a soft spot, but that was a long time ago. He had learned better since.

"Don't spill any grief over me, kid. I can take it."

"I know that," Lindsay said.

After a while the men got up and dressed. A ball team on the road saves laundry by wearing dark shirts with open collars. Claggett was putting on one of these when he noticed Bert Lindsay struggling with a white starched collar and necktie.

"Celebrating, are you?" The veteran laughed. "Maybe I should go out and buy myself some crape."

Lindsay looked embarrassed. "It isn't that," he said. "I've got a girl in town today."

"You should have one in every town," Claggett said.

He checked himself from saying more. The deepening flush on the back of Lindsay's neck was more than embarrassment.

"Sorry," offered Claggett. "I didn't know it was like that."

"Yes," said Lindsay. "It is, sort of. You see, this girl and I—well, she's coming up from Jersey to see me pitch." The boy grinned broadly. "Gosh, Stony, she's pretty wonderful, I think."

CLAGGETT turned away. There it was again . . . the soft stuff. Once he'd felt that way himself about a girl, a long time back. He saw that Lindsay was putting a small leather folder into his coat pocket. Claggett had often noticed the kid nursing this object, and had wondered what it was. Now he knew—a picture of the girl.

They had breakfast together, after which Lindsay left the hotel. Claggett sat in one of the big lobby chairs and pretended to be reading a magazine. He often employed this ruse to discourage conversational teammates; and today he had special causes for desiring to be left alone. "She's pretty wonderful—" Lindsay had said. The words did a melancholy thing to Stony Claggett. They set him to remembering how, nearly fifteen years ago, he'd come up here to New York for a tryout with McGraw . . . a green country boy with a fresh haircut and a big reason for wanting to make good.

"Throw some up," McGraw had said. "Show me what you've got."

So young Lou Claggett had gone out to the mound and pitched to batting practice, which was McGraw's way of testing a rookie's stuff. Lou had a fireball then, and a high-breaking slider. He threw two foul strikes to Terry, and McGraw said, "Have you got a wrinkle?"

"I have one, sure. But—"

"Don't talk back. Put it through there."

But you didn't like to throw high-breaking outshoots to a left-handed batter. It wasn't safe. Lou didn't know whether McGraw was testing his intelligence or his skill, but something about the pugnacious little man made Lou obey him. He wound up and flung the high curve.

"Look out," he shouted.

This didn't help much. The ball hit Terry in the neck. Luckily he was falling away from it.

"You rube," the manager bawled. "Don't you know any better 'n that?"

Lou didn't answer back. He wasn't hard-boiled then, and maybe that was what McGraw wanted to find out. Lou pitched with shaken nerves to Frisch and Jackson, but he had lost his stuff. They whaled everything within reach.

"All right," said McGraw after a while. "Get your clothes and go home, boy."

Stony Claggett let the magazine slip into his lap. Back home meant down in the country where he pitched for forty dollars a month, and you couldn't get married on that.

"I'll make good," he'd promised. "You wait for me, honey, I'll show 'em yet."

But there had been a wedding that summer, and it wasn't his own. Slouched down in the easy chair, Stony Claggett saw himself smiling from the big gilt

(Continued on page 78)

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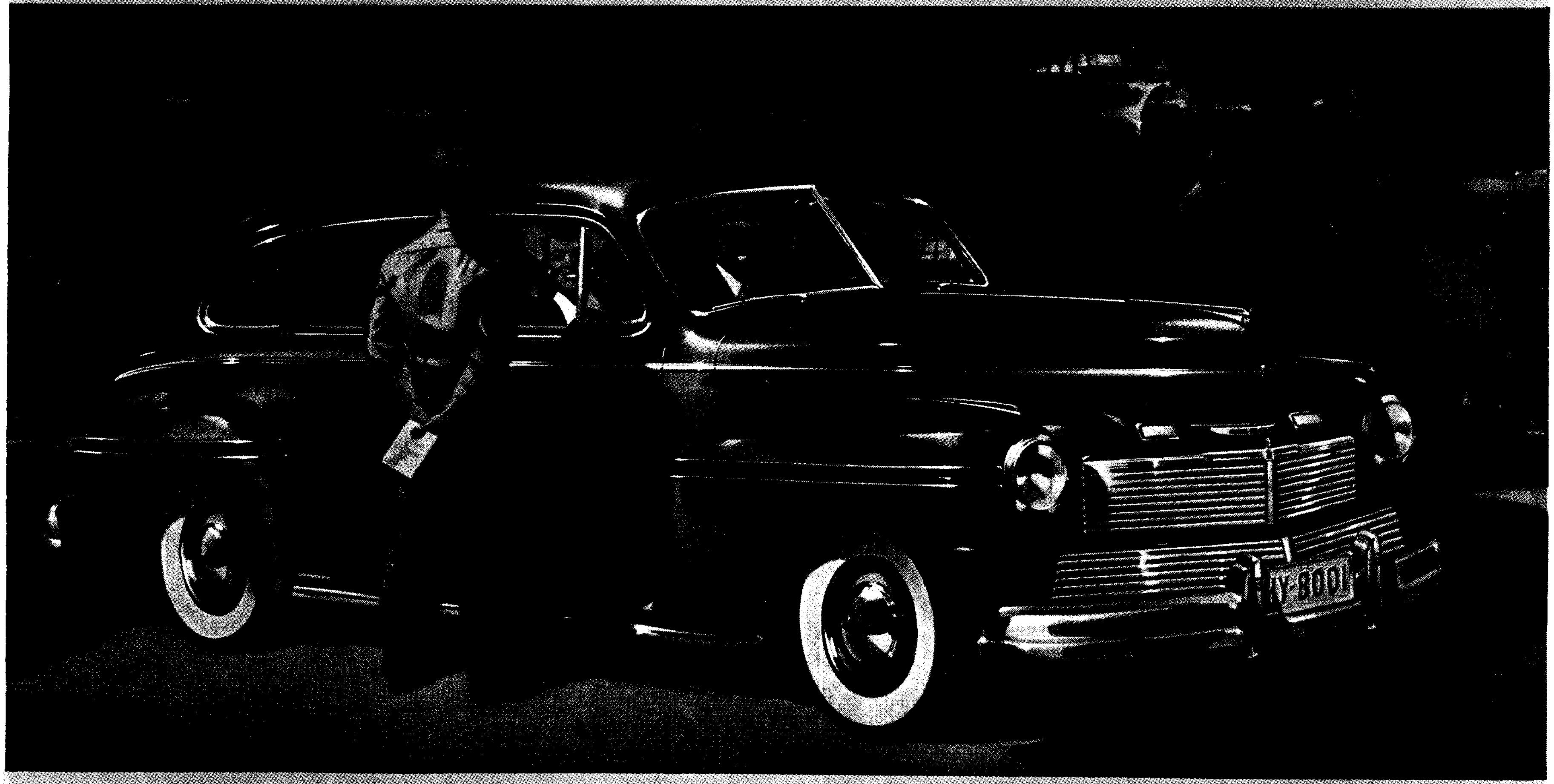

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There are other Jarman styles for the Fall season just as worthy of a permanent gold finish, such as the blucher (left), No. 1131, or the saddle-tie (right), No. 1132. Jarman Shoe Company, Division of General Shoe Corporation, Nashville, Tennessee.

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SHOES FOR MEN

West Coast Japanese

Continued from page 15

even more bitter against the Chinese than it was, later, against the Japanese, and caused considerable bloodshed. But the Chinese today are well liked and respected, partly because they are naturally good people—and partly because they have managed their public relations wisely. They have, for example, been able to get Americans to contribute a lot of money to help suffering peasants in China and uphold the Chinese government, which is just as despotic as the Japanese. The Coast Japanese, on the other hand, have never tried to collect anything for suffering Japanese peasants, but have bought defense bonds heavily in an effort to show their loyalty to the United States.

It is a curious fact that there has been more bitterness between whites and Japanese than between Chinese and Japanese, who get along pretty well on the surface, despite an aggressive boycott campaign.

Some time ago leaders of the *Nisei* and wiser heads among the *Issei* realized the necessity for selling the whites the idea that the "Jap menace" was overinflated. This resulted in the Japanese-American Citizens' League, a nation-wide organization with ten thousand members in fifty-one chapters. The league was born in Seattle, largely through the efforts of Jimmy Sakamoto, blind editor of the Japanese-American Courier. Sakamoto abolished the Japanese language section of his paper as a first step.

Steadfast Americans

Since Jimmy is a typical *Nisei* leader, let's talk with him: His office in Seattle displays two copies of the Declaration of Independence, and a certificate saying he's a life member of the United States Flag Association. In its convention in San Francisco this summer, Jimmy tells you, the league passed three resolutions: To buy defense bonds; to urge home defense; to support the USO. The Japanese division of the USO, by the way, went over its quota ahead of most divisions.

You ask the blind editor: "If war comes, what will the *Nisei* do?"

"If worse comes to worst," he replies, "we'll remain steadfastly American. We realize we'll be more or less suspect, but we'll still be loyal. If this country is good enough to live in it's good enough to fight and die for. . . . Did you know that about a fifth of the fifteen hundred *Nisei* in our Army were volunteers—the highest percentage of any racial group?"

"What," you ask, "will the *Issei*—the alien Japanese do?"

"Our parents, of course, are on the spot even more than we are. But they will be loyal, too. The average age of the male *Isseis* is now about sixty; of the women, around fifty-two. Their homes are here, where they have spent more than half their lives; their children are Americans."

We now get around to discovering whether our Intelligence services—Army, Navy and F.B.I.—agree with *Nisei* spokesmen or not. It is impossible to ask them, because they won't be quoted, and many of them won't even talk. Their reports are secret.

For five years or more there has been a constant check on both *Issei* and *Nisei*—Japanese and Japanese-Americans. The consensus among intelligent people is that an overwhelming majority is loyal. The few who are suspect are carefully watched. In event of war they'd be behind bars at once.

Of course, there have been and are Japanese spies on the Coast. There are probably American spies in Japan. We know a lot about each other's defenses. But what public opinion often forgets in spy scares is the fantastic improbability of a Japanese invasion of the West Coast. Japanese navy and air force are, at best, second rate; in a straight fight they would have little chance against ours. To attack and land on our Coast in force, Japan first would have to subdue Hawaii, which top men in both navies agree is almost impossible.

So, in case of war, what any disloyal Japanese or *Nisei* would try is sabotage. This probability, as we have seen, has been taken into account and prepared against.

It is only fair to look at some of the things the *Nisei* and *Sansei* are up against, admitting the charges against them. It has been hard for their newspapers, for instance, to preach loyalty to us too strongly, because these papers rely for existence largely on advertising by Japanese-controlled concerns. These concerns, ruled from Tokyo, naturally try to get what may be called the Tokyo party line into print. So *Nisei* editors are on the spot. Urging loyalty to America costs them dough. Still most of them go ahead and do it and take it on the chin financially. A case in point is the influential South Coast Herald, which is Terminal Island's Japanese-language newspaper. Terminal Island is headquarters for the Japanese-American fishing fleet and its population is exclusively Japanese. The strongly pro-American South Coast Herald has a daily circulation of 3,000 and is edited by Jiusho Hiraga, who is probably the most influential person in our biggest Japanese-American fishing colony.

Reason for Resentment

Nearly all Western cities enforce segregation rules against Orientals, and so social contacts with whites are casual and neither race knows much about the other. Whites and yellows mingle freely in public schools and inter-racial friendships are common. But as they go out into the world, the races drift apart and the yellows find themselves barred from white society and sometimes grow bitter, understandably.

The youngsters, who usually top their school and university classes, resent this discrimination and it drives them into colonies and forces on them the idea that they are Japanese and cannot escape being Japanese, no matter how strongly they wish to be Americans. It also has tended to weld them into a voting bloc—totaling between 25,000 and 30,000 in California, a bloc that increases slightly each year.

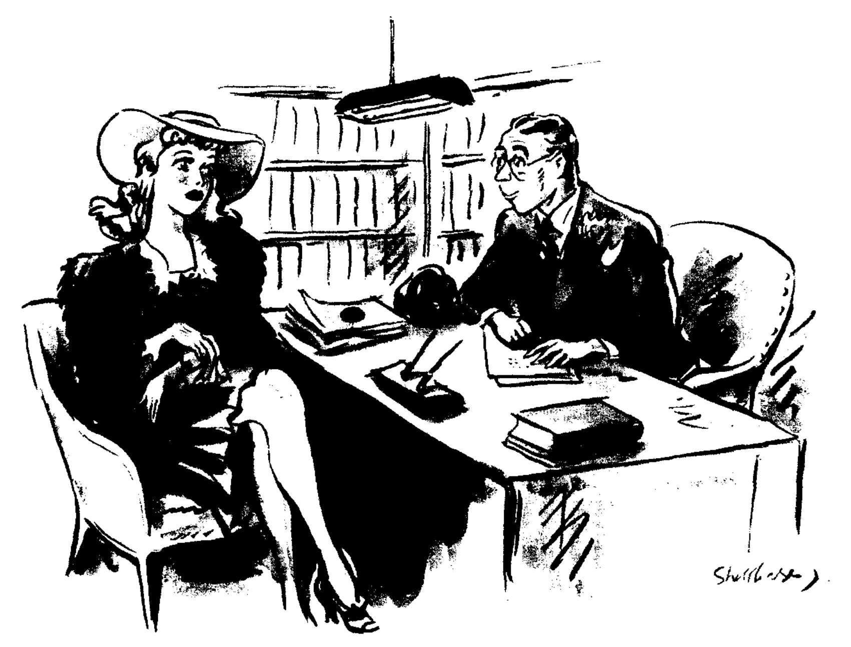
Nisei are accepted into our Army, but barred from the Navy. This rankles, because, they say, many of them are small-boat experts and would be useful on patrol ships, mine layers and sweepers and auxiliary craft. Army officers at Fort Lewis, Washington, where there are many *Nisei* soldiers, say they make good, intelligent fighters; the National Guard also thinks well of them.

As one *Nisei* girl summed it up in San Francisco: "We try to be good Americans—if only the white Americans would treat us as equals and allow us to do our part. But it's discouraging, after working hard to get a college education, to be denied jobs in white concerns and forced to do menial work in order to live. Sometimes we feel we're not wanted."

Even the anti-Oriental Joint Committee says publicly that the Japanese in the West "are splendid people in many ways; good students and workers." But—it adds—as a group they can't be assimilated into American life and something should be done about it. Just what, no one seems to know.

In case of war, there would be some demand in California for concentration camps into which Japanese and Japanese-Americans would be herded for the duration. Both classes fear this, but it would be unfair to say it is the prime motive behind their demonstrations of Americanism. It is a factor, though.

Army, Navy or F.B.I. never have suggested officially that such a step would be necessary, or even has been thought about. As we have seen, their opinion, based on intensive and continuous investigation, is that the situation is not dangerous and that, whatever happens, there is not likely to be any trouble. With this opinion West Coast newspapermen, in touch with the problem for years, agree almost unanimously.



". . . and the phone number of this woman who took your husband from you?" GEORGE SHELLHASE

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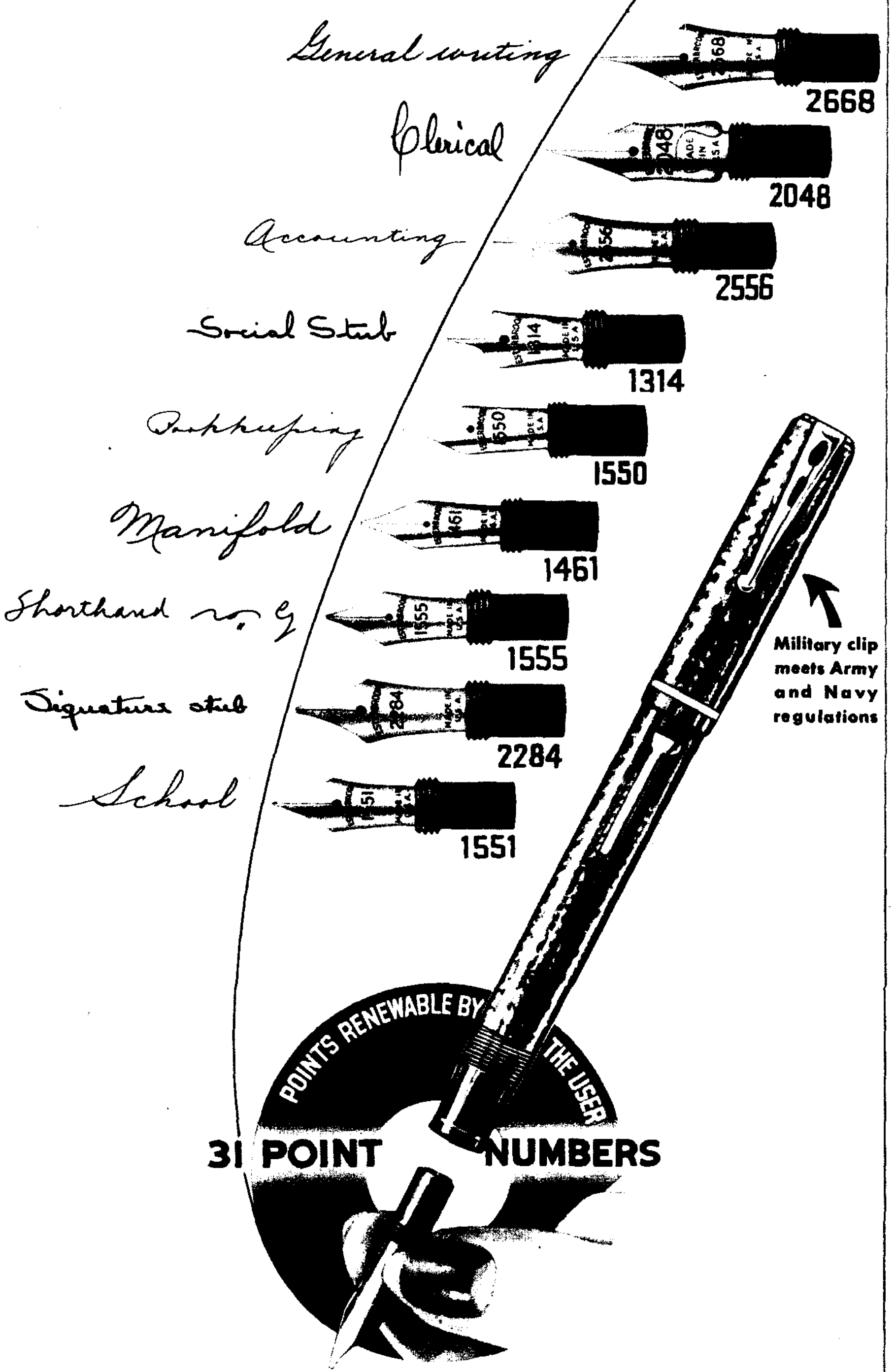

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The Sawdust Fusiliers

Continued from page 22

the billowing whiteness of a German parachute. Their guns are always within arm's reach.

Scotland never saw lumbering like this. To begin with, they cut the trees close and when the operation is done the stump is only ankle high. Their speed is incredible. Each mill produces an average of 17,000 feet of lumber a day and there are fifteen of them, which means about 250,000 feet, a good shipload of lumber a day. This one group of 4,500 men saves a ship a day, seven ships a week, thirty ships a month. And none of their lumber ends up in the North Atlantic. Come along and watch them work. . . .

Men Who Know How

Major Edward Dawson is in charge of this company. The men and even his fellow officers call him "Blitz." He gets things done quickly. He's dynamite, just as he was in the last war when he served as a private. We were on the side of a hill which had stood undisturbed for two hundred years. There was a stone gallows on top of the hill. Years ago the dukes who owned the estate had the privilege of administering the law. One duke of antiquity built the gallows and before he died had hung one hundred men from its granite top. Then he buried them upright on the hill. Strange but authentic souvenirs of that grisly practice came to light when the woodpeckers started to blast a few stumps and rocks from the hill.

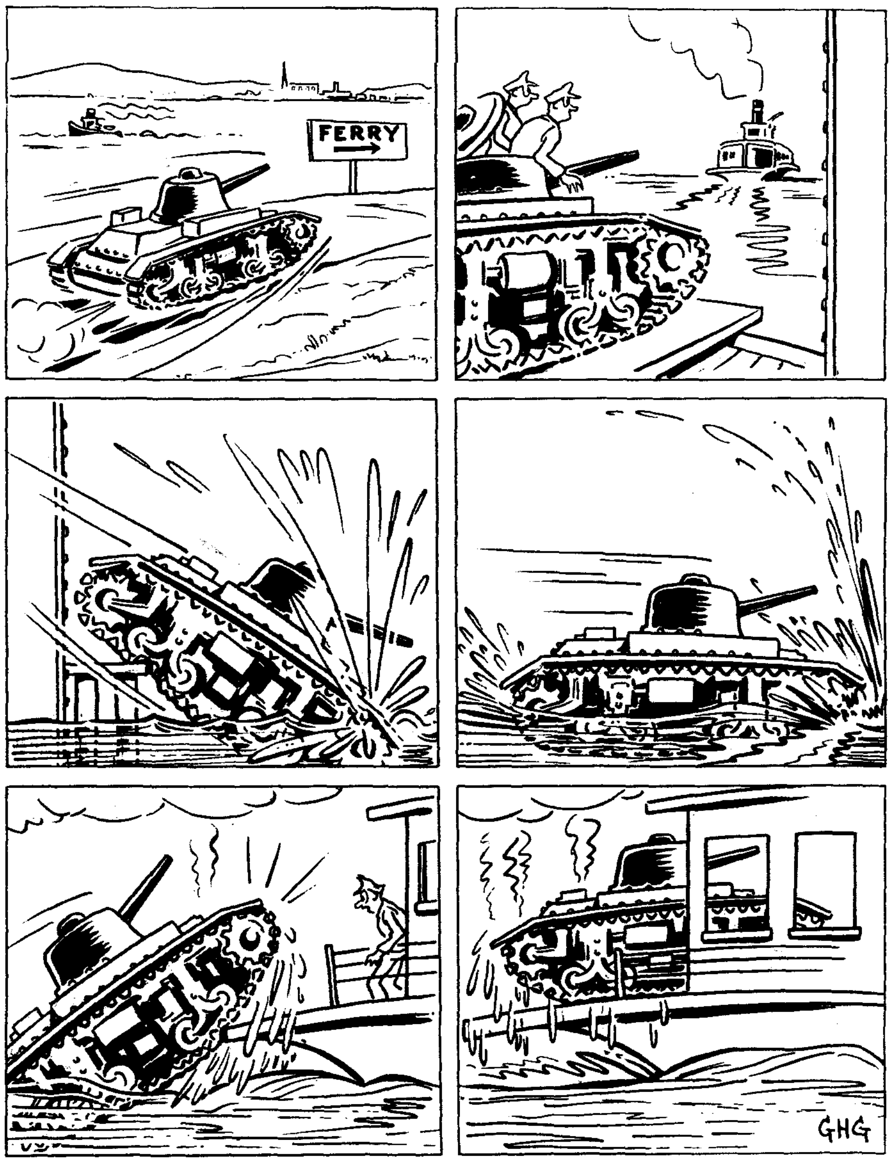
"What is the operation, Major," I asked Blitz, "from the time a man bites into a tree with his ax until the tree comes out of the mill in the form of lumber?"

"Instead of telling you I'll show you," the major said. "The men work in crews of three. Here's a group starting. Let's follow this tree from here right into the mill."

The Sawdust Fusiliers wear the same clothes they wear in the Canadian forests. It was too warm for the red-and-black checked shirts the films tell us lumberjacks wear. Some of the men wore no shirts. Others wore undershirts. Two of them looked at the base of the tree appraisingly, as a dentist might look at a tooth he is about to dismantle. One pointed wordlessly; the other nodded. Then both began to swing their axes rhythmically. The tree was at least seventy feet high and perhaps three feet thick. They cut a six-inch gash in it.

"Now they know just where that tree will fall," the major said. "Any of them will bet you that he can drop a tree on a handkerchief." This is the bush gang. The tree is trimmed fairly high up already. Now the cutters are sawing. . . . Back and forth the big saw went and the knotted muscles on their shoulders stood out chunkily. They never stopped to rest.

The same thing was happening all over the hill and on a dozen other hills within a radius of fifty miles. Ten minutes passed. The men stopped. One of them put a steel wedge into the cut made by the saw. He banged it hard with the back of his axe. The tree trembled; it shuddered and then one of the men cried "Timbaaah!" The tree fell, protesting to the last, to land with a mighty roar. Its branches were still trembling when the "trimmer" hopped on the big trunk and began with sure, rapid strokes to clear away the branches. This was a Douglas Fir. He was finish-



GEORGE HAMILTON GREEN

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$50,000.00 WORTH OF PRIZES

ANYONE CAN WIN

FOR "BEGINNERS" "ROOKIES" "JUNIORS" "REGULARS" "EXPERTS" "STARS"

FREE ENTRY BLANK

Here Are the Honorary Carnival Judges:

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Ace NBC sports authority and commentator.

Alice Marble
Formerly Women's Amateur Tennis Champion of the World, now Professional Champion.

Harry Stuhldreher
Head football coach and Director of Athletics at University of Wisconsin.

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- Just pick up your telephone and ask the operator for Western Union (do not *dial* or *call* number). They'll be glad to give you the name of the nearest establishment where you can win Bowling Carnival Prizes.

3390 PRIZES IN EACH OF THE 6 CARNIVAL CONTESTS

6 $250.00 GRAND PRIZES... 6 PRIZE LISTS like this each Carnival Contest... one for each of the six classes

1st Prize	$50.00 in cash
2nd Prize	40.00 in cash
3rd Prize	30.00 in cash
4th Prize	20.00 in cash

5th to 10th Prizes, each a Brunswick Mineralite Bowling Ball.
75 handsome, valuable Bowling Trophies.
10 pairs Brunswick De Luxe Bowling Shoes.
15 Ball Bags.
455 Bowling Coupon Books.

BEGINS OCTOBER 4th!

6 Big Carnival Contests

1. Oct. 4 to Oct. 12, inclusive.
2. Nov. 1 to Nov. 9. inclusive.
3. Dec. 6 to Dec. 14, inclusive.

(1942)

4. Jan. 3 to Jan. 11, inclusive.
5. Feb. 7 to Feb. 15, inclusive.
6. Mar. 7 to Mar. 15, inclusive.

Enter *Every* Carnival Contest — You May Win in Each.

No Waiting for Prizes —
WINNERS ARE ANNOUNCED AFTER EACH CONTEST

SIMPLY DO THIS

1 Go to your nearest bowling establishment featuring The Brunswick Bowling Carnival (or call Western Union).
2 Ask the proprietor or attendant for a free Entry Blank at the time you arrange for your alley.
3 Bowl three or more consecutive games to complete a 3-game total score which falls within one of the six classes of competition.
4 Write your score on your free entry blank.
5 Turn your entry in at the counter when you pay for your games.

. . . that's all there is to it.

Bowl for Fun! Bowl for Health! Bowl for BIG PRIZES!

Here is a simple opportunity for you to have more fun at America's favorite sport — and to win prizes while you play!

Without spending one penny extra, you can win as much as $250.00 cash Grand Prize money in addition to *class prizes* and *double* weekly cash awards for "target bowling." Think of it! 3390 class prizes each Carnival Contest and a top prize of $250.00 cash that even a beginner can win.

It makes no difference whether you are an expert, an occasional bowler, or if you've never bowled before. Because there are *six* classes of competition, ranging from "Beginners" to "Stars" —and a complete prize list for each class—each 9-day Carnival Contest.

Men, women, boys and girls of all ranges of skill, or no skill at all, will be in this big contest. All have an equal opportunity to win! Enter even though you have never bowled before. *Mornings or afternoons are especially good times to play in Carnival* — enjoy wholesome fun and win big prizes.

Enter each and every 9-day Carnival Contest. The more entries you submit, the greater your opportunity to win one or more of the 20,346 prizes.

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ASK YOUR BOWLING PROPRIETOR ABOUT "LEARN TO BOWL WEEK" OCTOBER 6-11, 1941

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ing when a weird-looking contraption lumbered up.

"This is a caterpillar drawing a sulky," the major explained. "The man who drives it is a sergeant major. To us he is the cat skinner."

Chains were looped over the now naked tree. Two men hauled on other chains hanging from the sulky. The end of the tree rose up eight feet to be held at the top of the "sulky," a high-wheeled trailer. Then the caterpillar started. It dragged the big tree. It dragged it some 200 yards and then dropped it. One man held a stick and marked off sections. Two others sawed the tree into five logs. They sang as they sawed; sang the song they wrote on the trip across from Canada to the time of "Oh, Suzanna":

"And when we arrive in Scotland
There'll be singing and three cheers
For the boys who'll bury Hitler
Dawson's Sawdust Fusiliers. . . ."

As the saw cut the logs away men grabbed them with grappling hooks and "decked" them onto a truck. Six logs came from the tree. The truck moved toward the mill, a quarter of a mile away. We followed. Cant-hook men were waiting. They reached up with their strange-looking hooks, grabbed the logs, and rolled them into a pond which was part of the mill. The pond is a miniature swimming pool, four feet deep and thirty feet long. They washed the logs of the mud and dirt which would have dulled the saws. They guided the logs to the end of the pond and started them up the jack ladder, a traveling chain that carried them into the mill. Now the logs were actually on the way to becoming lumber. Other canters (cant-hook men) rolled a log onto the saw carriage. The carriage rides parallel to the huge circular saw. A "dogger" rides the carriage, steadying the log, but above it you can hear the throaty voices singing:

"The trees we'll use for coffins
For Herr Hitler and his crew,
And we'll bury all the Nazis
So they will not bother you. . . ."

The log has made four quick trips on the carriage. It is square now. There isn't a bit of bark left on it. It slides down twenty feet to the "edger." The edges are trimmed by another saw. It slides to the butt man. He and his assistant look at it briefly and know what length and thickness will best fit this particular square log. The saws again scream . . . The planks fall down the slipway into waiting trucks. The other logs from our tree follow.

"Half an hour," Blitz Dawson said. "Not bad."

The tree had stood for 200 years. Half an hour ago it was swaying proudly on a Scottish hill hard by an ancient granite gallows. Now its destiny was complete. It was nothing but a hundred clean, white, even planks helping to win the war for England.

That, in short, is the work of the most interesting and perhaps most efficient unit in England. Nine hours a day they work; they always have. It's tough work; they're accustomed to tough work. It's fun to sit around at night with them. About 300 of them can't talk English—only French-Canadian. Another 400 are Scottish-born. They went as youngsters to Canada and now they have come back. Most of them seem to be very American. Each company has a baseball diamond and they often play double-headers after dinner.

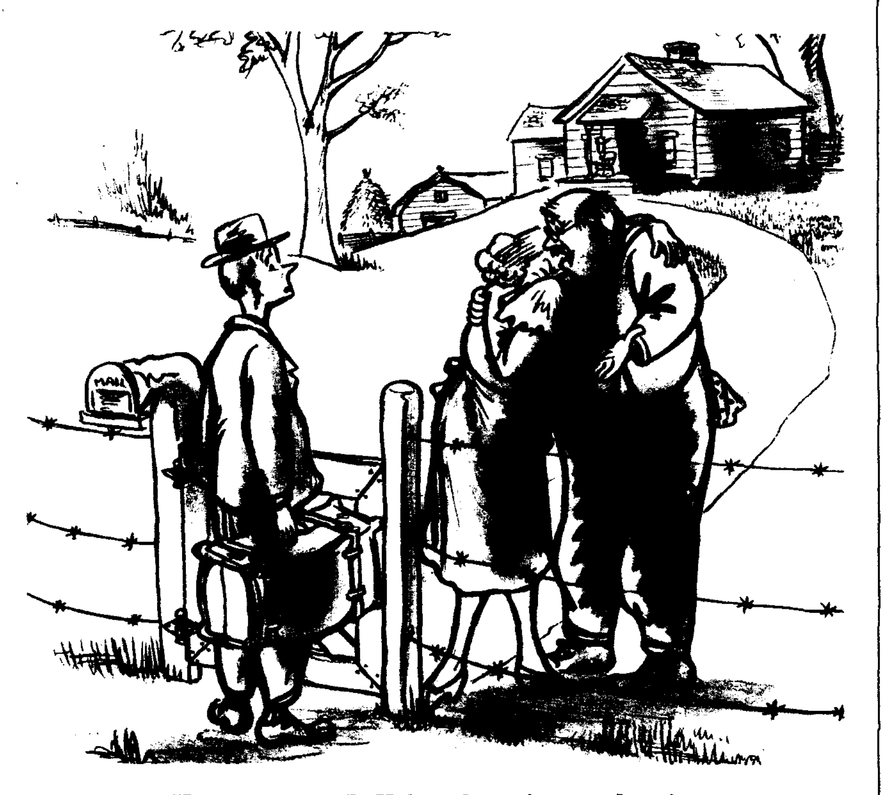
"You don't know how the Detroits are doing?" one of them asked me.

"It's going to be tough this fall," he said. "They don't broadcast the world series on short wave, so we won't know who wins until a month after it's over. Could you do anything about that?"

I said I'd try.

A Colorful, Hard-working Lot

The camps in which the men live are exactly like those they know in the Canadian woods. They are sturdy log cabins far better than anything the English army has. But the English army isn't accustomed to living in the woods. They're a colorful, hard-working, robust lot, these members of the Sawdust Fusiliers, and Canada ought to be mighty proud of them. And if that invasion comes they'll drop their axes and their saws and with dark gleams in their eyes they'll pick up their rifles and I tell you they'll pick off the shrouds of a parachute at five hundred feet. And if all else fails they'll drop the rifles and they'll pick up their axes and they'll show the Jerries how Canadian woodsmen can fight.



"Don't you see? He's only going to the city to make enough money to come back here!"

FRANK OWEN

Can You Pick the One from Dubuque?

NEWEST DRESS FASHIONS-SHIPPED BY TRUCK-MAKE IT TOUGH TO GUESS-

Because women everywhere get the latest styles as fast as the style centers do. (Men, too!)

WE show you this picture because we know that every woman — and every man—wants to be well dressed.

Today, you *are* . . . *wherever* you live . . . because motor transportation distributes the latest styles to every corner of the land — quickly — economically.

IMPROVES DIET

But trucks not only improve our appearance—they even help our diets!

Ten times more people enjoy oranges and other citrus fruits since trucks took over the job. We eat more meat—more fresh vegetables—drink more milk—than any other nation on earth.

AND NOTE THIS!

Trucks carry 62% of the beef served on American tables . . . 39% of the eggs . . . 40% of the vegetables. Detroit, St. Louis, Los Angeles, Spokane and twenty other metropolitan areas get their entire supply of milk by truck.

And almost 50,000 communities depend entirely upon motor freight for ALL necessities. No other major transportation system reaches them.

Yes—we in America—with half of the world's trucks—can thank our highway carriers for vastly improving our standard of living . . . and for helping to counteract the present world trend of rising prices.

SPEEDS NATIONAL DEFENSE

In these times of national emergency we can be doubly thankful. Here is one transportation system that can never bog down! Here are freight carriers that are never sidetracked! Here is speed — faster than the U. S. Mail—and flexibility that keeps defense plants operating at peak efficiency.

Just remember these things the next time you see a truck on the road. Remember it is part of a transportation system vital to the well being of your family—your community—and your country.

SAFETY COURTESY DISPATCH ATA

AMERICAN TRUCKING ASSOCIATIONS
WASHINGTON, D.C.

CARRIES A LOT OF WEIGHT!

CAR LIFE
LONG
SHORT
WEAR
PENNZOIL
Be Oil-wise
Sound your "Z"

Cars can last 3 times longer ..and yours may have to!

Cars should last 75,000 miles, but trouble begins for many at 25,000, says the American Petroleum Institute. Today, it's just common sense to do your best to triple your car's trouble-free life.

SLOW

Be easy on your car. Fast starts, sudden stops and sustained high speeds cost you valuable mileage.

Correct minor troubles before they get big. Have your car inspected while it is being lubricated (every 1,000 miles).

Specify oil that resists sludge and varnish, so your engine will stay clean and smooth. You get it at the yellow PennZoil oval sign when you...

Sound your "Z" for this top PENNSYLVANIA OIL!

IT COSTS NOTHING EXTRA!

Clean engines not only live longer—they run better, too!

PennZoil motor oil is refined by 3 extra steps to resist sludge and engine-varnish—it helps keep your car snappy!

THESE 3
EXTRA STEPS
MAKE PENNZOIL
OTHERS STOP HERE
REFINING OF PLAIN OILS ENDS HERE
LET'S GO! U.S.A. KEEP 'EM FLYING!

BONDED PENNZOIL DEALER
100% Pure Pennsylvania
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GIVES YOUR ENGINE AN EXTRA MARGIN OF SAFETY

Designin
Lady

By Ruth Carson

Mrs. Leo Durocher is as s cessful in her own line— signing beguiling dresses young misses—as her ba ball-playing husband is managing the Brooklyn te

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR COLLIER'S BY IFOR TH

"YOU can talk about fashion all you like," says Mrs. Leo Durocher, and she can talk about fashion with authority because it's her business. She is head designer for a manufacturer who turns out her creations by the hundred thousand. "But what the young girl wants is her man. You can wear your own pencil lines. She wants a dress that fits smoothly around the hips, and then flares out with a swish to call the boys' attention to her shapely young legs. And even if they're not the most shapely legs in the world, she knows that a swing skirt will make the most of them.

"She wants a dress that fits in the bodice, too. In my day we bound our breasts flat and tried to look as boyish as possible. Today the young girl has enough sense to know that this is a beautiful part of her body and she wants to make the most of it. What do you suppose she wears sweaters for? Most of them don't have all the bosom they'd like. So we tuck the dresses smooth through the midriff and let the fullness out above. If a girl has enough figure the dress fits smooth; if she hasn't, the dress suggests that she has."

Working on this commendable basis of helping the girls to get their men, Mrs. Durocher has built up a line of dresses that sell in their own special department in more than 2,000 stores throughout the country, so that you stand a good chance of meeting them on your own Main Street. She describes them as casual dresses, though they sound pretty calculating to us, and they retail for from $3.95 to $12.95. They are what the trade calls dresses for the junior miss. They are manufactured in St. Louis which, says Mrs. Durocher, is the center of the junior dress market.

To make certain that these young misses shall be pleased with their dresses in every detail, the buyers for the special departments question the girls in near-by high schools and colleges about their likes and dislikes. They pass the word along to Mrs. Durocher, and she is saved many a boner. She know which general fashion points will take like the plunging neckline, and which t soft-pedal, like sloping shoulders.

She does her designing on a plaster cast figure of her own daughter. Mos manufacturers strike an average o measurements, and use that for a pat tern basis. Mrs. Durocher picked Nel instead, as a typical young figure fo size thirteen, and from there scaled he sizes up to seventeen, and down to nine What these measurements are is nobod else's business. Even in its now some what battered condition, patched wit adhesive tape, this plaster torso has a appealing charm not to be found in an regulation dressmaker dummy.

How do you design from there? No by sitting in a room, waiting for thought to come. Ideas are all around you, a you walk down the street, as you travel For example, the Durochers go perfum shopping in Havana, with the whol Dodger team trooping along. The Durochers, Leo, Mrs. Leo and Nell, spen

Mr. and Mrs. Leo Durocher, right, watch Pewee Reese of the Dodgers try to convince the young lady at his left that blue wool is superior to red cotton mesh for stockings. Dresses worn by the girls were all designed by Mrs. Durocher

ır hundred dollars between them for rfume, toilet water, shaving lotion, e works, all of the same fragrance. ell, we've got to smell alike," main-ns Leo to a friend staggered at the l. Anyway, in the course of this shop-ıg tour Mrs. Leo spies some buttons ıt give her an idea. She'll design some esses around them. Make more than ır hundred dollars.

But designing isn't as simple as that. you think you're going to become a ccess overnight," says Mrs. Durocher the thousands of young women who sh to be the young American designs they read about, "it isn't being done. u'll find most successful designers e in their late thirties or forties. It's ken them that long to get there."

Her advice to you, if you are one of ese aspiring young women, is to go work in a factory. School is fine. But d to it factory experience, and you'll t somewhere. She grew up in the busi-ss herself, her mother being a dress signer in Texas, turning out trous-aux for the town's brides, and gowns r the wives of Texas governors. When e inherited her mother's small busi-ss, she headed for a New York factory learn the practical end of dress manu-cturing.

"Being able to draw pretty pictures n't get you to first base in dress de-ning," she warns you. "Maybe it uld get you a job making advertising etches. But to be a first-rate dress signer in this mass-production busi-ss, you've got to be able to draft a ttern. Your sketch and notes can be e crudest kind of thing, understand-le only to yourself. But putting the act body proportions of that dress on e pattern is the designer's job and no-dy else's."

St. Louis manufacturers have an ap-entice system for designers. Mrs. urocher's assistant will keep in touch th girls in art school, and after gradu-ion a few will be taken in, given tables d foundations (meaning dress forms) and set to work. Mrs. Durocher has eight girls in her designing department now. Her best designers, she repeats, came out of the factory. What you need most in the way of equipment is ambition, creative ability, an alert mind and a capacity for hard work.

A little pride and interest in your own appearance are a help, too. These the Durochers have in abundance, on both sides of the family, and they egg each other on. Leo never misses a pretty girl when there is one anywhere on the horizon, and he never lets Mrs. Leo miss her either. She feels responsible for some of Leo's fastidious concern over his own clothes. The pressing of a suit is a ritual that he directs in person. The lapels must be rolled on one suit because it is to be worn with a certain shirt; they must be creased exactly ten inches on another. He fusses about his colors. He scrubs his person till it shines with cleanliness.

"People will talk about you anyway," Mrs. Durocher says, "so you might as well give them something pleasant to talk about." The Durochers do.

Applied psychology is another Durocher key to success. Leo can pat a boy on the shoulder after he has lost a game for the Dodgers. He can also rush screaming out onto the field to do battle with an umpire over a decision. "There are some people you have to kiss and others you have to kick," is Mrs. Leo's way of applying the same idea to temperamental designers. Personally, she prefers dishing up honey to vinegar. Better drawing power. Like her dresses. ★★★

HEY! THE JOB'S ONLY HALF DONE
Harold Blake

- and a HALF DONE overhaul won't stop Oil Pumping . .
ALWAYS CHECK ENGINE BEARINGS!

When you decide on an engine overhaul to correct motor-fouling, power-stealing oil waste—be sure you have the oil pumping corrected *where it starts!*

Any good service man will tell you that worn connecting rod bearings are a principal cause of oil pumping, and that installing new rings is doing just HALF the overhaul job. When oil pumping starts at the bearings, correction must start there, too.

It costs so little more to replace worn connecting rod bearings when the engine is already opened up, that it is wise economy to have the bearings checked, and, if worn, replaced with a set of Federal-Mogul Oil-Control Bearings to restore power, pep and economy—and to assure lasting performance satisfaction!

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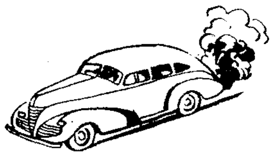

WORN ENGINE BEARINGS CAUSE OIL PUMPING

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QUICK CHECK-UP AT THIS SIGN

Look for this sign of Expert Engine Bearing Service, for a scientific diagnosis of engine condition with the Federal-Mogul Oil Leak Detector while you wait! Good Service Shops display it!

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A new kind of cigarette for YOU!

REGENT is a new kind of cigarette... with many superior features designed to give you better smoking at no extra cost

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BOX OF TWENTY 15¢
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REGENT
CIGARETTES

REGENT..... a new standard of smoking enjoyment!

This Twain Shall Meet

Continued from page 68

mirror on the wall. He'd been six years getting another big-league tryout. By that time nothing fazed him. He was tough.

Then he didn't see his face for an instant. The girl who had stepped in front of the mirror was slim and young and pretty. She wore a bright dress and a canary-colored hat, under which were blond hair and large blue eyes with trouble in them. Claggett watched her vacantly. She turned slowly on her slender ankles, searching the room with her glance.

Claggett got up. Without knowing why, he felt certain that this girl's picture was in the leather folder that Bert Lindsay always nursed. Claggett approached her and said, "If you're looking for Lindsay, he went out about an hour ago. I'm his roommate."

Her hand in his felt warm and firm, but it was the smile that made him like her. It seemed to brighten not only her own face, but the whole room.

"Oh, then we missed each other at the station. You're Mr. Claggett—Stony Claggett. Bert writes me about you and how grand you've been to him. I'm Amy Huntington."

SHE was also, thought Claggett, a very sweet kid. Right away he saw that. But he wondered, unreasonably, how her eyes would look if the morning paper had carried Lindsay's release instead of his own. Lots of girls were sweet and easy to look at. He couldn't help wondering how Amy Huntington would take bad news.

"Well, here comes your man," he said.

Lindsay had just loped through the front door in a great frenzy. The boy and girl spied each other. They moved together in awkward motions, their faces hot and their arms stiffly down at their sides. It amused Claggett, as he slipped away, to see how bashful they were. They didn't know how to greet each other here, whether to kiss or shake hands.

"Gosh," thought Claggett, "it's been a long time ago. I was a durn' fool once myself, and now I'm thirty-five years old."

He got his hat off the rack outside the dining room. He went out into the street. Yes, he'd been young and foolish then, but now he was a real smart guy with a system. *Be tough and you don't get hurt.* Only he didn't seem very happy about it. He felt a sudden envy for Bert Lindsay. Not just for sticking with the club either.

Claggett glanced at his wrist watch. It was eleven-thirty, two hours before he'd be due at the Polo Grounds. The afternoon papers were on the street. He bought one and climbed to the top deck of a downtown bus. The sports columnist had something to say about the release:

"In choosing to keep Lindsay instead of Claggett, the Bishops are betting on youth and promise against age and experience. This may be sound judgment, but young Lindsay has yet to prove himself an all-season pitcher. After a brilliant start he has shown a tendency to be erratic in the pinches. This afternoon Manager Bosworth will send him against our Giants."

Claggett laid the paper aside and lighted a cigarette. What he'd read was cold fact. Lindsay had won five games back West, but he hadn't been very convincing on this Eastern road trip. The Bees had hit him hard, and Brooklyn had beaten him. He'd had to take relief in Philadelphia.

"Game for game, I'm as good as he is," Claggett thought. "It's just that Fred Bosworth thinks the kid has a future, and he can't carry us both. Damn, we've got a pennant chance this year. I'd like to stay."

He brooded as he rode along. Somehow he always missed these pennant seasons. He'd done two years with Cincinnati before McKechnie came along, and he'd been traded to the Bishops just when a championship team was breaking up. Now ready for another shot at the flag, they were letting him go. It hurt his pride.

The bus reached its terminal at Washington Square. Claggett stayed on to make the return trip. There didn't seem anything better to do. His last day in the majors ... maybe he wouldn't bother to report for the game. He didn't want anyone feeling sorry for him.

But shortly after three o'clock he was in the dugout watching Bert Lindsay work on the Giants' lead-off man. Johnny Rucker popped out. Moore and Demaree did no better. Lindsay's fast ball was going through, so he used the curve sparingly. For three innings the Giants didn't get a man past first, while the Bishops made four runs off Melton.

"Stony," said Manager Bosworth. "When the seventh inning comes up, go out to the bull pen. I might have to use a pinch hitter if the kid gets careless."

"Okay, Fred."

The manager hadn't said a word about the release which became effective at midnight. Claggett was just as glad. In the locker room some of the boys had made clumsy attempts at commiseration, the sort of thing he didn't care for. Most of them liked him well enough, despite his aloofness; and he didn't doubt their sincerity. But just the same he wouldn't unbend. He didn't know how to any more.

"But I'd like to stay," Claggett was thinking. "No one'll ever know how much. To play on a pennant club just once before I go. It—"

Thunder rocked him from his meditations. With one out Babe Young had brought the crowd to life by blasting a double into left field. The fans began to stomp and bellow as Lindsay gave the 3-and-1 count to Danning. Claggett moved forward to watch. He had taught this kid a few tricks of the game.

"He'll use his best ball now, the way I told him. He'll throw his curve."

But Lindsay had momentarily lost control. He wild-pitched Young to third, and Danning walked.

"Get out there quick," said Bosworth. "We may need you this inning."

CLAGGETT took his glove and started for the bull pen. He couldn't have missed seeing Amy Huntington who was in a field box next to the dugout. She was standing up with one hand on the railing, and the trouble was in her eyes again. Lindsay had started pitching to Ott. The third-base coacher was yowling:

"Heads up, Mel. Hit the big one . . . hi-hi!"

It was the curve ball again. In the pinch you fell back on your Sunday shot, though not always for a first pitch. Lindsay had tried to cross them up by using it. Ott belted the twister up against the outfield wall, a three-bagger that meant two runs.

Claggett hurried now. He reached the bull pen and commenced to throw. There was a southpaw also warming up, and no telling which of them Bosworth would call. From where he was, Claggett watched Bert Lindsay duel with Jurges.

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WRIGHT MIRAKAL HAT

It's 100% waterproofed,"

says Ann Potts, another one of Chicago & Southern Airlines' glamorous stewardesses.

The Arco

Styled for every occasion ... built to wear the way you want a hat to wear, The Wright Mirakal Hat gives you a real "extra" *in its remarkable* 100% waterproofing process.

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Style...Craftsmanship...Quality...You get all three in the new Wright Mirakal Hat. It's a fact—you can't go wrong with the Wright Hat.

$3.95 and up

Yes sir...be sure you have

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He couldn't hear the coacher now, but the fellow kept yammering. Signals were often given in this way. The Giants' shortstop doubled sharply into right, and the score was 4 to 3.

"Another curve," mused Claggett. "Else Jurges would have hit to left. I wonder if—"

He left the words hanging there with the thought. Yes— by heaven! The same thing had happened to Lindsay in Boston and Brooklyn. He'd done well in the early innings, and choked up in the clutch. There might be a psychological reason for this, but Claggett didn't think so. The kid was game. It had to be the other reason.

"A tip-off," Claggett murmured. "That's it! They've got some way of knowing when he's going to throw the curve."

And suddenly he had a feeling of reprieve. Here at the final hour—saved from the ax. A pitcher with a giveaway wasn't worth a dime. Not when the secret got around the league. Claggett began to throw faster, and his heart thumped under his shirt. If Bosworth called him in, and if he saved the game—

"Stony, it's gonna be you," said the bull-pen coach. "Fred just signed me."

CLAGGETT kept on throwing, but he watched the battle, too. The kid had just retired Witek on an outfield fly, and was facing Melton, a feeble hitter. There shouldn't be any more trouble this inning—two down and the pitcher up. Lindsay seemed to have settled now, and was being very deliberate. He took his glove off and wiped both hands on his pants seat. He put the glove on and dusted his pitching fingers with resin.

Claggett observed it all closely. Somewhere in these preliminary motions was the tip-off. He couldn't see the details from here, but he had watched the kid often enough to know them all. Now Lindsay put his foot on the slab. He brought his elbows in, and cocked his arm and pitched.

Melton laced the ball through shortstop to score another run.

"Okay, Stony," said the bull-pen coach. "There's Bosworth wavin' you in. Good luck."

It was 4 to 4 with the odd run on the sacks. Claggett passed Bert Lindsay as they crossed the base path. The boy wore a dazed expression, but his head was up and his chin set. He hadn't quit, thought Claggett. There must be a tip-off, all right.

"I'm glad I don't know what it is," thought Claggett. He dug in and pitched to Rucker, and struck him out.

"Stony," said Bosworth. "I could've made a mistake about you. There's still time to prove I was wrong. We can use this game."

"All right," said Claggett.

HE WENT well in the fifth and better in the sixth. Never a great pitcher, he'd always been a good one, and there was another year left in his arm. The Bishops got him a run in their half of the ninth. He went out to finish it off. Young fanned, but Demaree tripled the tying run to third. Bosworth came out.

"How about it, Stony?"

"It's okay, Fred."

"You want to walk Danning and set up a double play?"

"That'll put the winning run on. I'd rather pitch to him."

"You'd better prove I was wrong," said Bosworth.

Claggett got set to pitch. In this same park, fifteen years ago, he'd botched the works. One bad throw had sent him back to the sticks, and one bad throw could do it again—for good. He didn't have the fireball any more, but the slider was still good against right-handers. He used it on Danning and struck him out.

"We're a pennant club," breathed Claggett, "and I'm going to be here at the finish."

He still had Ott to face, a left-handed hitter. You couldn't afford to make any mistakes with this man either. Claggett stepped off the mound to let his nerves settle. His eye wandered to the field box where Amy Huntington sat. She wasn't alone there. Bert Lindsay, having changed his clothes, had joined her. The sight of them there together made Claggett catch his breath. An unwelcome inspiration rooted him to his tracks.

"Quit stallin'," warned the umpire.

Claggett served one high and wide at Ott. He didn't dare put it through there to a slugger. Ott got a piece of the next one, a lusty foul into the right-field stands. *You're a tough guy, Stony,* Claggett thought. *The soft stuff gets you nowhere.* He pitched twice more to Ott, and both throws were high and flighty, the way his mind was. Bosworth called time and came to the box again.

"Stony, this fellow loves to swing at the 3-and-1 pitch. You better pass him."

"Maybe you're right, Fred."

But he wasn't going to do it. Being tough was how he got into the big

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leagues, and being tough was going to keep him here a while longer. He glanced at the field box where the boy and girl sat close together; and then down at Ott. Maybe it wasn't safe to throw high sliders at a left-hand hitter. *Maybe that and some other things weren't exactly sporty.* Claggett got his arm up and came down hard. Ott strode into the pitch, expecting a fast ball. He had to dodge and save himself with the bat as the slider cut in at his face. Claggett smothered the easy pop-up. The game was over.

"Well, you did it," Bosworth told him as they jogged to the clubhouse. "And that's good enough for me. I'll keep you and option the kid. Say, Stony, I wonder if he's tippin' off that curve of his."

"I wouldn't know," said Claggett.

IN THE bedroom, when Claggett got there, Lindsay was standing at the open window in his shirt sleeves.

"Well, kid," said Claggett. "I guess Bosworth told you. It's tough luck."

Lindsay moved from the window, saying, "Listen, Stony. I'll let you in on something. Amy and I were going to be married tonight. We were going over to Jersey. We have a license."

"It's still good," said Claggett. "You'll have time. The train for Houston leaves at midnight."

"No," said Lindsay. "Everything's off now." He gave a strange, shrill laugh. "Don't you see—I'm no good. They always hit my best stuff when it really matters. Oh, well. I don't deserve her anyhow."

Claggett lighted two cigarettes and gave the boy one. They sat on the bed together, and Claggett knew how the kid felt all right. The wonder was: *you never hated the girl for letting you down; you only hated yourself.*

"Bosworth thinks I might be tipping off my curve," said Lindsay with a faint note of hope. "What do you think, Stony?"

"I wouldn't know, kid."

Again, thought Claggett, this wasn't really telling a lie. He had a hunch, that was all. Lindsay went into the bathroom where he sloshed water over his face. Deftly, Claggett reached for the boy's coat which hung on a chair. He felt in the pocket and touched the leather folder. It was still damp with sweat.

"I hope he doesn't ask me that again," thought Claggett.

But Lindsay said no more about the tip-off. He had pulled himself together by this time. He said, "Well, I've got to pack. Don't worry about me, Stony. I can take it."

"So long, kid. Good luck."

They shook hands and Claggett left the room. He thought he'd go somewhere and have dinner alone. Somehow he felt pretty rotten about it all, and he couldn't see why.

He got out of the elevator and started across the lobby, but this time Amy Huntington saw him. She looked up and smiled, but there was no luster in her eyes. Claggett stopped and took off his hat. "I'm sorry," he said, "about Lindsay."

"Oh, he told you? He's terribly upset. Mr. Claggett, you know about these things. Is he a big-league pitcher? Will he ever come back to the majors?"

"Most of them don't," said Claggett.

Amy nodded. "That's the trouble," she went on thoughtfully. "We were getting married tonight. Then this all happened. It makes a big difference."

"I suppose it does," said Claggett.

"Yes," said Amy. "I wouldn't mind waiting for Bert if I were sure he'd come back to the majors. But maybe he won't—probably he won't. That's why I'm not going to wait. That's why I'm going to Houston with him tonight."

Claggett stared down at her. He had to swallow before he could speak: "You mean—?"

She smiled again, and there was plenty of luster there now. "We'll be married *anyhow*. Bert says that everything's off, but I can change his mind if I try. You see, Mr. Claggett, wherever Bert goes is the big league for me."

Again Claggett became speechless. Something like this he'd been wanting to hear—and to believe—for fifteen years. He wished it could have happened to him, but just knowing it could happen to someone was the next best thing.

"But I do hope he'll make good," said Amy. "For his own sake."

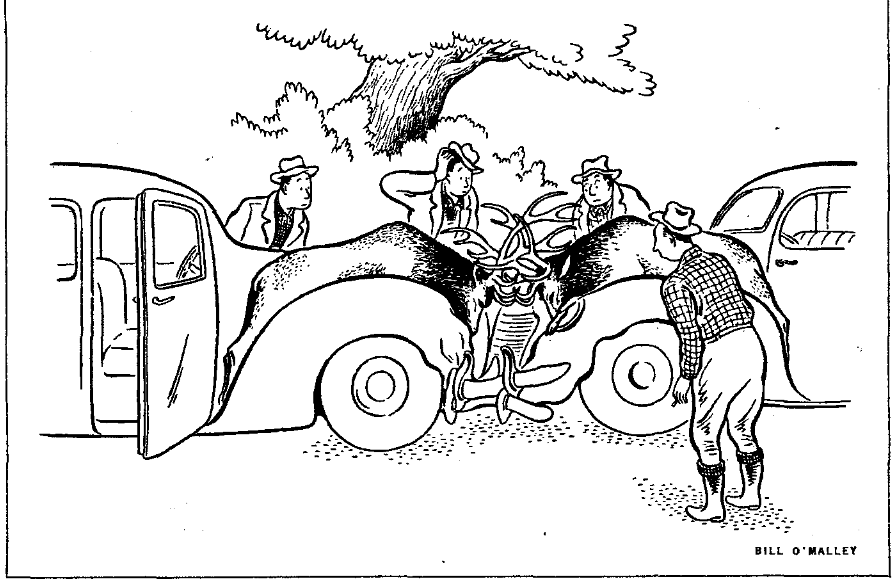
"Maybe he will," Claggett managed to say. "Bosworth thinks his trouble is a tip-off. Once I knew a fellow who carried a girl's picture inside the blouse of his uniform. Whenever this fellow started to throw a curve, he'd squeeze his elbows in—a little longer than usual. He was unconsciously hugging his girl's picture for good luck."

AMY looked up sharply, but said nothing. Claggett abruptly moved on toward the street. He bought a paper at the corner and climbed aboard another bus. The soft stuff got you nowhere, he was thinking. In a few weeks Lindsay would iron out the tip-off sign and come back to the Bishops. Someone on the pitching staff would get the ax.

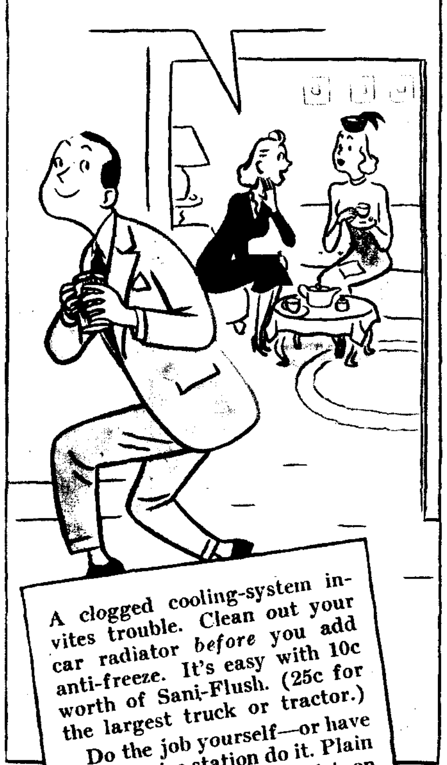
"Maybe it won't be me," mused Claggett. "But if it is—so what? I'm a tough guy. I can take it."

He looked down at the paper in his lap. Lindsay had put all the runs on base this afternoon, and the box score read: "Winning pitcher—Claggett."

The big man gazed long and fondly at the words. He had changed some since morning, but he still had his pride. . . .



HE THINKS I DON'T KNOW HE'S TAKING MY SANI-FLUSH TO CLEAN OUT HIS CAR RADIATOR FOR WINTER



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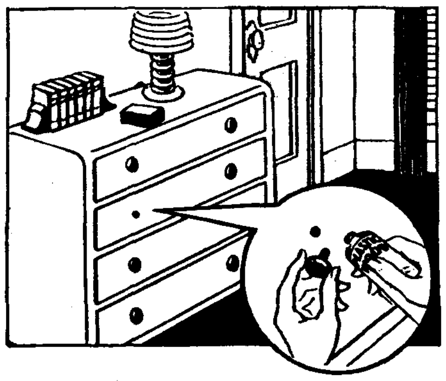

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Little Mastermind

Continued from page 17

Mr. Hirsch was now leaning over his desk with his head on his hands. At intervals he would, with effort, raise his eyes and look searchingly at the boy before him.

"Willie, you've known me almost as long as you knew your poor, dead Papa, whose name was Willie Klein, whose father's name was Klein."

Willie nodded.

"I promised your Papa, when he died, that I would watch out for you. This I have done. I am trying to see that you make a good business in men's suits, which is a fine field. You know your Papa and I, we were both the same thing when we came over here. We were cutters. Your father cut meat, I cut suits."

Mr. Hirsch leaned over the desk confidentially and smiled. "When you cut suits, you get more for the pound. It is a good business, but what can a man named Barnaby Toddhammer do in it? Nothing. But Willie Klein? That's a different color, altogether. You see, so no more foolishness about names and dissolving from the firm."

"But, Mr. Hirsch, I adopted the name for business reasons. I want to be a producer."

"Producer?"

"Yes, and what kind of a name is Willie Klein for a big producer to have, in the theater?"

Mr. Hirsch's cheeks grew faintly purple. He reached into his desk and helped himself to an aspirin. Two aspirins.

"Willie, I'm warning you, as long as I'm responsible . . ."

"But, Mr. Hirsch, Marilyn says . . ."

"Oh, ho! So it's Benny's girl, Marilyn with the fancy ideas! Benny's girl who used to be Bella!"

Willie settled his weight on one lanky leg, prepared to ride out the storm, but Mr. Hirsch surprised him. He straightened his glasses and looked at Willie. He even managed to smile.

"We won't discuss it now, Willie, something more important has come up. Your mother tells me you are running around with a gang of young hoodlums." He spoke tenderly, trying to keep the memory of Willie's father before him.

Willie was honestly surprised. He blinked and his bow tie swayed at anchor. "Gang?" he said, incredulously.

MR. HIRSCH pursed his thin lips. "The Jerome Avenue Dodgers," he said in an awed tone. "Your mother heard your sister talking."

Willie smiled, he whistled through his teeth, "That's my baseball team. That's no gang, we just play ball. I'm the captain."

Mr. Hirsch was not to be deceived. "Remember what happened to your uncle with the Hudson Dusters!"

"Just baseball," said Willie.

Mr. Hirsch threw a clipping from a neighborhood newspaper on his desk, "What about this?" he demanded triumphantly.

"Willie Klein and his Dodgers are rapidly getting to be the big shots in the Bronx circuit. They've been shaking down local fences and once the boys learn how to steal . . ."

"Just baseball terms, Mr. Hirsch, I give you my most solemn word. No trouble, just baseball. Gee, if that's all you've got to worry about . . ."

"Frankly, Willie, it ain't. Competition has got me worried. Priorities are slowing down my shipments. Business is bad, we're not showing enough volume."

Willie was thoughtful. If things were so bad, maybe this wouldn't be a good time to leave to look for an opening in the theater. Maybe he ought to stay and fix things up before he started his career. The old man needed him. That's what this place needs. Showmanship!

"Mr. Hirsch, I think I can solve our business problems." Mr. Hirsch's head spun on his slender neck. His faded eyes opened wide for a moment, then he relaxed.

"If you'll give me a couple of days to work things out, I'll give you a real idea. I'll build up volume. Just leave it to Barnaby Toddhammer!"

"Willie, what did I tell you?"

"Okay, Willie Klein, but you wait!" He started to the door, pulling over a letter file and a stack of pencils. "Sorry, Mr. Hirsch," Willie said as he closed the door.

"You be a good stock clerk a while, yet!"

Barnaby Toddhammer stood for a moment outside the door, composing himself. "I'll prove to the old man that I'm a good showman," he said.

As if by intuition, the communications box on the office landing called to him as he passed, "Don't forget, the name on the pay roll ain't Barnaby Toddhammer!"

MARILYN looked intently at her long, curving nails as they wound around the soda glass. "Barnaby, dear," she said softly, "did you tell Mr. Hirsch that you wanted to leave the store?"

Willie gulped. He nodded.

Marilyn smiled felinely.

"And what did he say?"

Willie jumped in with both feet. "He said no."

Marilyn's face changed from docile felinity to enraged tiger. Dramatics 3A at George Washington High had enabled her to run a smooth gamut of emotions. She ran it.

"Honestly, Willie! I don't know why I put up with your childish ways. I don't know why I waste my time on an infant who is incapable of making up his own mind, utterly!"

"Barnaby," Willie reminded.

"That is a name for a man of character. Not for you. Last summer it was a baseball team, and not even a good one. Now you insist on burying yourself in a clothing store!" Her tone was icy, she was talking from a cool peak of hauteur: "I suppose I should find someone my own age."

Willie mentally counted the change in his pocket. "Care for another soda?"

"Yes," she said, on the ground for a moment. "Tell him not to put so much chocolate in this one." Then she soared.

"How do you expect me to have respect for you, if you're going to be a nobody in a store all your life?"

Willie's eyes were thoughtful, his manner distracted. "You know, Marilyn, I think I can learn about producing right in the store; besides, the clothing business is a good field."

"Willie Klein, I've lived next door to you most of my life. I've tried to guide you, to make something out of you. And what thanks do I get? What about my ambitions?"

Willie wagged all over, like a dog being scolded by a tolerant master. "Gosh, Marilyn, you don't have to have me for a producer! You've got talent."

Marilyn took out a stick of flaming lip rouge, flipped it open and repaired the damage done by the soda, "Don't be an utter child, Barnaby," she said.

Willie peeked out of the stock-room door. The floor was almost empty. The clerks walked idly up and down

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the aisles, brushing a bit of lint from the suits, tapping a little with their feet, trying to stifle their yawns.

Once in a while they would glance enviously at Mr. Simon, who had a customer in the fitting room, three suits. Mr. Simon would call over the partition to the tailor in a loud voice. The customer had asked for him by name.

Al was back in the stock room mouthing a magazine with a lurid red and black cover.

"I'm going to beat it for lunch," Willie said. Al just waved his hand above the magazine and went on mumbling to himself.

Broadway was good and hot. It had that stifling smell of dusty air mixed with dampened wool that comes with the heat. You could feel it lapping at you unpleasantly, but the street was crowded.

Some of the stores seemed to be doing a good business, in spite of the weather. Murphy's was almost crowded as he went by. They were featuring Electric Blue, the shade for you! in all styles. Their windows were full of it.

He crossed the street and pushed his way up to a little stand.

"Glass of orange and a cream cheese and nut," he ordered.

As he munched, he studied Murphy's windows. Nothing much in them but those blue suits. Here and there, a brown gabardine stood out like a good deed in the Third Reich.

Why, then, did men pass Hirsch's and go to Murphy's? The price was the same! $22.85. It was true that Murphy's windows were a little more summery, while Hirsch's had some winter and fall styles in with their seasonal stock.

Hirsch's windows were green with suits. That couldn't be it. You could see just as many green suits on the street as there were Electric Blues. Willie scratched his head. It couldn't all be a matter of location even if Murphy's was right next to The Paris Theater, with fifty hot numbers to keep you cool.

After he had been on the street a while, the heat became unbearable. The thought of an afternoon spent in the stock room with Al was stifling.

"OKAY, Willie," said Mr. Hirsch, mopping his brow, "I don't feel good, either. You run along home and get into bed."

"Thanks," Willie said. He continued to look pained, rolling his eyes and tearing at his collar. As he reached the door, Mr. Hirsch cleared his throat.

"Willie! Don't forget to punch your card out, on your way home."

Willie nodded.

THE ball park was fairly cool. A breeze came up from left field and blew through the three-dollar seats. It had to pass the bleachers on the way, and Willie opened up his collar and tried to trap a little of it.

"Why don't the Reds pay all of your salary, you big fourflushing crook?" he screamed. Somehow, he couldn't get interested in the game.

The thought of Mr. Hirsch sitting in his stuffy office, worrying about business, bothered him. Mr. Hirsch was all mixed up in his mind with Marilyn, thousands of men wearing Electric Blue suits, nobody wearing green suits, and the Jerome Avenue Dodgers losing four straight. He bought a bag of peanuts and tried to concentrate.

"Now call for a bunt," he said. "Lay one down the third-base line."

The next pitch whistled down the first-base line for a beautiful double that brought in the runner and tied the score.

"What did I tell you?" Willie demanded. A very large man in his undershirt, sitting next to Willie, eyed him over his bottle of beer.

"You're a mastermind, kid," he said.

Willie nodded. The next man up was out and the inning died quickly.

Seventh inning. Willie got up to stretch and spilled his peanuts over the gamblers in the row in front of him.

"Sorry, Mr. Hirsch," he said, automatically. "I mean sorry, fellows."

He bent over and picked the peanuts up, one by one, making sure that they were all peanuts and not just discarded shells.

"Okay, let's go get 'em!" he yelled. He sat down and cracked one of the salvaged nuts. When he looked up, the field was empty of players. A small group of men in business suits stood in a little huddle around the plate. In the center was a very beautiful girl, a very beautiful girl.

"What's that dame doing down there?" Willie asked the fat man.

"Maxine Everheart, the movie dame. She's presentin' the valuable-player reward."

"Award," Willie corrected, softly. Some nerve breaking up a tight ball game just so some dame could come out and parade around.

This movie dame had on a bright red dress. "Gee, that would stop a truck dead in the middle of the Queensboro Bridge," he thought.

Willie's whole face changed. He mumbled to himself as he ate the last nut. He stood up, brushed by the fat man and walked down the aisle. It wasn't until he was on the Bronx Express that he realized that he had left a ball park in the middle of a tie game.

"Holy smoke, this is big!" he said.

MARILYN moved over, ever so slightly, on the stoop. "Hello, Willie," she breathed, in her best voice. Her eyelids fluttered. "Say, it's only four-thirty—what are you doing home now?" She pulled her eyes out of their mascara moorings. "Did you quit? Are we going to go after Broadway?"

Willie tripped over the top step and sat down heavily.

"I'm not going to quit until I've got Mr. Hirsch straightened out." He paused for breath. "But I think I can do it quickly, if you'll help me."

"Help you in the store?" She was aghast. Naturally. "I'm not going to work in any store—I'm an actress. I want to be on Broadway."

"Hirsch's is on Broadway."

Willie's eyes were dreamily fixed on the billboard that ran along the roof of the house across the street. Bits of his night-school course in advertising came back to him. Ziegfeld draped his brain with yards and yards of magenta cloth from inexhaustible bolts. Mr. Hirsch would lose no time in changing the name on the pay roll to Barnaby Toddhammer. That was, if he decided to stay with the store.

"You're going to be an actress in my first big production," he said, cryptically.

"Yeah?" Marilyn's eyes were distrusting.

"Yeah. I'll tell you all about it tomorrow night."

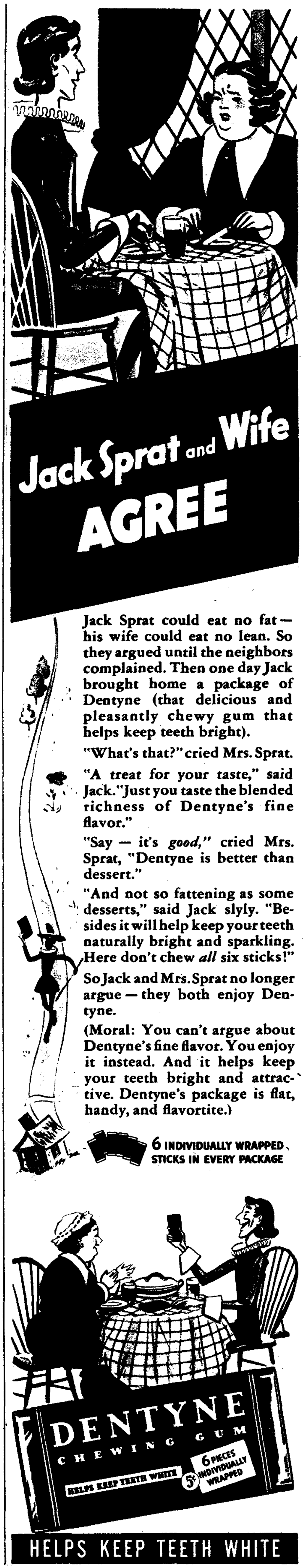
She pouted and her curiosity made her move closer to him. "Why not tonight, Barnaby?" she cooed.

"Baseball game tonight," he said. "Say, have you got a red dress, a bright one?"

"I should wear it to watch that team of yours get beaten!" she snapped.

MR. HIRSCH mopped his forehead, rolled the handkerchief in a tight, little ball and threw it across the room. He ripped open his desk drawer, mumbling all the while to himself. The aspirin box was empty.

"Willie! I think the heat is getting



Jack Sprat could eat no fat—his wife could eat no lean. So they argued until the neighbors complained. Then one day Jack brought home a package of Dentyne (that delicious and pleasantly chewy gum that helps keep teeth bright).

"What's that?" cried Mrs. Sprat.

"A treat for your taste," said Jack. "Just you taste the blended richness of Dentyne's fine flavor."

"Say — it's *good,*" cried Mrs. Sprat, "Dentyne is better than dessert."

"And not so fattening as some desserts," said Jack slyly. "Besides it will help keep your teeth naturally bright and sparkling. Here don't chew *all* six sticks!"

So Jack and Mrs. Sprat no longer argue — they both enjoy Dentyne.

(Moral: You can't argue about Dentyne's fine flavor. You enjoy it instead. And it helps keep your teeth bright and attractive. Dentyne's package is flat, handy, and flavortite.)

to your head. The whole idea is crazy!"

Willie gathered himself together. "Look, Mr. Hirsch, you told me that business was rotten. My idea will save it for you. Is there anything crazy about that?"

Mr. Hirsch's lavender complexion was beginning to blend with the blue of his shirt. "First, it's a producer and a foolish name. Now, you want to upset my whole store and spend money. Tell me, how do you happen to have these nightmares?"

"I thought it up at the ball game, yesterday afternoon."

Mr. Hirsch's eyes narrowed dangerously. Willie decided to ignore his faux pas and plunged into his sales talk, rehearsed on the subway:

"Look, first, what color suit are you wearing? Electric Blue. What kind of suit is Murphy featuring? Electric Blue. Does Hirsch feature them? No, we feature green." Willie, not stopping for breath, plunged on, "Item two. We're on the wrong side of the street."

Mr. Hirsch groaned. "So move the building, he's going to say!"

"No sir. Move the crowds over here. The men walk by Murphy's because it's next to the Paris Theater. They go to look at the girls, and if they need a suit, they buy it at Murphy's. What we have to get is a window display that will bring them over here and make them feel that they ought to have new clothes. My window production will be just the thing!"

"I hire a man to dress the windows, what more do you want?"

"HOW often do you change them? Four times a year. My window will always be different. It will always attract men."

"All right, so blue suits attract men, all right, I'll have some blue suits put in the window."

"Not blue suits, Mr. Hirsch. What we need is women."

Mr. Hirsch's chair screeched as it went into high gear. He watched the ceiling fan go slowly around and around. He reminded himself of his obligation to watch over Willie. He reminded himself of his blood pressure, his wife and four dependent children. It was no use.

"Get back to the stock room and help Al!" he rasped. "Go on, before I have apoplexy on you!"

But Willie was determined. When he left the office, fifteen minutes later, he was smiling. He tried not to let his mind dwell on Mr. Hirsch, lying prostrate on his sofa, moaning, "All right, take my store! Do anything you want to with it. I give you the business."

Marilyn jumped up, eagerly, as he came up the street. "Did you put it over?"

Willie nodded happily. "I sure did. Beginning next week, you'll be acting on Broadway. In Hirsch's window!"

They sat together on the top step. Marilyn ran her fingers through her hair. "I don't know if my mother is going to let me do it," she said.

"What do you mean?"

"Well, she says, that getting a job on Broadway is one thing, but modeling women's clothes in a men's store is something else. She doesn't seem to think it's quite right, if you know what I mean." She lowered her eyes slightly, "I guess I shouldn't have mentioned the Paris Theater."

Willie went up the steps, three at a time and knocked on Marilyn's door. As her mother opened it, he kicked over two empty milk bottles and entered the apartment.

He was back in five minutes. "It's all set. I just told her about how all you have to do is walk up and down in the window, with a tennis racket, wearing a red dress. It's to make the green suits stand out. When I told her I was going to pay you twenty-five a week she softened up."

Marilyn gazed up at him with love in her admiring eyes. "You're becoming quite masterful," she murmured. "Let's take a walk over by The Cloisters, tonight."

Willie shook his head. "Baseball game, tonight," he said.

They had collected quite a large crowd by the time they had removed half of the suits. It was one of those days when people like to stop and watch other people work. Besides Al would stop occasionally and clown for them.

His fun was stopped when they put up the curtain. Willie had demanded absolute privacy for the main part of the setting.

Mr. Hirsch came down from his office every fifteen minutes, looked at the window, torn up and littered with paper, wrung his hands and went sadly back upstairs. He had been talked into it. It was too late.

It took two full days and Marilyn spent most of the second day rehearsing with the male model that Willie had hired. Never having played tennis, she felt that she needed to get in the mood. They practiced walking with gay abandon in the narrow space between the displays.

The third day they were ready. At nine o'clock, Willie pulled the curtain. By ten-thirty, they had a sizable audience blocking their sidewalk and by four o'clock they had exceeded any single day's business by a large figure, and refused to give out Marilyn's telephone number an average of twenty times an hour.

The clerks bustled busily about the store, their pockets bulging with sales slips. Practically no one came in and asked for Mr. Simon by name. He was so busy he overlooked the oversight. Al had no time for his magazine and no time for lunch. Business was business, and booming.

"You see there, Willie," Mr. Hirsch said. "What did I tell you? The clothing business is the place for a man with brains. Even my competitors have been congratulating me. And that Marilyn, such a sweet little girl, so willing. She's worth her fifteen a week."

"Twenty-five," said Willie, quickly.

Mr. Hirsch beamed. "And you wanted to be a theatrical producer!"

WILLIE sauntered casually down the street toward the subway. No use hurrying, the express would get him to work by nine-thirty, easily. You could get a seat on the later trains, anyway. He bought a paper at the corner and paused to read the headlines. Two small boys from the neighborhood were standing by the curb. As he walked down the subway steps, he heard one of them talking to the other:

"That's Willie Klein, the baseball player. His team's won five in a row!"

"Gosh!" the second one said.

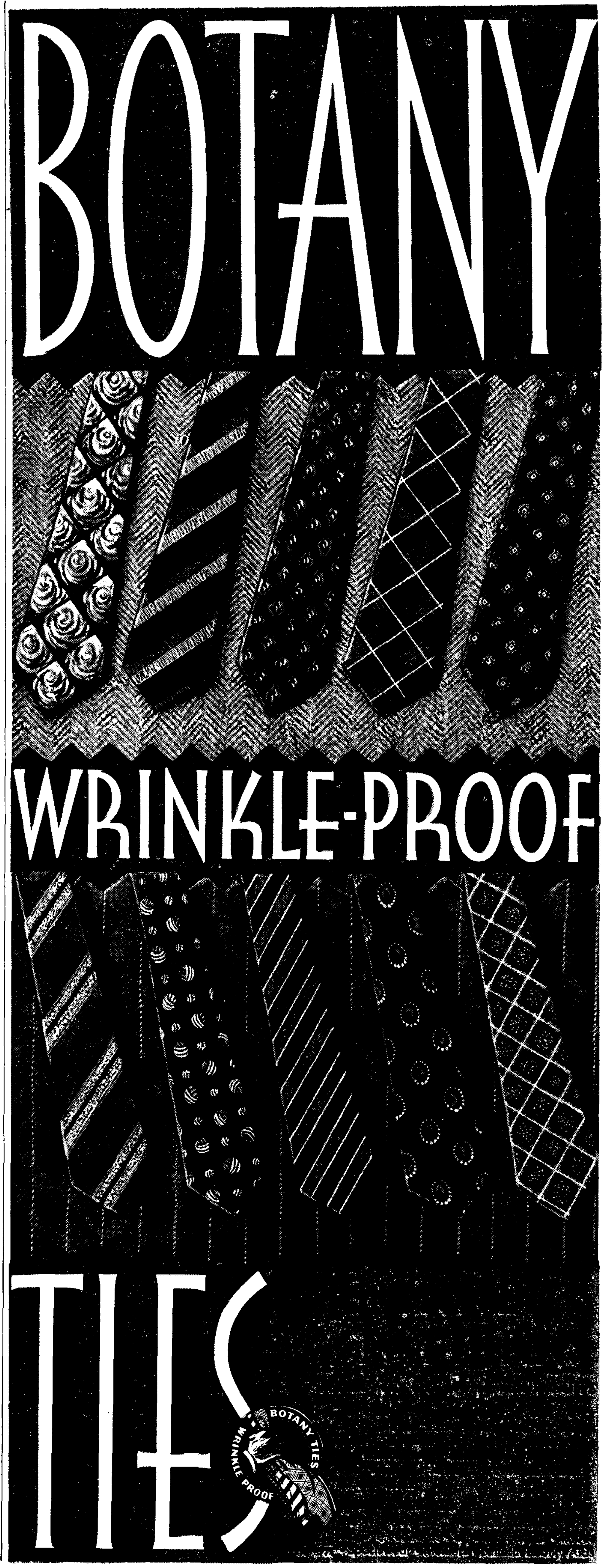
Willie rolled up his paper and looked at the ordinary people about him. A shirt button gave way under the strain.

As he approached Hirsch's, he saw the manager of Murphy's standing in front of Hirsch's, watching Marilyn walk up and down with her tennis racket. Murphy's man leaned over and read the sign that was conspicuous in one corner of the display.

"This window executed by Barnaby Toddhammer," he read.

He looked up. "Hi, Willie," he said. "Who is this Toddhammer guy, do you know?"

"He's a big man in men's clothing," Willie said. He winked at Marilyn, on the inside. She remembered that she was an actress and barely a smile broke her full lips.



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OUR NEW ARMY

LOUISIANA

3D ARMY

HITCHHIKER NOTES. Just in case you haven't been advised of it before, there's no such place as Ragley, the town to which mail for maneuvering troops has been addressed, and the source of so many recent dispatches. Ragley is a fictitious post office cooked up by the Third Army to keep soldier and official communications from cluttering up the civilian mail during the Louisiana war. The idea short-circuited general confusion but created specific problems. One involved Pvt. Bob Perry, Service Co., 155th Inf., from Camp Blanding, and his girl friend. The latter decided to make the 220-mile jaunt from New Orleans to the bivouac area to say hello; and to make certain there'd be no misunderstanding, she advised Pvt. Perry as follows: "I'll be up about 7:00 P.M. Saturday, but I'm not sure I can find your company, so how's about meeting me in front of the post office in Ragley?" Another bit of incidental intelligence is that the maneuvering Red forces have been dubbed the Kotmk nation and the Blue Army represents the country known as Almat. The names were derived from the initial letters of the states whence the troops respectively come: Kansas, Oklahoma, Texas, Missouri and Kentucky on the one hand; Arkansas, Louisiana, Mississippi, Alabama and Tennessee on the other.

2D ARMY

EIGHT members of the Drew Field (Tampa, Fla.) signal headquarters company who encamped in the Alexandria city park during maneuvers found out that the city owned a valuable property, but the discovery cost the boys a trip to the hospital. The city fathers didn't know they had any tung trees—from the nut of which comes an oil used in making paint and varnish—and they didn't find out about them until the Florida lads ate some of the nuts and presently made a beeline for the stomach pump.

34TH DIV.

THE discovery of Pvt. Marvin Moen, of the 164th Infantry's antitank company, was a happier one. Put on K.P. for fifteen days for busting a regulation while on maneuvers, Pvt. Moen, fascinated by the workings of an Army kitchen, cheerfully served his time, then asked for (and got) a steady job as cook's helper.

35TH DIV.

AND First Sgt. Max G. Starkel found something interesting in a copy of a paper bought by one of his men in the 60th F.A. Brigade headquarters battery. It was a rotogravure picture of 1918 vintage showing Sgt. Starkel helping wounded 35th Division soldiers of the A.E.F. in the ruins of a French church.

ARIZONA

UNTIL last summer, Arizona's military post consisted only of a regiment of colored soldiers at Fort Huachuca (Collier's, July 5th). Within the past six months a primary Army training base (Thunderbird Field) has been established near Glendale, and another is under construction near by for training British fliers. At Litchfield Park, twenty miles west of Phoenix, some 1,800 men and officers are housed at a basic school similar to famed Randolph Field, Texas. The place will double its capacity by the first of the year. Thirty miles southeast of Phoenix a twin-motored air base (also a training school) is to be opened next month; and a bomber base has been established in the Tucson district. The latter project is in keeping with the Army's new policy of moving heavy-equipment bases inland. Even so, Arizona is within easy striking distance of both the Pacific Coast and Mexican border. Reproduced here is the Thunderbird Field emblem used by American and British students at Southwest Airways, Inc., first insignia to be adopted by an Army base.

UTAH

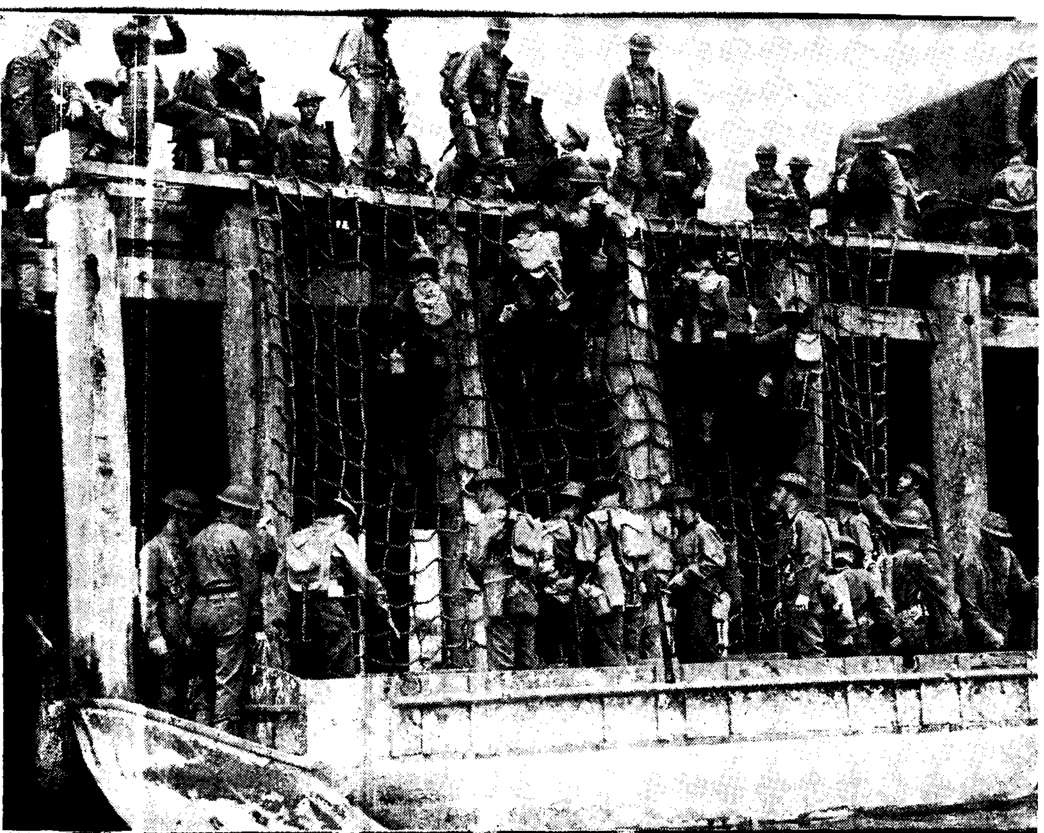
40TH DIV.

FORT DOUGLAS, Salt Lake City. Instead of getting a ticket back to this post following his completion of the armament course at Lowry Field, Colorado, Pfc. John T. James, of the 6th Air Base Squadron, 5th Air Base Group, was bundled into a train bound for Savannah, Georgia. Pfc. James yelled about it but nobody listened. In Savannah he rubbernecked around for a while, got bored and finally renewed his howls about how far away he was from where he was supposed to be. Officials decided maybe there had been a mistake and Pfc. James was shipped back to Utah—at government expense, which is to say taxpayers' expense. That's the way it goes.

IN THE same squadron is Pvt. Ismael Borrero, who knows something of the hazards of soldiering close to civilization. Detailed as an M.P. to guard the Fort Douglas entrance nearest the golf course bordering the post, Pvt. Borrero was stiffly saluting three cars full of officers when a divot-digger sliced a drive boppo into the soldier's midsection. He grunted and his salute crumpled momentarily; then with a supreme effort he carried on until the cars had passed on. The golfer never did find his ball. He didn't even bother to come look for it.

IDAHO

GOWEN FIELD, Boise. Air Base Moral Officer Lt. Jack D. Green has a football schedule pretty well lined up. Games will be played with two Idaho colleges, the Portland Air Base, Fort George Wright (Spokane) and maybe



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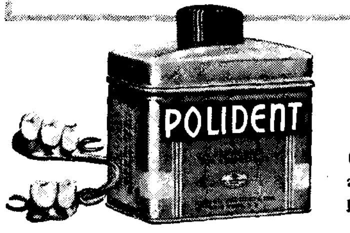

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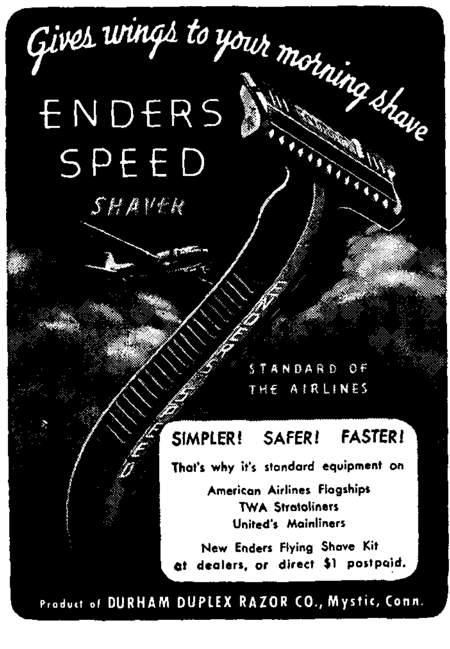

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a couple of other elevens. Now all the lieutenant has to do is whip up a team, of which he has none. It's putting the tail before the prop, but Lt. Green has high hopes of showing up with a complete set of gridders before the first kickoff.

MASSACHUSETTS

1ST DIV. FORT DEVENS, Ayer. Maneuvering around in his jeep, Major General Karl Truesdale stopped to ask some questions of an unidentified colored soldier of the 366th Infantry. The boy was cagey with his answers (didn't want to give no information to the enemy, no, sir) and in being cagey he all but had the general in a padded cell. As a final question, Gen. Truesdale asked the soldier if he knew who was talking to him. For his answer the Negro stepped back, walked around the car, finally recognized the general's two stars on the front. "Boy!" he exclaimed. "You doin' all right!"

NEW JERSEY

44TH DIV. FORT DIX. This home post of the 44th expects that the New Yorkers, New Jerseyites and Delawareans, now in the midst of two months of maneuvers in the Carolinas, will remain at peace with the South. First Call, the Division's official paper (Collier's, Sept. 13th) warned loud and long that when the Yanks went South they were to remember that there never was a Civil War. It's still the War Between the States. Incidentally, men of the 44th figure that geography has at last given them a break. Sweltering through the heat and chiggers of Virginia and Pennsylvania this summer made them long for Iceland; but the Carolinas in fall won't be such a bad dish.

SPARE NOTES: Boxing coach of the 44th is Lieut. John L. Sullivan. No relation to you-know-who. . . . When Pvt. Gim H. Leong joined the 119th Medical regiment he expected to be called Sing Song or Charlie Chan or something. No such thing. The guys call him Murphy. . . . *There are at least two gents in the* Division whose special civilian skills the Army has not yet been able to use. One, Pvt. Bernard Axelrod, 71st Infantry, was a hypnotist; the other, Corp. Irving Fullard, 114th Infantry, was a bear trainer. Bear training, says the corporal, might well be considered a good background for a noncom "except that a bear is a somewhat reasonable animal."

SOUTH CAROLINA

30TH DIV. FORT JACKSON, Columbia. Seems there was a lad in B Troop, 106th Cavalry, who, even before that, worked in the Staten Island Zoo. This National Guardsman is a great hand with animals; even knows how to catch and train hawks for falconry. Richard Drabble is his name. Early this year the Army decided to train hawks to intercept enemy carrier pigeons, and at Fort Monmouth, N. J., where hawks are trained, they decided Drabble was their man. When Fort Jackson was asked to transfer him they said no; couldn't spare Drabble; too handy around the horses; besides, we're going to make him a private first class. Nuts, said Monmouth, we'll make him a sergeant and give him a government car so he can chase hawks. Jackson still said no. Monmouth got mad. An argument raged. Jackson finally delivered. But all this had taken time, and when Drabble got to Monmouth the season for catching young hawks was over. Seems you can't train adult hawks to be dive bombers. Seems as though Drabble will have to try his hand at something else for a spell.

MARYLAND

ABERDEEN PROVING GROUNDS. For a while, every time they fired one of the eight- or twelve-inch guns here it whammed the locks right out of the doors of the plants 200 yards away. An Army civilian expert finally licked that by increasing the diameter of the door bolts. But when they pop the sixteen-inch rifles the vacuum set up by the explosion still sucks quarter-inch plate glass right out of the window frames. Aberdeen, *five miles away,* is pretty much used to the roar, but now and then, when experts are testing varying loads of powder and get what is called a faulty shot, citizens notice the difference. Explanation is that the faulty shots cause different vibrations from correct loads and the concussion is felt more strongly in town than right on the grounds. Trickiest job in the place is sewing up the sacks holding the powder loads. It's a case where the domestic touch would be dangerous. They use regulation sewing machines but the power is piped in from a motor outside the room and the needles are of non-sparking bronze and copper. So, by the way, are the door locks. Thirty-eight bucks apiece, they cost.

VIRGIN ISLANDS

BENEDICT FIELD, St. Croix. The post's medical officer, Lieut. Bell, used to be handy at growing vegetables and things back in Ollie, Iowa, so when planting time came around this year he accepted the job as post gardener. Along about July 20th he plowed three acres of field and got his seeds in, with the result that the boys are beginning to enjoy stuff that's scarce in a land that specializes in sugar cane. There has been plenty of rain and the customary all-year-round sun, but no good farmer ever lacked something to complain about, and Lieut. Bell yaps that the 806th Engineers won't lend him a tractor and the Air Corps won't pay for the seed. And although growing vegetables in St. Croix is just a matter of dropping a seed into the ground and watching it grow, the Army farmer still looks at his truck garden and wishes he had some good Iowa dirt "instead of this stuff."

GENERAL

A MORE realistic peeve comes from Honolulu. According to a Naval Reserve lieutenant, the enlisted man and his family is having a tough time; in many cases two couples live in one room. Officers—when they can find houses or apartments—are shelling out $90 to $200 a month for abodes worth no more than $30 to $70 in the States. Uncle Sam doesn't seem to be at fault, because defense housing is going up at a good clip—but not fast enough to clip the chiseling landlords. What worries the lieutenant is that many a Navy family is getting hopelessly in debt.

RECOIL

SUPERINTENDENT of Construction Daniel P. Barry of the Portsmouth Harbor, N. H., Harbor Defenses, is plain, downright enraged. "You have a crust," writes he, "to sit down at your desk, while trying to come out of a post-luncheon stupor, and blast the speed of construction activities at Portsmouth. Apparently you've never seen the rocky coast of New Hampshire or Maine, or the difficult rock-cutting problem carried on in zero weather in order to make the Portsmouth Navy Yard safe from invasion; and you're invited to come up here and toughen up your lily-white hands with a pick and shovel."

IT wouldn't work. Shovels just fall to pieces in our hands. G. W.

Pigskin Spy

Continued from page 58

having, as quarterback, Frankie Alberts, the smartest, coolest field general I have seen in twenty-five years of football. Alberts is shifty, deceptive, and a born gambler at the right time. Since U.S.C. expected power plays, Alberts gave them several at the opening of the game. Then when he had the Trojans off guard he fired passes over their heads to the unprotected spots I had noticed in the earlier games. Alberts completed eleven out of sixteen long passes, two of them for touchdowns, mainly because a single U.S.C. defensive man wasn't there to pick up the Stanford receiver in his territory. That won the ball game.

When Nebraska was matched against Stanford for the Rose Bowl game Coach Biff Jones of the Cornhuskers asked me to do a scout's report on the Stanford team. By this time I had completed all my assignments for Shaughnessy, so I was free to work for Nebraska. Texas A. & M., which had a chance at the Rose Bowl, had hired me to scout Stanford on speculation. When Nebraska got the bid, I was free to sell a set of notes on that scouting job to Coach Jones.

There are perhaps one hundred professional football scouts throughout the country. It's a hectic life.

Spying While the Sun Shines

During a single week end late in September last year, for example, I caught a plane to Los Angeles to scout U.C.L.A. in a Friday night game against Southern Methodist; flew back early next morning to San Francisco to spy the Utah–Santa Clara game at Kezar Stadium; left at the end of the first half to dash across the bay to Berkeley to cover the Michigan–California game; had forty minutes to make a plane for Fresno, where I scouted the Fresno State–Santa Barbara State game Saturday night; next day, Sunday, I scouted the Gonzaga–St. Mary's game back in San Francisco. I wrote my preliminary reports in planes, air-mailed them, and followed each with a complete thirty-page analysis which takes six to eight hours to write and draw—part of a scout's report being diagrams of all key plays.

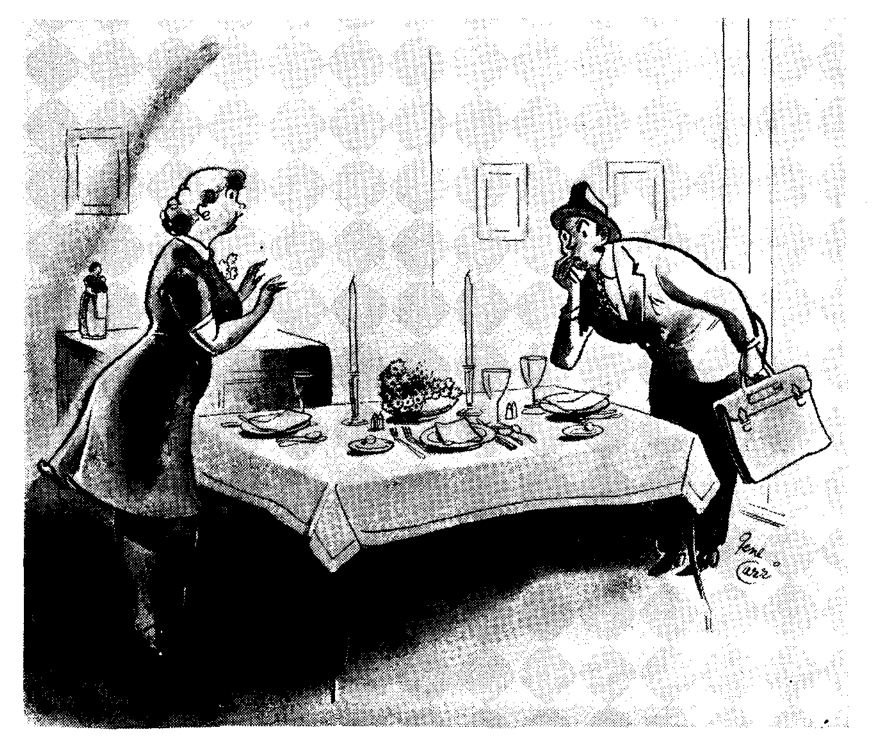
I made $750 that week end, and that's what I call pigskin spying while the sun shines.

Anyway, getting back to the Rose Bowl job, I lined up my dope on Stanford in 135 pages of detailed report and shipped two pounds of stuff to Biff Jones at Lincoln, Nebraska. By that time in the season, Stanford was using decoys all the time and was relying but little upon power plays. Stanford had developed into the trickiest team in the country, with men in motion before every play. Alberts always waited for a good setup for passes, then shot to the uncovered spots perfectly. One of Alberts' tricks was firing passes on first downs when the other side's pass defense wasn't set.

Half of the Stanford line, I noted, charged through the opposing line, sideswiping rather than blocking to get at the enemy backs. This made it easy to suck the Stanford linesmen out of place, and turned out to be a weakness Nebraska capitalized on. For you will recall that at the opening of the Rose Bowl game the Cornhuskers marched down the field on power plays and put themselves two touchdowns ahead before Stanford's team recovered control of the game. They did that by letting these Stanford linesmen be sucked through only to fall on their noses.

The Stanford team had a backfielder, Pete Kmetovic, who was about the fastest, shiftiest runner on the Pacific Coast. "Never kick to Kmetovic," my notes read. Another pointer I picked up was to watch for Stanford passes on the first down. In the excitement of scoring the first touchdowns so quickly, the Cornhuskers forgot these tips. They kicked to Kmetovic and he ran through the whole Nebraska team to a touchdown. Alberts shot a pass on a first down, and it was another surprise touchdown. After that it was Stanford's ball game, but later Jones wrote me that the deceptive Stanford players would have made his powerful team look like babes in the woods if it hadn't been for the opening plays that took advantage of the flaws in the Indians' line.

I got my football training from the one and only Knute Rockne, when I



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was playing at Notre Dame. I had to learn the tricks to stay in the game, because I was a 151-pound right guard in the days when avoirdupois was the thing. Later, when I coached the Notre Dame frosh under Rock, I learned about scouting from him, too. Once, I remember, Rockne sent me to scout a rival, and I found myself beside an excitable woman and behind a post. At a crucial moment, a kick was blocked, and just then the woman leaned into me, throwing my focus off the play. The next Monday at a strategy meeting of the coaching staff, Rockne asked me who blocked the kick.

"I don't know," I said. "A post got in my way."

"The next time you get near a post, you'd better be careful not to knock yourself out," he said, with vinegar in his voice. Rockne always told his scouts that no detail was too insignificant to be of possible importance in preparing for the next game.

A broken leg in the Michigan State game ended my Notre Dame playing in my sophomore year. I finished at St. Mary's, playing under Slip Madigan, then played pro football with Jim Thorpe's Rock Islands, Paddy Driscoll's Chicago Cardinals, Brick Muller's Los Angeles Stars, and Ernie Nevers' Duluth Eskimos; joined Babe Hollingbery's San Francisco Olympic Club team the year they broke the winning streak of Andy Smith's California "wonder team." I've coached in six colleges and three high schools.

How Scouts Get Started

What started me in the scouting racket, I guess, was the urge to eat, back in 1932, when I arrived in New York from a trip to Europe with exactly five cents in my pocket. At the Seaman's Institute I heard about a pro game to be played in Paterson, New Jersey, next day. I wangled a place in the Paterson lineup. Being thirty-six and out of condition, I almost laid down my life for dear old Paterson and two dollars that afternoon.

On a newsstand, I saw a Football Redbook. I couldn't resist spending two bits for this Who's Who of the gridiron to check up on some of my old Notre Dame pals who were coaching all over the country. An idea clicked in my noodle and I wrote a letter to each of them, offering my services as a professional scout. While I was waiting to hear, I landed a job with the late Frank Cavanaugh, coach at Fordham, teaching the Fordham frosh the St. Mary's system of football. Cavanaugh had a game coming up with St. Mary's and he wanted his frosh squad to give the varsity some St. Mary's competition. By the time I reached the Pacific Coast some pretty good spying jobs had come my way. The best assignment was one from Babe Hollingbery, of Washington State, to scout six games the following season.

At first, I followed a sort of hit-or-miss scheme for answering the questions raised by each coach about the team I scouted. Gradually, I worked out a system of covering every angle of the game with a thirty-page report. The kind of information that is useful about a player on the team you are scouting, for example, is indicated in this paragraph about Frankie Alberts of Stanford, lifted from my report to Biff Jones of Nebraska last year:

"ALBERTS No. 13—170—5′9″—Junior and All-America: OFFENSE: Have said plenty about his offensive ability. May be an all-time All-America before the end of next year. *Left-handed* passer and kicker. One of the most deceptive ball handlers I've ever seen. *Excellent passer long or short.* One of the greatest gamblers who ever handled a football. Fine quick kicker. *Fine kickoff man. Dangerous place kicker.* Will try placing kick from any point. Good on quarterback sneak. Fine running to his right when all the backs have gone the other way, or after he has faked to fullback through the line. Very clever, heady open-field runner. Not fast but very deceptive change of pace. Excellent faking pass, and then running with ball. Inspirational leader. *Must rush him on every play.* DEFENSE: Excellent safety. Best man they have on defense against passes. Only superior speed and height by at least two receivers in his territory has a chance. Lack of height against passes is *only* apparent weakness. One of the surest tacklers on the team. Can outmaneuver blockers. Rarely analyzes plays incorrectly."

Some teams are easy to scout, especially those that use orthodox plays. Others are tough. The toughest one I have run across yet is Fresno State College in California, coached by an old University of Nevada player, "Rabbit" Bradshaw. I had to make four trips to Fresno last year before I could analyze the Bradshaw plays for "Woody" Woodson, coach of Arkansas State. Woodson wanted details on Fresno's three best ground-gaining plays, including the exact assignment of each player in every play. Bradshaw had at least seventy plays which I finally boiled down in the analysis to the five principal Fresno plays. Bradshaw had seven plays that started from what is known as the "pyramid shift." The players crouch in a bunch so close it is impossible to get their numbers. They come out of the shift so fast that they look like a covey of quail scattering. This is one of the reasons why the Fresno State team had been beaten but twice in four years, when Arkansas State took them on at Little Rock last fall. Arkansas State was the 4 to 1 underdog and, to everyone's surprise, took Fresno State 13 to 0.

What happened is revealing. While scouting Fresno, I discovered a spot behind center where Fresno couldn't cover passes. I also found that Bradshaw's fullback carried the ball three quarters of the time and that he was key to the whole offense which opened holes in the line by means of faking. Woodson cashed in on my notes by concentrating on the fullback and on the blind spot behind the center. Arkansas State completed nine out of thirteen passes to Fresno's one vulnerable spot.

Advance Agent for Tommy Harmon

Last year when Michigan scheduled a game with University of California, Coach Fritz Crisler wired me to scout the Berkeley team, keeping in mind scoring opportunities for his great triple-threat man, Tommy Harmon. I had scouted California for Washington State and Georgia Tech, and my notes showed that there were several terrific pass weaknesses in the California defense and that the ends were easily suckered out of position on reverses. Crisler worked out some special plays designed to get these ends out of Harmon's way. Harmon began by running the opening kickoff eighty yards for a touchdown and later he raced down the field for three more scores. The California tacklers couldn't seem to touch him at all once he got out in the open.

As a rule, only the coaches and the quarterbacks are the ones who see the notes a football scout compiles on a team they are going to play next week. Together they work out strategy for hitting the weak spots, and it is up to the quarterback to call these plays at the right time. If the whole team were in on strategy, the chances are some overanxious kid would give away the stuff with a tip-off of some kind. A guard may pull out for a wide play; a passer may spit on his fingers, or rub his fingers on his pants. Green players will glance at the hole they expect to make. If players point in, you know the play is coming that way. A blocking back may be a tip-off; whichever way he goes, the play goes.

Often a good job of scouting by some pigskin spy enables the underdog to upset the betting favorite in a game that invariably is a thriller. Two years ago, for example, Dayton University came out to play St. Mary's. Dayton wasn't supposed to have a prayer. Coach Harry Baujan, with whom I used to play at Notre Dame, hired me to find some weak spots in powerful St. Mary's, my second alma mater. About the only flaws I could discover were that St. Mary's had an end who was always fooled by a certain reverse play, and also St. Mary's, having no one who could buck the ball over, had to pass to score touchdowns. That's about all I could find, but it was enough for Baujan. His team hit that weak end with a reverse as soon as Dayton got the ball, and scored. Then it settled down to a defensive game against passes until the final whistle blew. Dayton held St. Mary's to a 6-6 tie, which was as much of an upset as a victory.

One Reason for Upsets

Another time, spying St. Mary's for Bob Mathews of Portland University, I noted that one guard played too close and one tackle too wide, leaving too much space between them. Also, that Coach Madigan substituted an entire new team every so often. I reported the hole in the line to Mathews, who planned a power play with a ball carrier behind two blocking backs to drive through it. He also decided to match Madigan, team for team, in substitutions, but Portland, being a small school, could scrape together twenty-two men only by using a guard with an injured foot. Mathews brought the guard along, and just before the game, borrowed the St. Mary's trainer to shoot some pain remover in the kid's foot. Mathews did switch teams whenever Madigan did, and kept the Portland squad fresh. He won the game with an 80-yard drive in the fourth quarter through that hole I spotted with my binoculars.

Helping pull these upsets is the big kick I get out of the tedious hobby of meticulous scouting. One thing I have noted in my spying is that a team with a high average I. Q., say 120 or over, will master and use twice as many plays with seventy per cent fewer mistakes made in execution than a team with an I. Q. average of 100. The Stanford team under Shaughnessy is a good example. That team started with only fair talent from the point of view of experience and physique and used shifts, man-in-motion flankers, and decoy plays based on deception and speed to set up their lightning touchdown plays. They outplayed teams that were their superiors in everything but intelligence and outmaneuvered a new defense every week during the season.

These teams made football scouting the most exciting avocation I know. It is hard to catch well-coached players like Shaughnessy's and Pop Warner's in little give-away habits. Incidentally, the best football spy I know is Pop Warner himself, who, as Rockne used to say, has forgotten more football than most coaches ever knew. When I was scouting Fresno State for Arkansas State one of my fellow spies was Pop, who since his retirement from Temple had made it his hobby to advise Dud DeGroot, coach at San Jose State, which is Fresno's great rival. Pop wasn't leaving the scouting of Jimmie Bradshaw's pyramid shift to others. He went to see for himself.

Last season, I was scouting in Los Angeles and met Doe Rollins, head scout for Texas A. & M., in a hotel lobby. He was out there to play U.C.L.A. One of my associates had scouted Texas A. & M. for another school, and I said to him, "We've got a lot of good stuff on you fellows in our files." Coach Homer Norton had built his offense around a flashy fullback, Jack Kimbrough, and Kimbrough had some habits that gave his plays away.

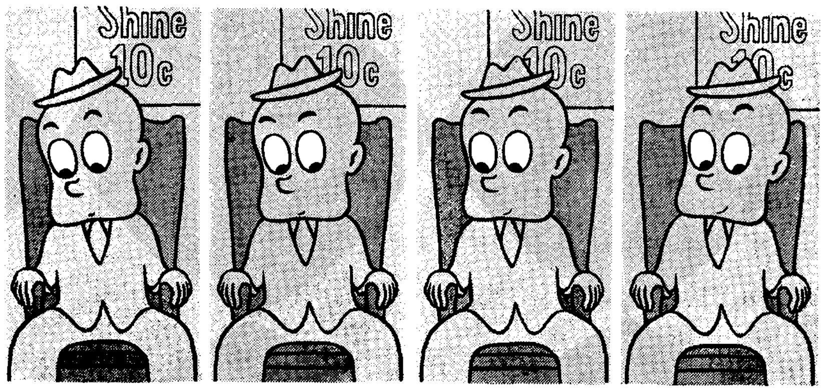
Doe Rollins was interested, so I sent him a file of the notes. Later Rollins said, "Say, that stuff was certainly useful. It helped us patch up our weak spots."

Most coaches would be astounded if they knew what an experienced scout could pick up on their own teams from the press box with a pair of field glasses.

Incidentally, the press box isn't the only place to spy the game. It is a better spot than the side-line bleachers, because people are not jumping up and down and cutting off your vision. The side line is the place to watch the general play, but the end zone is the best observation point to spot the technical angles on the line.

The things to look for, if you really want to see the game from the inside, as a pigskin spy sees it, are these: Watch the blockers rather than the ball carrier when the play starts, and you'll see the holes open up for him. Most fans watch the ball carrier only, but he's helpless without good blockers. You can see that best from the end zone. On passes, watch for the receivers, rather than the passer, and you'll see the defense against passes, which is the tricky part of a passing game. After the pass play is over, check who covered the receiver, and you'll see who's a hero, or a goat. Also check the decoys and you'll discover what is the passing strategy. You'll see more inside football if you pick a certain player, watch what he does for several plays, then choose another and scout him.

Watch out, though, or the pastime will get you, and you'll wind up a pigskin spy.



Shoeshine

CROCKETT JOHNSON

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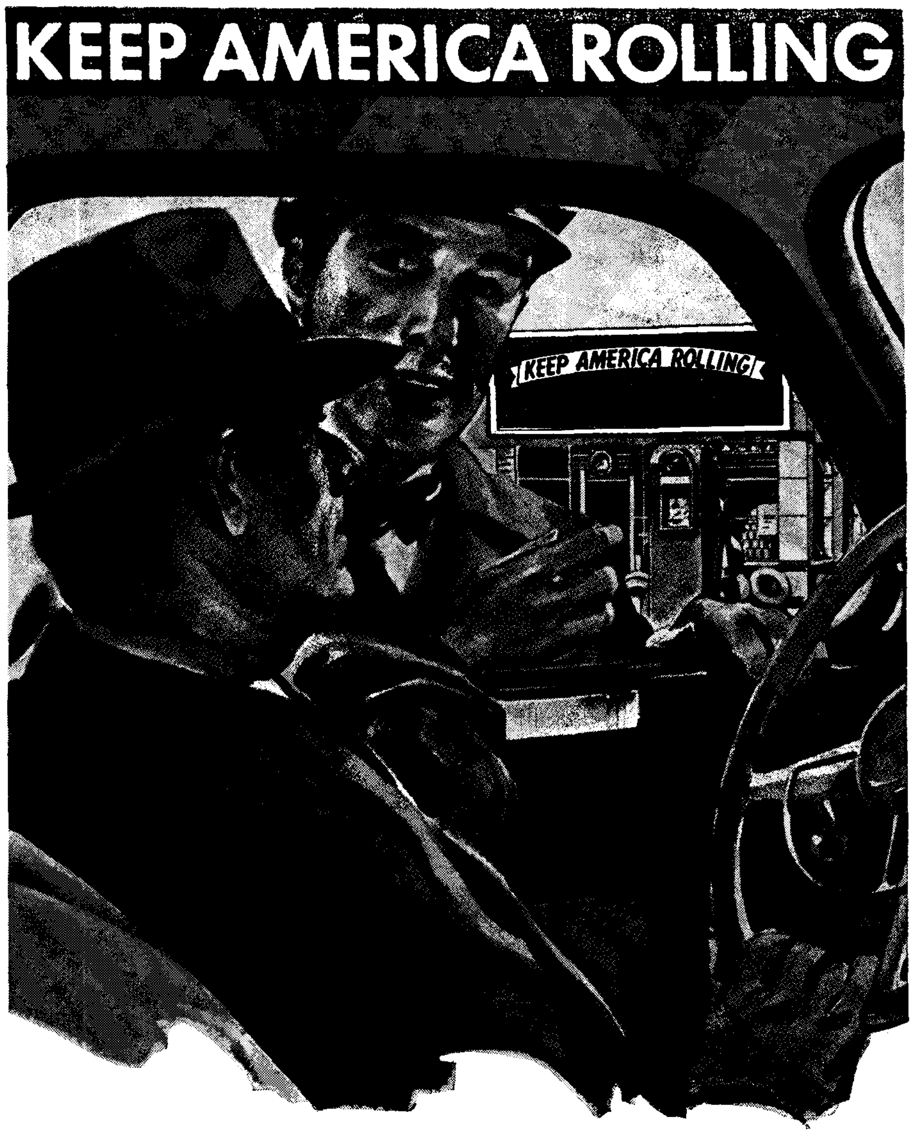
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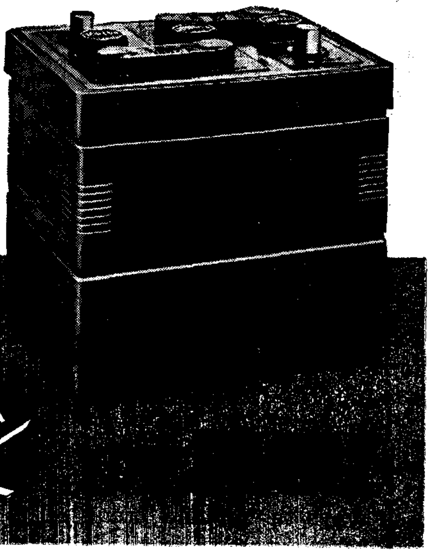

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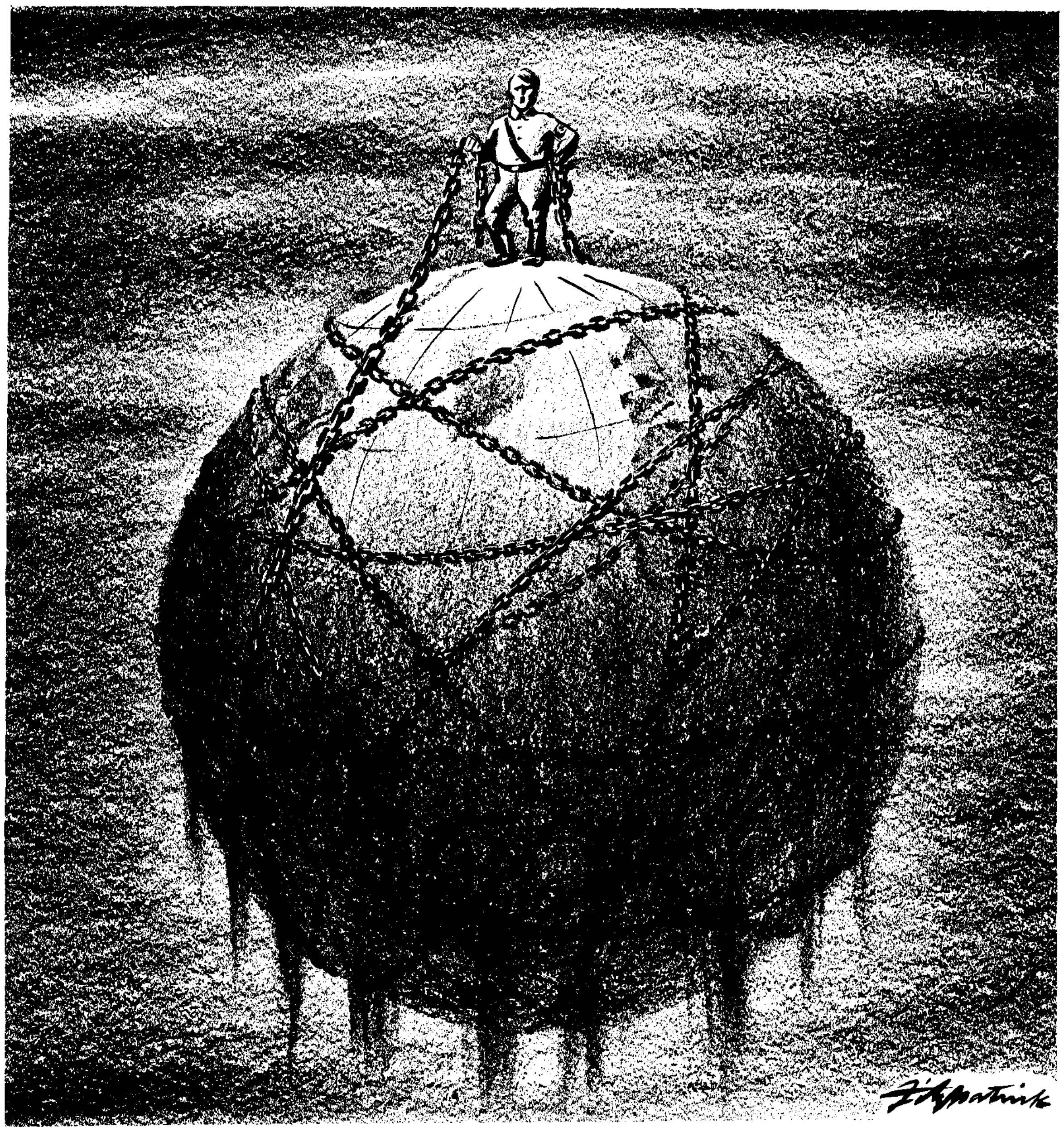


Hitler's New Book

WE RECOMMEND a wide reading in this country of a new book entitled My New Order (Reynal & Hitchcock, N. Y. C., $1.89, 1,008 pages, notes by Raoul de Roussy de Sales, introduction by Raymond Gram Swing). It is a collection of Adolf Hitler's most important speeches and statements from April, 1922, up to and including his lunge at Russia in June, 1941.

Collier's in a recent issue printed a most illuminating map of Europe as Hitler hopes it will look after he gets through remaking it. Material for the map was gathered by W. B. Courtney from authoritative sources in Germany. To anyone acquainted with prewar Europe, this exhibit was appalling.

From Hitler's new book, you can get a rough idea of what he would do to the United States if he ever should get control of it; which is why we hope most Americans will study, and we mean study, My New Order.

If Hitler could and should follow his European patterns in this country, his alleged reforms would hit at least 98% of us, rich or poor, in ways that would break the hearts of all but the stoutest-souled. These latter would be bundled off to concentration camps or would be shot.

Our money would lose its value and its meaning. We would be ruled by little rascals with ingrown inferiority complexes and a yen to take out their perpetual peeves on the rest of the human race. Labor unions would be merged into one big "workers' front," enslaved to the government by the army. Farmers would be tied to their lands like serfs, and told in minute detail what they might and might not produce. Racial groups would be herded into the poorest parts of the country and kept there—the groups, that is, that Hitler considers inferior. The "superior" groups would get the better parts of the country . . . but the orthodox members of the ruling party would have the right to tax, blackmail and graft on these groups and everybody else in sight.

These things all are happening in Europe today. Five years ago, it was only visionaries who could imagine them happening there. Visionaries and Adolf.

Why Baby the CCC?

OUR all-out effort to get us an adequat Army being now well-nigh a year old, i is decided to give the 200,000 CCC boys i their 1,100 camps basic military drill—bu without guns. This alleged drill is to consum all of 15 minutes a day, and will not be indulged in on Saturdays, Sundays and holiday

The excuse offered is that it will "improv the carriage and posture of enrollees and attain more orderly movement of large group of enrollees within the camps." The boys ar not to be told that big areas of the world ar on fire, or that Uncle Sam needs fire fighter though all the rest of us know this and a lc of us are acting on it.

Why this babying of the CCC, anyway?

Here are 200,000 young men, living outdoc lives and in good physical shape, as courageous and patriotic as anybody else, prime soldier material. Yet they are kept wrapped i cotton wool by uplifters and bureaucrats, an such horrid words as "war" and such awfu things as (sh-h) guns are fenced off fror them.

Why? It has been one of the mysteries c the New Deal since the CCC began, and i grows more mysterious all the time. What i the answer? Our guess is that it is a sop t professional pacifists, plus in these latter day a scheme for preserving a lot of bureaucrat jobs. We hope we're wrong, but we know c no other plausible answer.

Those Defense Commissions

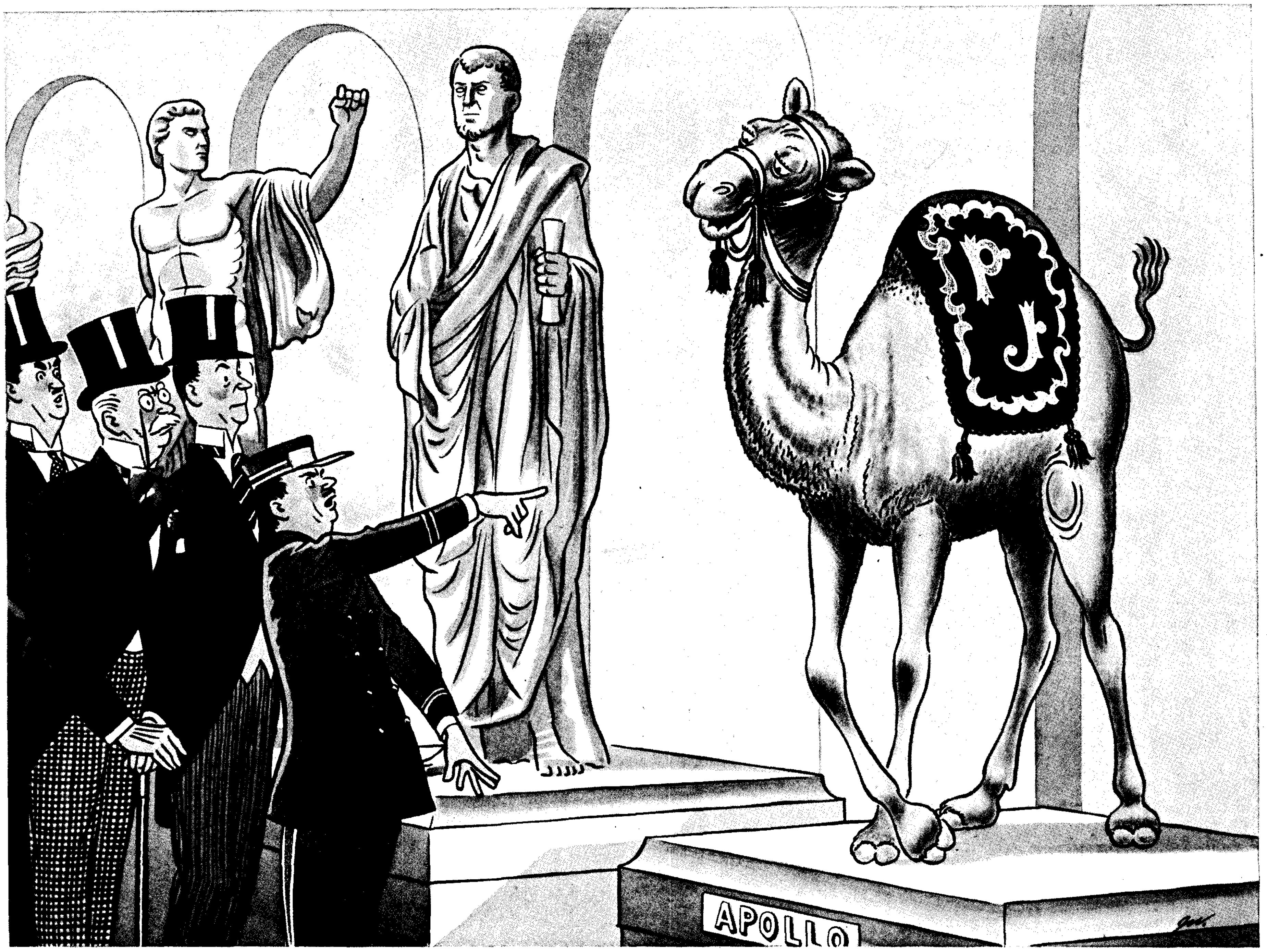
THIS one, surprise-surprise, isn't about th many commissions set up to try to handl the vast national defense program. It's abou the commission men who are procuring defense contracts for various firms, most of then small and with limited Washington contact or none at all, the commission men chargin big fees for this work.

It's an old familiar type; the usually rathe mysterious gent who lets it be understoo rather than says that he has the ear of th President himself, or anyway of the President's third-from-right-hand man, and can ge juicy contracts if properly oiled.

Doubtless some of these persons are hones and square-shooting according to their light But why should they be necessary?

The excuse given is that the defense effor is such a gigantic maze that only experience guides can connect a businessman who want to produce with the government agency tha wants him to produce.

Such connections ought to be easy and fast and it is for the government to make them sc The fact that they haven't yet been made eas and fast is an indictment, not of the commission men nor of the businessmen who hir them, but of the government itself.



"Get down off'n there!"

GUIDE: And next, gentlemen, we comes to Apollo, the symbol o'— Hey! What th— Get *down* off'n there!

CAMEL: Pardon, master, but I, too, am a symbol.

GUIDE: You! Of *what?*

CAMEL: Of a quality much desired in whiskey, sahib. The quality of *Dryness.*

GUIDE: Well dawggonit, *Dryness,* get down off'n there! We got rules in this museyum, an' they— Say! What's *Dryness* got to do with whiskey, anyhow?

CAMEL: *Much,* master. It is, in fact, so important that whiskey experts *demand* it. And with good reason. For *Dryness* . . . or a lack of sweetness . . . brings out the true flavor of a whiskey, effendi. It allows its full, rich flavor to *come through* . . . clear and unimpaired.

GUIDE: Sure, camel . . . clear an' unimpaired . . . an' so durned expensive a curator couldn't afford it! Get *down* off'n there!

CAMEL: Effendi, there is a jewel among fine whiskies . . . a whiskey whose fine *Dryness* allows its magnificent flavor to *come through.* I speak of PAUL JONES whiskey, effendi. So magnificent and rare its flavor and so modest its price that wise men know PAUL JONES as a *great buy.* So great a buy, effendi, that its popularity jumped five times in less than two years! It is on PAUL JONES that I rest my claim to this pedestal, master.

GUIDE: Well . . . now if it was me runnin' this museyum, camel, I'd be glad to let you—Well, I —Well, *dawggonit,* they's no rule says a camel *can't* stand on a pedestal around here! *Dawggonit,* camel, you stay there!

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